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EARLY DAYS.

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1879.

LONDON:
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CONTENTS.

Bertie's first sacrifice, 22

Charlie's Letters, 118, 139, 158, 187

How love removed a mountain, 189

'Look aloft,' 31

POETRY:
'A true bit,' 38
Good-morrow, 21
His Royal Highness Waldemar of Germany, 127
Little Gerty, 114
Little Sarah, the child-mother, 162

POETRY, *continued:*
Old John's Friend, 143
Six little children, 104
Teddy at the mile-stone, 3
Tell Jesus, 99
The dying child, 63
The fortune of war, 170
The grateful bird, 66
The hare and the tortoise, 159
The old mill and its master, 106
The old year, 189
The peasant-mother's song, 175
The use of baby, 15
Two are better than one, 119

POETRY, *continued:*
What can little ones do? 90
Winter song, 16

Scripture Enigma, 159; answer to, 175

SCRIPTURE EXERCISES FOR YOUNG BEREANS, 15, 47, 79, 111

The empty cage, 46
The village lads, 124
The white rabbit, 87, 109
True politeness, 63

What a fairy dreamt and did, 75

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

A harvest story, 140
A letter to my little boy about Galvanism, 13
A life-story, 2
A talk about the dress of our forefathers, 107, 116, 131

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE: New-year's gifts, 6—A visit to cousin John, 18—Aunt Lucy's letter, 42—The journey, 60—A rare visit, 76—The gipsy, 93—Sickness, 102—The skeletons, 114—A great victory, 133—A new experience, 147—The coal-mine, 171—Working and waiting, 181

Annie's forgiveness, 98

Bertha's victory, 14, 29
Bertie's trouble, and Frank's cure, 154
BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN: A miraculous meal, 23—Peter and the angel, 34—Bearing Christ's cross, 53—Sold for a slave, 70—The lunatic boy, 86—Helping the strong, 100—Jairus's daughter, 122—Drawn out of the water, 135—The last miracle, 155—Crossing the river, 165—No room in the inn, 178
Bunyan, John, 27, 35, 66, 90

Charlie, the military dog, 39
Charlie's Letters, 187

Fanny's great work, 146, 167
For Christ's sake, at Christmastide, 186
Frost fair on the Thames, 3

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES, 12, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 136, 160, 176, 190; Key to, 47, 63, 79, 95, 111, 127, 143, 159, 175, 189

Good-morrow, 21
Grandmother's story, 55

Howard's house at Clapton, 45
'I haven't said my prayers,' 85
Little Gerty, 114
Little Lizzie's call, 10
Little Sarah, the child-mother, 162

MUSIC:
Winter song, 16

NATURE'S WHISPERS: The spider and the butterfly, 43—The hidden violet, 74—The rose-stock, 126—The thistle and the dew-drop, 142

Nellie Dutton's lamb Flossy; or, The welcome gift, 69

Old John's Friend, 143

Pussy in mischief 18

Robert and the black boy, 140

Sam's lesson, 130
Siberia, among the wandering tribes of, 162, 179
Six little children, 104
Some use in the world, 50
Staircase of Cromwell House, 27
Susie's visit to the country, 83

Tell Jesus, 99
Texts pictorially illustrated: Psalm lxv. 11..8—Isaiah lv. 10..37—Song of Solomon, ii. 12..77—Ecclesiastes iii. 11..125—Psalm civ. 13..149—Isaiah lxiv. 6..184
The baby gorilla, 170
The basket of cherries, 82
The fortune of war, 170
The mission-family's pet, 66
The old apple-woman, 39
The old mill and its master, 106
The Paris exhibition, 59
The park with the deer, 122
The pelican, 51
The sailor-boy's character, 157
The shepherd's dog, 109
Toby's autobiography, 151
'Turning the tables,' 174
Two are better than one, 119

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JANUARY, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

Grandpapa and the Soldiers.

See page 2.

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A LIFE-STORY.

BY THE REV. W. O. SIMPSON.

WHAT a famous story-teller grandpapa is! He stoops over little Tom, shows him how to arrange his toy soldiers and fight a great battle on the carpet; the best kind of battle, for no blood is shed, and no one is killed. 'That is what I used to do,' says the old gentleman, 'when I was a boy.'

Then he gathers the girls about him, and they listen eagerly while he tells them about grandmamma; what a fair, good girl she was. How their eyes sparkle when he tells them of a fine May morning, when he was drest all in his best, and the fair girl appeared in white, and the bells rung out because there was a wedding. Gentle tears steal into the old man's eyes as he tells of a sick bed with a wasted form; of a calm face lit with glory; of thin lips parting to make way for snatches of heavenly song; of a face that grew cold as marble, and lips that never spoke again. The eyelashes of his little hearers are moist with dew. Nor is this the only night when grandpapa tells stories. Whenever he takes his seat by the fireside, the boys and girls gather round, and there are the stories again. Some of the stories come over and over again, but the listeners never tire of them; nay, some become such favourites, that they are asked for again and again. If I had to ask the listeners which they liked best, a tale in a book or a story from grandpapa, I know what their answer would be: Grandpapa is the grand story-teller.

We read in the Psalms (xc. 9) that 'we spend our years as a tale.' The good old man is giving his grandchildren fragments of a history that he has been making for seventy years. His listeners are only just beginning their stories; so are the boys and girls who will read these lines.

I wonder what kind of a story my little readers will make of their lives! I have a good idea of the way in which each may make it a good story. Suppose my reader is a boy. I would have him when but a child, *pray* by himself as well as at his mother's knee, saying, like the child Samuel in the tabernacle, 'Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.' I would have him, like Timothy, fond of the Bible; knowing 'from a child' the Holy Scriptures, 'which are able to make' us 'wise unto salvation.' I would have him, indoors and out, obedient to his parents, like Jesus, Who 'went down with' His parents to the carpenter's home in Nazareth, and 'was subject unto them.' I would have him learn his lessons with diligence, remembering that—for the soul to be without knowledge is not good. When he is in the Sabbath-school, I would have him, like Jesus in the temple, listening earnestly to his teacher and courteously asking questions. When he is a youth, I would have him brave, like David, against all wrong and all wrong-doers. I would set him about God's work with collecting-cards and tracts, and kind words to his companions, for I would have him God's child by faith in Christ Jesus, that his life might be an echo of the words of his Elder Brother, 'I must be about My Father's business.' When he goes to business, I would have him faithful in all things, like Joseph in the house of Potiphar: for 'the Lord was with him,' and 'the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand.' (Gen. xxxix. 3.) And then when he grows up to be a man, wherever he goes and whatever he does, he will still be like Jesus, doing good as he goes about. Then when grey hairs came, my boy would wind his story to its '*finis*' by the words of Paul the aged: 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me.'

I have supposed my boy-reader to make a long story of his life; as long as Moses, the

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man of God, thought at all likely: 'The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.' But we never know at what point the story of our life will stop. God decides that. There are many lives that are like very short tales; for there are many little graves in every cemetery, and little coffins in many graves. However short the tale may be, if the first paragraphs contain the right kind of facts, we may hope it will finish well.

A little boy was dying in a hospital in India, when he was visited by a kind lady on a Sabbath morn. 'I've been thinking,' said the little sufferer, 'I began this Sunday a poor sick boy in the hospital, surrounded by wicked men and sinful talk; and I think I shall be at home before night. I think I've begun a Sunday that will never end.' He died before night-fall, and his little story finished well.

This is the first number of *Early Days* for a new year, and my little friends begin a new chapter in the story of a life. Will they try to make it a good one?

TEDDY AT THE MILE-STONE.

BY SARSON.

A LITTLE traveller am I,
Upon a road that looks
As pleasant as the flowery paths
Beside the summer brooks.

I may have very far to go,
No one can tell, they say:
For some the way is very long,
For some ends in a day.

I am not tired yet, I think
I never shall be tired;
I wish that I were further on
To do all I desired:

For every mile-stone that I pass
Will find me grown more tall,
Until—well, when I stop, I'll be
Too big for top and ball.

But then I shall be quite a man,
And have my own dear way;
A horse and house, too, of my own;
That's better far than play.

To-day's a mile-stone, mother says,
I wish the next were near;
But till it is I'll have my fun,
And make it. Never fear!

And yet there's something more; I think
I ought to kneel and pray
Beside the mile-stone, for she said—
The road *must* end some day.

I've gone a very little way,
And yet I can't go back
To pick up anything I lost,
Or wasted on the track.

And if I careless pass each stone,
I mayn't my steps retrace,
And so I need a Friend all through
To keep me by His grace.

For there are snares I do not see,
I am a foolish child;
Then, Jesus, I will ask Thee now
To keep me undefiled.

My feet from falling, keep, O Lord!
My heart from wandering wide;
Until, the last stone passed, I dwell
For ever at Thy side.

FROST FAIR ON THE THAMES.

BEFORE old London Bridge was removed to make way for the present structure in 1824, the river Thames was several times frozen over; owing to the fact that the heavy arches of the old bridge prevented the escape of the great masses of floating ice, which, forming themselves into chains of glaciers, soon became a solid surface. There are many memorable records of frosts on the Thames. The earliest of which there is any

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account, was in 1281, at Christmas. When the thaw came, five arches of London Bridge were carried away by the force of the floating ice. In 1434, another severe frost occurred, of nearly three months' duration; the river was frozen over from London to Gravesend. In December, 1607, a frost set in, lasting until February; when, for the first time, tents and booths were erected on the Thames, and the scene took all the semblance of a fair.

Our first picture gives a good idea of the great fair held on this icy plain in the winter of 1683. The ice was then so firm that streets of booths were built on it, and a large number of shops opened by enterprising tradesmen. The carriages belonged to the gentry, who came daily for drives, the snow no doubt making the surface rough enough for horses to walk on. The king, Charles II., paid a visit to this fair, and had his name printed at one of the numerous printing-presses there. The thaw began on February 4th.

The Thames was again frozen over in 1789, when another fair was held on it, at which a pig was roasted and a bear hunted on the ice. The thaw came so suddenly this time, as to cause much alarm to those on the river, who rushed to the shore in order to save their lives; and booths and shops floated away, much to the consternation of their owners.

One of the most remarkable frosts known in England was that of the winter of 1814. Of this we have a more detailed account by

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a writer of the time, than of any previous one. It was preceded by a dense fog, lasting five days, and the falls of snow were unprecedented.

The river was frozen over from Blackfriars Bridge to London Bridge. This thoroughfare was named the City-Road, and thousands of persons promenaded up and down it. A sheep was roasted on the ice, which spectacle could be viewed by paying sixpence. When cooked it was sold at a shilling a slice, under the name of 'Lapland mutton.' Printing-presses were erected and pieces in commemoration of the frost issued. The following is a specimen:

'Behold the river Thames is frozen o'er,
Which lately ships of mighty burden bore;
Now, different arts and pastimes here you see,
But printing claims superiority.
You that walk here, and do design to tell
Your children's children what this year befell,
Come buy this print, and it will then be seen,
That such a year as this has seldom been.'

The Lord's Prayer was also issued from this icy printing office. Books labelled 'Bought on the Thames'—indeed, all sorts of things—were sold at double and treble their real worth, because of the novelty of the thing. The picture above represents the scene from the river as the ice began to melt, lit up by a great fire which occurred at the time. Then the waves of the old river flowed on again in calm majesty, not soon to be disturbed by such a frost as that year witnessed.

H.

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A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER I.—NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

RIVERSIDE looked bleak and desolate enough on the last night of the old year, with the snow lying deep over everything. But inside the farm-house all was cheery enough. The family were all gathered in the old-fashioned kitchen. A tall, slender girl, about fourteen years old, was standing by the fire with her hands crossed before her, looking thoughtfully into the glowing embers.

'There,' said a strong, rough-looking boy of twelve, as he finished tying a coarse blue sock to a hook by the fire-place, 'I'll warrant that not to break down if you fill it with gold.'

His sister looked up and smiled, but she sighed, too, as she said:

'That'll never happen to anything that's hung up in this house.'

'Well, who cares?' said Nathan, boldly. 'I'd rather dig my own gold than have it come down the chimney.'

The mother looked up from the jacket she was mending, with a smile. She was not a beautiful woman, and everything about her told of a life of hard labour and anxious care. Her face was pale and furrowed, and the hands that plied the needle were hard and unshapely. But the face was lovely to her children, who knew how it had always kept a cheery look for them; and the hands were beautiful that had toiled early and late to fill their lives with comfort, though they could not hope for luxuries.

The father was busily at work mending a broken harness; and the old grandmother, in her big chair, was sewing a string to Davy's red stocking, while the youngster leaned on her knee and watched her with eager eyes.

'There it is for you,' she said; 'now hang it up, and be off to bed. Boys that sit up late at night will get thorns in their stockings.'

'Who'll put 'em in?' asked Davy. 'Tell me one story, Barbie, and then I'll go to bed, really and truly.'

Barbie began in a low tone:—

'Once there was a little princess that lived in an old house. She wore old clothes, and every day in summer she went out on the hill-side to tend her sheep. All winter, when the wind was blowing, she sat by the cottage fire, and spun the white wool. She worked and was very happy, but one day a beautiful lady came and said to her:

'"Why do you sit here and spin? Do you know you are the king's daughter, and ought to live in his palace, and wear purple garments?"

'Then the little princess grew sad, and always when she was tending her sheep, or spinning by the cottage fire, she was thinking and thinking how she should find the way to the king's palace.'

'Did she find it?' asked Davy as his sister paused.

'Not yet,' said Barbie, lugging the little five-year-old away to bed; 'and I'm afraid she never will. May be the beautiful lady didn't tell the truth.'

When Barbie came back from the bed-room and stood warming her stiffened fingers by the fire, her mother said, as she brushed the threads from the mended jacket:

'The little princess must not be discouraged; she may find the way to the king's palace yet, and who knows but tending the sheep may be the very best way to get there?'

Barbie blushed to see that her mother had understood her parable; but felt cheered by the hopeful smile that shone out of the loving eyes that watched her.

Grandma was bringing from the depths of her pocket a pair of striped mittens, which she had knit for Davy, her pet and darling. Barbie had a woollen 'comforter' for his neck, shaded in the brightest colours imaginable; mother a red-covered ball; and Nathan brought, from its hiding-place in the 'spare room,' a sled that he had made with his own hands when the little fellow was in bed. It was rather clumsy, for Nathan's tools were few; but he had given the village painter a peck of his plumpest chestnuts to paint it a

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brilliant green, with a black horse on the top, and 'COMET' in big letters underneath it. To be sure, the horse was rather stiff about the knees, and had a remarkable head; but Davy was not likely to be critical.

'Now I'm ready for bed,' said Nathan.

'What heavy boots,' said Barbie, looking at them; 'don't they make your feet tired?'

'Not a bit', said Nathan; 'they're the only sensible kind for a fellow that's out in the weather as I am.'

'But I should think,' said Barbie, 'it would be nice to have something lighter to wear in the house—some slippers or something.'

'No, it wouldn't,' said Nathan; 'I wouldn't wear a hundred pair of slippers if I had 'em. I'm not a girl to be so awful tender.'

Barbie bit her lips, and looked steadily at the fire, and Nathan took up his candle and marched away to bed. As soon as he was fairly up the stairs she drew a small bundle from under her apron and threw it on the stand, saying passionately,

'I'll never give 'em to him. It's too bad, after all the pains I've taken to work the slippers, and now he wont wear 'em!'

'O, I'm sure he'll wear them!' said her mother. 'Nathan will be pleased that you've made him some slippers. He only talks so, because he hates to have us think he wants anything he hasn't got.'

'He may have them,' she said at last, fastening them to his stocking; 'but it's the last time I'll take so much trouble to please him. I wish they'd fit father, I'd give them to him.'

Barbie and her mother stood alone in the kitchen to say good-night to each other, as they always did, after the rest had gone to bed.

'Dear child,' said the mother, tenderly, 'don't meet the new year with anger in your heart. If you live as long as I, you'll find that a great many precious gifts are lightly prized in spite of the sacrifice it costs to make them. Nathan loves you a great deal, and, in spite of his rough ways, he cares more to please you than any one else. Is my "little princess" going to make herself miserable for a fancy?'

'No, mother, I'll try not to care about Nathan's teasing; but I do wish I'd never dreamed of being a king's daughter.'

'So do I,' said her mother, quietly; 'I wish Aunt Lucy had never told you that you were a genius, and had left you to do, patiently and contentedly, the hard, homely work that the Lord appointed for you. It is hard, Barbie dear, and it isn't just what you or I would choose. The good Lord gave us this work to do, and He meant us to do it so as to glorify Him, and get some good to ourselves out of it. Can't we do this, Barbie?'

'I'll try,' said Barbie more cheerfully, as she went off to bed.

How white, and crisp, and cold the snow looked under the starlight of that frosty New-Year's morning! Davy could not wait for sunrise; he was eager to go down and see what was in his new, red stocking.

'Barbie, Barbie, I want to get up this minute,' he called impatiently.

'Well, get up then,' said Barbie, fretfully; 'and not wake me with your clatter.'

'But I can't open the stairs' door,' moaned Davy, 'and I wan't to see my stocking.'

'O, it's New-Year's morning! I'd forgotten that,' said Barbie; 'I wonder if I've got anything?'

'Course you have,' said Davy, in great glee; 'I buyed you somefin' my own self.'

In a few moments both were dressed; Barbie's short, curly hair did not need much arranging, and Davy must ride down-stairs upon her back, so as not to 'freeze his feet.' The moment the kitchen door was opened, he shouted 'Happy New Year' to his father and mother over Barbie's shoulder, and then gave a shout of delight as he caught sight of his sled.

'Let me down, quick,' he said; and for a few moments was too much absorbed by the sled to care to notice anything else.

Nathan came in from the shed trying to look wholly unconscious, but only succeeded in looking confused. It was always the custom to examine the stockings after the family were all together; but Barbie had been too much vexed to wrap up the slippers very carefully, and when Nathan made the fire he couldn't well help seeing them.

[*Continued on p. 10.*

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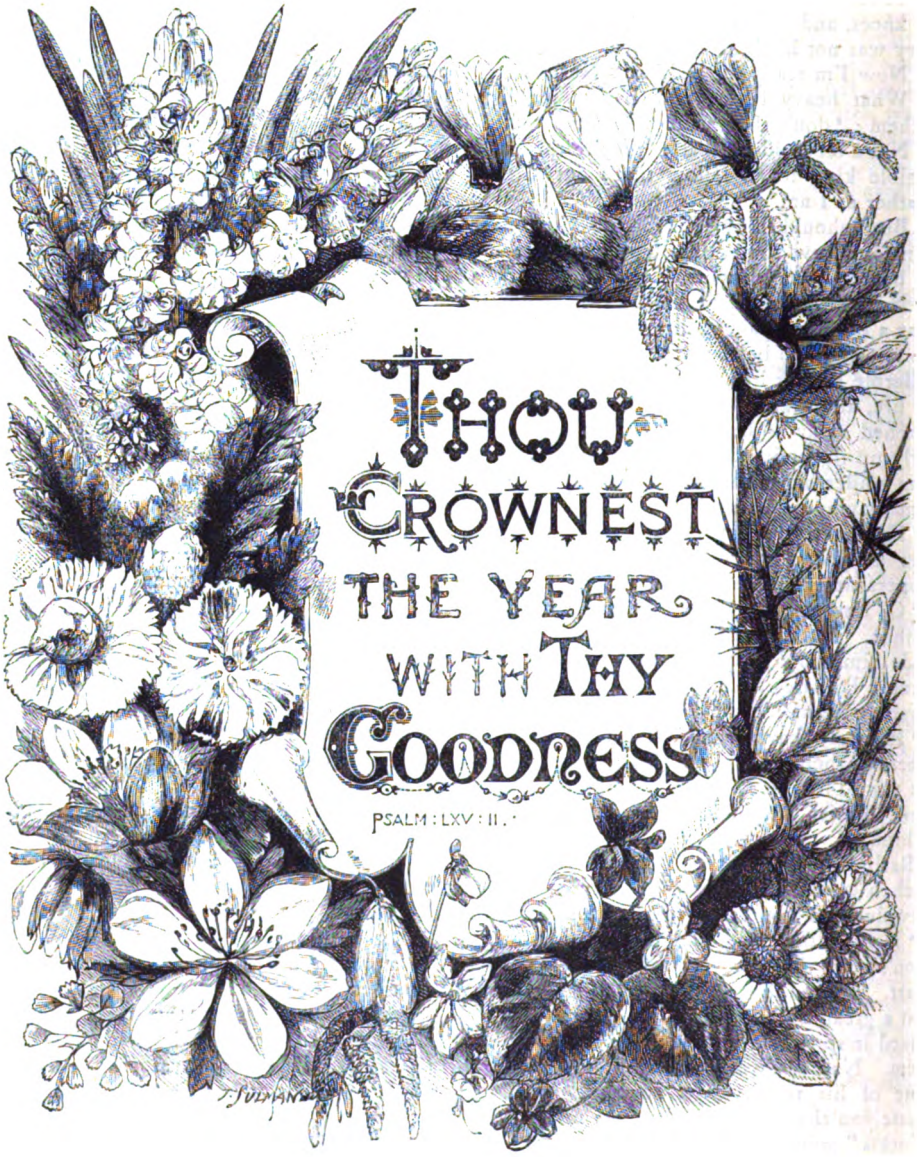

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Taking a Portrait.

See page 10.

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'If I only hadn't made such a dunce of myself last night,' he said to himself; 'she won't believe I'm pleased at all, now; she'll think I'm pretending, and that's just what I *hate* about it.'

'Why don't you look in your stockin',' Barbie,' said Davy, climbing after his own. 'There'll be somefin in it fur sure.'

Davy's '*somefin*' proved to be a bright, red ribbon for her hair; a poor little string of a thing, but Barbie delighted him by declaring a hair ribbon was just what she needed, and immediately tied back her curly hair with it.

Nathan mustered up courage to make a bold dash at his slippers, and he admired them so heartily, and was so honest in his thanks, that Barbie was quite appeased, especially as she found that Nathan had bought for her the silver thimble with a wreath of forget-me-nots around the rim, which had long been the desire of her heart.

There were no very costly presents, but everybody was pleased and happy; and the great secret of it all was, that almost everything had cost the giver some small sacrifice, that served to make the gift doubly precious.

LITTLE LIZZIE'S CALL.

It was a bright Spring morning, seventy-two years ago, the sun shone and the flowers were in bloom, and I, a boy of eight, stood in the drawing-room of my father's house, looking at an oil painting, a portrait of my mother, which had just been sent home, and hung there with great care.

'George, George, I want you!' A sweet little voice rang down the old staircase, a voice which was music to us all. On she came, my dear and only sister. 'George, I want you!' It was her cry from morning till night, O! she loved me so—dear little Lizzie!

'O, George,' and she stood by my side, 'isn't it nice?' meaning the new picture. 'I'd like to be hung in a frame, wouldn't you?'

So she babbled on in her pretty way; and her words set me thinking, and when evening came, I called her out of the nursery into the passage, for I had something to tell her. 'Lizzie, I can take your picture, I know I can,' I whispered.

'How George? how?' Dear little soul, she was so eager.

'Why, you know how papa makes the rabbits on the wall,' I said, 'and you know how we made *their* pictures?' Lizzie nodded.

'Now, if I get some paper and fasten up here' (on the passage wall), 'and you hold a candle, and let your shadow come on the paper, I can do it as we did the rabbits.'

'Yes, yes, I see,' and Lizzie danced about, her blue eyes sparkling with pleasure.

We stole softly down the stairs to the hall, where candles were placed in readiness for bed-time. I suppose I wanted to look like a real artist, so to make-believe that I was somebody, and could paint pictures when I chose, I took a book out of papa's study when I went in for a sheet of foolscap. Up the stairs we once more went, and then, throwing my book on the floor, I arranged Lizzie and the candle. I was getting on beautifully, when Lizzie gave a scream. I glanced from the paper to her, and, to my horror, her pretty hair was all ablaze, and her pinafore as well.

'Run to mamma!' I cried, and seizing her hand, I dragged her towards the drawing-room.

We both screamed; but, alas! running only fanned the flames, and when mamma, papa, and the servants came to us, dear little Lizzie was fearfully burnt. I saw papa take off his coat and wrap around her, I saw mamma press a blanket over that, after which all seemed to grow dim. A day or two went by. We all spoke in whispers, and went on tip-toe about the house; there was plenty of crying too, and at the end of that time dear little Lizzie died. Died, and we loved her so much!

Four years passed, and I was twelve; but

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I had not forgotten Lizzie. I was a big boy, and my father had sent me away to a school in a distant town by the sea. How miserable I was there you will perhaps guess, when I tell you that one evening, in the middle of summer, I sat in a lonely, sheltered spot upon the coast outside the town, thinking over in my mind, whether or no I should run away, and leave all my misery behind me. The boys were always playing tricks upon me, and getting me into 'scrapes,' as I called my troubles with the masters; and I was careless as well with my lessons, so there seemed nothing but teasing and punishment for me from week's end to week's end.

There was a vessel close by lying at anchor, and I had heard that the next day it was to put off for Australia. I wished that I was going in her. I wished—but just then an old sailor came up and spoke thus, 'Well, youngster, what art thinking o'?'

'Nothing,' I said sullenly.

'I know better,' the man went on, and then I looked up into his face. It was not a good face, there was a hard look upon it which I did not like. The man laughed hoarsely.

'You was wishin' as you was goin' to sea in that 'air ship, and if you be a mind I'll say, "Come along;" for there's mighty chances for a gent like you. No more larnin', no more beatin's, for you'd be a hadmiral, and a rollin' in gold afore you know'd it.'

I didn't believe him; but, somehow, it struck me that this was the thing for me, and that it would be a pleasant way of earning my living on that ship. Still I held my tongue and said nothing.

'Good-night.' I rose to go, for the town-clock was striking, and I ought to have been in full an hour before.

'Good-night, young master, and if you likes to jine us, just you be here by about twelve to-night, and I'll manage.'

It was the third time in that week I had been late, and prayers were over before I reached St. Andrew's (the name of our school). I was flogged that night for the second time in the half-year, and desperate and full of hatred, I went to a room in which a boy who had been flogged was doomed to pass the night apart from his fellows. I would get out through the window. I could do it; for I was full of daring, and could swing from almost any height. Yes, I had quite made up my mind, I would meet the sailor and go to sea.

'Weston,' whispered a voice outside my door. It was that of a boy who had often stood my friend, and I listened to hear what he would say: 'I put your Bible under your pillow before you came up. I thought perhaps you'd want it.'

'Very well,' I growled, for I hated him with the rest; and as for a Bible, save for reading out of those belonging to the school when in class, I had not opened one since I entered the house; so now, perhaps, you can see why I had grown so careless and miserable. My own Bible had lain all this time untouched by me, on a shelf by my bedside.

But while waiting for the house to get quiet before I made my escape, something, I suppose a feeling sent by God, made me take the Book from its hiding-place. As I held it in my hand, a folded paper fell from it to the floor. I picked it up, then I threw myself on the bed and sobbed aloud. It was dear little Lizzie's picture, drawn by me four years before, and which my mother had put there as a treasure within a treasure. Again I heard her sweet little cry, 'George, George, I want you!' Lizzie was now in heaven, I knew that, and I wondered if she was calling for me still. But I tried to put the thought away, for I knew that what I was about to do would not lead me to her.

Again I seemed to hear her cry, 'George, I want you!'

'Yes, and please God I will come,' I said; and then I knelt down and asked God to put my sinful wish away from me, and to help me to do right, and so lead me home to Him and to Lizzie.

Dear little readers, I did not run away, and from that time I took Walton (the boy who had put my Bible under my pillow) for my friend, and tried from my heart to do right. God helped me and Walton on the way, and little Lizzie still called from afar; and now I feel that I shall answer her very soon, for I am very, very near to her home and mine.

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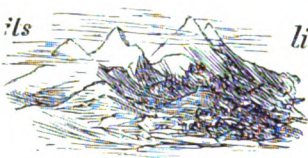
its  lie near the the is for the most part a flat

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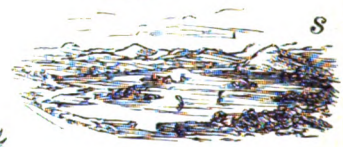 s

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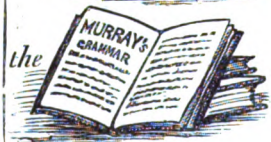
the 

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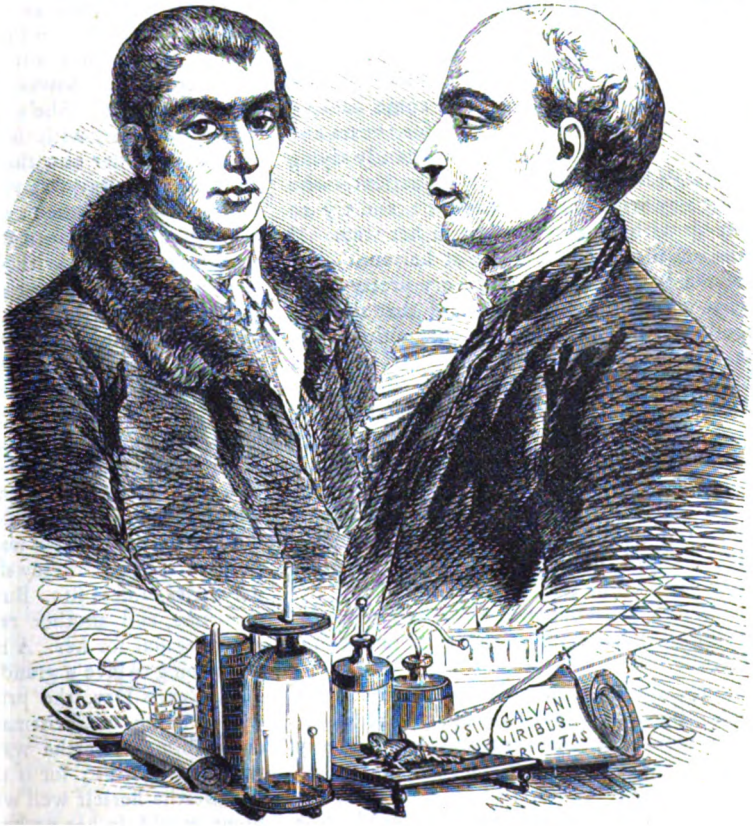
A LETTER TO MY LITTLE BOY ABOUT GALVANISM.

My dear boy,

I wonder whether you have heard of that strange thing called *Galvanism*. It sounds an odd sort of word, it means something that an Italian called Galvani found out. I can only explain to you a trifle of what he discovered. You know what a metal is. Pennies are made of the metal copper. Iron is a well known metal. Galvani used to try what metals would do when different kinds were joined together. One day he applied wires of iron and copper to the leg of a dead froggie, and all at once it jumped as it would have done when it belonged to its living owner. That was an experiment, and taught Galvani a great deal. It gave him an answer to questions he had long been asking; and he thought much about the answer.

Twenty years later his countryman, Volta, heard of what Galvani had done, and found he could do the same thing. But he was not content with imitating Galvani. He wanted to find out a way of giving more powerful shocks than wires would do. So he beat out some copper and zinc into sheets. Then he piled them up in regular order, first a pair of sheets of copper and zinc, then a wet cloth, then another pair of sheets, and then another cloth, till he had at least a hundred of each sort in succession.

In this way he made so powerful a machine as to astonish all the learned men of Europe, and to this day they call it Volta's pile. You can see it in the left of the picture, with a curly wire joining on to it. Galvani's frog is in the front of the picture, and looks alive, but I hope he is dead by this time, otherwise the shocks would be too painful for his feelings. Many very useful things can be done by galvanism, both in science and medicine, and many strange things too; for instance, you can coat over common metal with pure silver, or cover iron wire with zinc, so that it won't



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rust. Without galvanism, you could not send a message through the telegraph wire.

There are a multitude of curious things that galvanism can do, beside what I have told you; and if you try to find them out, you will obtain a great deal of pleasure, as your papa did when he tried.

ELECTRICUS.

BERTHA'S VICTORY.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

LITTLE BERTHA lay in her bed watching the bright stars through the window. She had asked not to have the curtains drawn, for she was unhappy, and wanted, O, so much! to watch the one star which seemed somehow like her mother looking down to earth,—her dear, gentle mother, whose darling she had been till death came and bore her away. Bertha's papa was in India, and so till he should come back,—which would not perhaps be for 'years and years,' as the poor child was constantly saying to herself in her endeavour to be patient,—she must stay with her aunt Caroline, and try to put up with whatever came in her way. It was not nice for her to live at her aunt's, for Bertha was lame, and not very pretty; and what was more, everybody said that she was spoilt, and had a bad temper. She quite forgot that her cousin Dora slept in a bed opposite her own; in fact, she forgot everything, save that she was very, very miserable and lonely.

A step was heard in the passage outside, and Dora raised her voice to cry out, 'Mamma, will you please come in.'

Bertha ceased her sobbing in a moment, and Aunt Caroline, full of care for her little girl, stepped noiselessly across the room, anxious to know why she was called.

'Mamma, Bertha is so cross, and keeps on crying so that I can't go to sleep,' said Dora, fretfully.

Aunt Caroline turned towards the other bed. Bertha did not look up, or she might have seen that her aunt was looking very gently upon her, and her voice even trembled a little as she enquired, 'Are you in pain, dear? Can I do anything for you?' She could feel for the weakly orphan; but then Bertha expected too much: she had been till lately the sole pet of a household, now, she was but one among many children. So she only replied, in answer to her aunt's kindly question, in a tone even more disagreeable than Dora's had been, 'No, I don't want anything.'

'But are you in pain?' Mrs. Ray was thinking of the child's mother, and striving to fill her place; still, as was to be expected, she did not love Bertha in the same way as she did her own little ones, and the child knew it.

There was no answer, only another sob, and then Dora said, 'She's only cross, Mamma. She's been nasty with the boys, and I dare say they've paid her out, that's all.'

Now Mrs. Ray was very proud of her boys, and petted them much; so she said, in a voice which she did not mean to be unkind, 'If you were more pleasant with your cousins, Bertha, they would soon learn to love you: till then I'm afraid you will never be quite happy here. But now you must dry your eyes and keep quiet, so that Dora can go to sleep.'

Bertha did as she was bid, but I am afraid she cherished bitter thoughts of Dora in her heart, even up to the time when she herself fell asleep. Now the case was this: Bertha possessed a wheel-chair of her very own, in which she was accustomed to take daily rides whenever the weather was fine, and this was perhaps the greatest joy she had left to cheer her little, sunless life. But now it was Christmas-time, and another ray of pleasure was gleaming out for her. A neighbouring family were going to give a grand children's party on New-Year's Day, the pride and glory of the whole being a Christmas-tree, and to this entertainment Bertha was invited, together with her cousins; for if the chair was closed and Bertha herself well wrapped up, the ride home would do her no harm. The children

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had been talking all this over during the evening, and the little girl, in her anticipation of the event, had felt a real glow of love in her heart towards her companions. But all at once the sweet feeling fled, for Robert, her eldest cousin, broke in with the words, 'I say, Bert, don't you think you're too weakly for this sort of thing? I asked Mamma this afternoon what she thought, and she said she'd had her doubts as to it's being wise to let you go.'

Bertha felt her heart die within her; for Robert, it was generally believed, could persuade his mother into anything. Still, she was too proud to let him know what she felt, and only said, in her usual quick, passionate way, 'I'm invited as well as you, and I shall go too, if I like. Neither you nor Aunt Caroline can stop me, if I choose to go; so you can think and say what you like.'

She coloured deeply as she finished speaking, for if she went, Robert and Hugh were to push her chair back in the evening, as the boy whose work it was to take her out would be at home, and probably in bed, before the party broke up. Mrs. Grant, the lady to whose house they were going, had said something about her staying the night, if only her house had not been so full of company; but yet, Bertha thought, they might surely find some little corner for her, she was so small, and would not take up much room. Thinking thus, she lost the full meaning of Robert's laugh and speech, 'We shall see, Mrs. Bertha! We shall see!'

Presently the little girl became aware that the whole party were whispering together of something which she was not to hear; but as her ears were rather sharp she managed to catch here and there a stray word, which helped her to learn as much as she cared to know of the whole affair. One of Robert's friends, named John Dare, had sprained his ankle. Now John always made himself particularly disagreeable to Bertha, even mimicking her poor, shuffling gait, when she tried to walk indoors without her crutches, in order to spare the carpets, by holding on to the chairs and tables. He, too, had been invited to the Christmas gathering; and now, unless he could be taken in some way so as not to try his foot, the doctor had straitly forbidden his going. Perhaps the boy was only thoughtless, and had not meant to be cruel; anyway, Robert, Hugh and Dora were very fond of him, and it pained their little cousin to hear them planning to take John to Mrs. Grant's in her chair, assigning as an excuse for their conduct, that Bertha was not strong enough to go, and, therefore, ought not to care for such things.

'If we can but persuade Mamma,' were Rob's last words upon the subject, and poor Bertha fancied that Mamma would very easily be persuaded.

(To be concluded.)

The Use of Baby.

'WHAT's the use of baby, Nelly,
Five months old, and O! so small?
What's he come for? Do we want him?
Is he any use at all?

'Do you think your little brother
Can be any good to us?
Crying, sleeping—sleeping, eating;
Are you glad to have him thus?'

'Yes, Mamma, I think he's useful;
Soft and warm, like Janie's dove;
And though weak and brown and tiny,
He's a deal of use *to love!*'

'From the mouths of babes and sucklings,'
Perfect love and praise are taught;
Nelly, dear, thy three-year wisdom
Is with truth eternal fraught.

The Young Berean's Corner.

WE wish all our young Bereans a very Happy New Year. We hope they will enjoy the best kind of happiness, so we want them to open their Bibles and search till they find out what that is.

A beautiful book will be given as a prize for the best, and another for the second best, list of texts which show who are truly happy or blessed.

The papers must be sent to the Editor, 1, Grayling Road, Stoke Newington, not later than January 18th. No assistance must be given.

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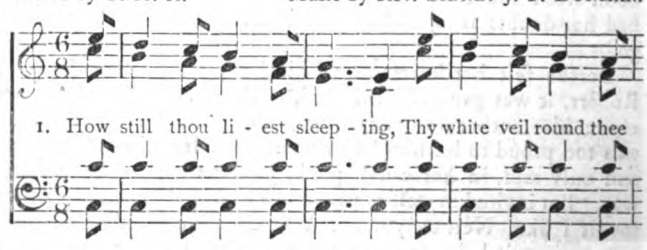
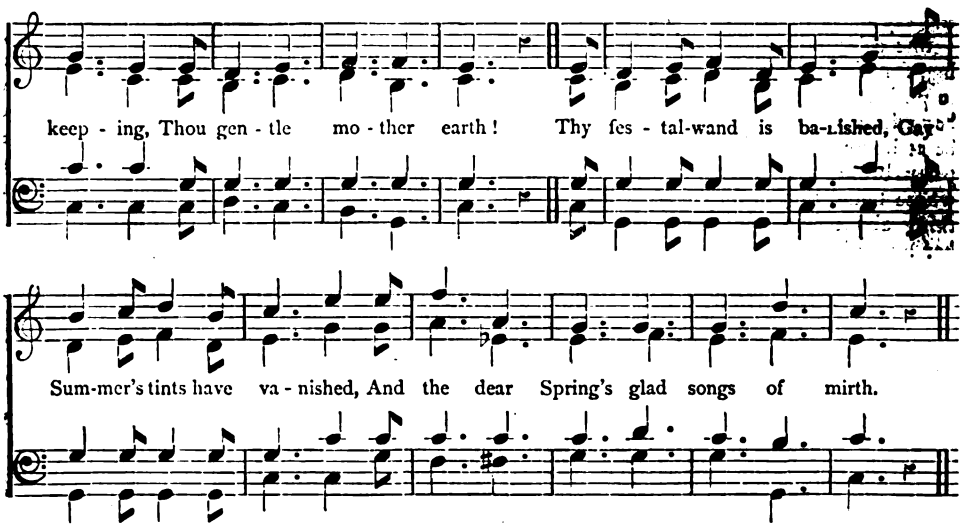
Winter Song.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Words by G. M. A. Music by Rev. SIDNEY J. P. DUNMAN.



keep - ing, Thou gen - tle mo - ther earth! Thy fes - tal-wand is ba-ıished, Gay
Sum-mer's tints have va - nished, And the dear Spring's glad songs of mirth.

2. Our eye is sadly gazing,
No little lamb is grazing
On field or grassy hill;
The birds, their song forsaking,
Keep silence till thy waking,
And yet how lovely art thou still!

3. The boughs and twigs are gleaming,
With tiny ice-lamps beaming,
Meeting the dazzled sight;
Thy soft couch who hath found thee?
Who spread the covering round thee,
And decked thee with frost jewels bright?

4. The Father kind above thee,
Doth ever watch and love thee,
He wove thy beauteous dress.
Sleep on! thou'rt not forsaken,
Thy weary form He'll waken,
And rouse in strength and loveliness.

5. Soon, called by Spring's soft wooing,
Thou'lt rise, thy youth renewing,
And blooming fresh and fair;
When once she bendeth o'er thee,
Thy lost robes she'll restore thee,
And a bright flower-crown for thy hair.

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FEBRUARY, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

Pussy in Mischief.

See page 15.

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PUSSY IN MISCHIEF.

Poor Pussy! it was a great temptation. There stood the jug of cream on the middle of the table, and no one but herself in the kitchen. True, her own saucer of milk was waiting for her in the back kitchen, but helping herself to what did not belong to her was far more fun. She did not know that her mistress, little Miss Annie, had saved the cream for her sick mother's cup of tea; but she did know that it was not meant for her. And when Miss Annie came into the kitchen and called out, 'O, you naughty Pussy; you little thief! I sha'n't pet you again all day,' and when she was turned out of doors in disgrace, she did not think stolen milk so very sweet after all.

I think Pussy is not the only little creature who has found out that fun that is naughty and mischievous, is not such very pleasant fun in the end.

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER II.—A VISIT TO COUSIN JOHN.

'Couldn't we have Prince, father,' said Nathan, as they sat at breakfast, 'and take a sledge-ride somewhere — Barbie and me?'

'Me too,' put in Davy; 'I guess I want to go sleigh ridin' much as anybody.'

'Yes, you can have Prince,' said Mr. Phillips; 'but you'll have to keep along the river-road.'

'We might go to Cousin John's,' said Barbie, looking doubtfully at Nathan, for fear the plan might not suit him. If it didn't he was sure to let them know, for Nathan prided himself on never concealing any of his opinions. But this time he said not a word about a plan which had been in his mind when he first proposed the ride, and said very pleasantly,

'Yes, we'll go to Cousin John's, and Davy can go too, and wear his new comforter and mittens.'

'And my sled too,' said Davy, who kept fast hold of the rope while he ate.

'No, indeed; there isn't room; and, besides, Johnny would smash it before you got back; he always breaks things.'

'Then I won't go,' said Davy, beginning to cry; 'and I think you're real unkind to me.'

It really was provoking, after all the pains Nathan had taken to please Davy.

'Stay at home, then,' said Nathan; 'you're a little nuisance, anyhow, and I'd rather go without you.'

Nathan stormed away to the barn, Davy sat crying in his chair, and Barbie felt that all the pleasure of the day was spoiled.

Out in the barn, Nathan took up the curry-comb, and began to dress down old Prince, in no gentle style.

'It's always the way,' he said to himself; 'whenever I try to be particularly good, somebody is sure to make me mad and spoil it all. They make a perfect little tyrant of Davy, and he thinks he must do just as he pleases. I don't care. I'll not give up to him; he may stay at home, if he wants to.'

All the time something in Nathan's heart was saying, '*Who's the master? who's the master?*' And he threw himself down on the hay, with his chin on his hands, and thought:

'Here's another year spoiled. Last year and the year before, and the year before that, I thought I'd leave off getting mad and storming around so, and I didn't do it. I meant to take a fair start to-day, and just laid it down that I'd be master myself, and now I've gone and got mad first thing at that miserable little Davy.'

Nathan will find out some time that ruling one's self is not an easy task, and that the mastery is only to be gained and kept by constant effort, and by trusting, not to our own strength, but to the Friend Who is always

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ready to strengthen the weak, and help those who are ready to fall.

Nathan came into the house, and said:

'Now then, Barbie, get ready in a hurry, and mother must bundle Davy up. I'll carry out this Comet, and get him safely packed.'

'O, will you take the sled?'

There was plenty of room for the sled under the seat, and very soon Barbie was dressed in her green merino, with a broad streak around it where the tucks had been let down, her old-fashioned cloak, and quilted silk hood, and came out to the door looking very happy. Mrs. Phillips brought out Davy, bundled up in his new comforter, and tucked him in between Nathan and Barbie.

'Seems to me, Barbie, you most always wear that dress,' said Davy. 'I wish't I'd buyed you a blue one 'stead of that ribbon.'

'I wish you had,' said Barbie, trying to laugh; 'this green dress is my cross.'

'Grandpa's old coats are always made up for me,' said Nathan. 'I *shall* be glad when mother can't find another to make up. When I die I shall leave it in my will, that all my old clothes are to be burned, and not made up for anybody.'

'You see,' said Barbie, 'I've had a good many plans. I want to do so many things; and I'm sure if I could only have half a chance I would do something worth while. And I've fretted a good deal about it, because there wasn't any way but for me to wash dishes and make beds, and patch and scrub. Aunt Lucy said it was a shame, and I've been thinking so too.'

Barbie stopped, and Nathan looked at her in astonishment; but she went on, getting bolder with the effort:

'It isn't because I don't like to work, but to do it all the time and never see any good come out of it, and not be any nearer getting time to read and study; I can't help feeling as if it *was* a shame after all.'

'*I say it is*,' said Nathan, with sudden gallantry; 'but, then, who's to blame about it?'

Who was to blame? Not the father and mother, who bore, without complaining, the heaviest burdens of all. Could it be the One Who had appointed their lot, and Whose tender mercies they knew to be over all His works?

'It isn't a shame,' said Barbie, bravely.

'There's Johnny's house,' shouted Davy.

Cousin John was one of those cheery, self-satisfied men, to whom all manner of good fortune seems to come without being sought. He sat toasting his feet by the great blazing fire, and gave the children a hearty welcome.

Susan and Ellen, both older than Barbie, came down from their chamber dressed in fresh-looking, red-and-black delaines, and pretty white aprons, trimmed with dainty ruffling. Barbie felt faded and old-fashioned the minute they came in.

The girls soon took Barbie up into their own room—a plain, whitewashed chamber, with a rag-carpet on the floor. There, at one side, was a great, open stove, with a fire crackling and snapping, sending a kindly warmth through all the room. And by the front window was Ellen's *sewing machine*, the first that ever had found its way to that primitive region, and the wonders that it wrought in the way of tucking, and ruffling, and stitching, were veritable fairy work to Barbie.

'These are our New-Year's presents,' said Ellen, taking from the bureau two parcels of soft, crimson merino; 'father got them himself, and never said a word to mother about them; he's got wonderful good taste, for a man.'

'How pretty they are,' said Barbie; 'I s'pose you'll have Miss Martin to fit 'em right away.'

'O, Susan can fit as nice as Miss Martin, and I can make 'em in a day with my machine,' said Ellen, a little proudly. 'You ought to have a machine, Barbie; it would help so much with the boys' clothes.'

'I'm afraid I should get lazy,' said Barbie.

'I wish you would,' said Ellen; 'then mother couldn't be always holding you up to me for an example. Ever since I can remember it has been, "Look at that little Barbie, so much younger than you and ever so much sharper!" And Aunt Lucy Marston says you're a genius, besides. O, dear, what

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a responsibility it must be!' laughed Ellen, without noticing how painfully Barbie flushed up at her words.

Susan saw it, and called Barbie away to see her new bonnet. They passed an hour or two pleasantly, when a loud scream from the wood-shed made them hurry down stairs. Nathan, running from the kitchen, was the first to get there. Master Johnny was holding fast to the new sled, and screaming at the top of his voice; while Davy alternately pulled at the sled and Johnny's hair.

'Stop, Davy,' said Nathan, holding his hands.

'Make him give up my sled, then,' said Davy, 'he breaked it a purpose wid his old hammer.'

Sure enough; the black horse had a terrible bruise where his ribs ought to have been, and the sled was cracked completely across.

''Twouldn't go,' said Johnny, sulkily; 'take your mean old sled,' and he threw it violently down.

Davy's anger subsided; he sat down upon the sledge, and began to cry bitterly. Nathan fairly longed to pick Johnny up and shake him, but he didn't.

'Never mind, Davy,' he said, consolingly; 'I can fix the sled just as good as ever, and we'll have a saddle on the horse, and a man riding.'

It was a rash promise, but Davy was comforted in a minute, and they went in amiably to dinner, Cousin Roxy promising Johnny a whipping when he got over the croup. The croup was Johnny's city of refuge, and saved him from many a whipping.

The short winter afternoon was almost over when they drove back along the river-road to Riverside.

'After all,' said Nathan, 'I always feel glad to get back home again, and I feel better when I'm hard at work. Then I don't get time to be wishing and making plans.'

Barbie didn't say anything, but she thought of her little parable, and said to herself:

'The little princess is happiest when she stays at home spinning. I don't mean to waste so much time in *wishing;* but I'll try to find some way to make this year better than the last.'

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Good-morrow, merry Magpie!
Will you join me at my play?
My teacher is in London—
So I've a holiday!
'Good-morrow, merry Maiden!
But I cannot join your play
My Maker is *my* Teacher,
And He never goes away.'

Good Morrow

Good-morrow, lovely Linnet!
Will you go with me to school,
And cheer me with your music,
Beside my wooden stool?
'Good-morrow, lovely Maiden!
But were *I* to go to school
Your learning it would hinder,
And be against the rule.'

Good-morrow, tiny Titmouse!
I never hear you mew:
Pray, why are you not singing
On the blooming apple-bough?
'Good-morrow, tiny Maiden!
I must feed my little brood:
Farewell! for, while I linger,
They are clamouring for food.'

Good-morrow, bonny Bullfinch!
How are your young ones dressed?
How much I wish to see them!
Will you bring me to your nest?
'Good-morrow, bonny Maiden!
But, really—Don't you know,
That I chose a place to build in,
Where I thought you would not go?'

Good-morrow, gentle Goldfinch!
Why are you sad to-day?
The heavy shower is over,
And everything is gay!
'Good-morrow, gentle Maiden!
Some thief has come to-day—
Has found my callow young ones,
And taken them away.'

Good-morrow, red-robed Robin!
It is Winter, yet you sing
More sweetly than in Summer;
You look happy as a king!
'Good-morrow, red-robed Maiden!
God is gracious all the days:
Good in Summer, kind in Winter—
Will you help to sing His praise?'

REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

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BERTIE'S FIRST SACRIFICE.

BY THE LATE RUTH ELLIOTT.

'I WISH I could break my heart! O! I do wish I could break my heart!' said Bertie, forlornly.

'Bertie!' cried Auntie May, in astonishment. 'Do you know what you are saying?'

Bertie twisted himself down from the high window-seat, in a peculiar fashion of his own, and came and stood by Auntie May's side, gazing up into her face with a melancholy look in his big, brown eyes.

'How can I get a broken heart, Auntie?'

'I don't know, I'm sure! I hope you never will. What do you want with a broken heart?'

'I want to offer a sacrifice to God!' said Bertie, solemnly. 'Papa read about it last night; and I heard him tell Grange that God would not despise the sacrifice of a broken heart. So, Auntie, how can I break my heart?'

Bertie was a very little boy; only four years old; and he often said and did very strange things. Auntie May thought this was the strangest of all. But she did not laugh, though she felt very much inclined; for she saw that he was really in earnest, and she would not hurt his feelings for the world. Poor little Bertie's feelings were very tender.

'I don't think that is the only sacrifice God would like from a little boy,' she said, gently. 'God would not like a little child's heart to break altogether.'

'Then can't I offer a sacrifice?' said Bertie, with something very much like a tear shining in his disappointed eyes.

'Yes, you can: one that will please God much.'

'Tell me what, Auntie May, please! I do so want to offer a sacrifice.' The tears were quite winked away now.

'One sort of sacrifice is to give up our own way just to please some one else,' said Auntie, trying to talk so that Bertie could understand. 'Another sort is to give something we prize very much to some one who needs it more than we do. God likes that sort of sacrifice.'

Just at this moment Auntie was called away, and Bertie sat thinking very hard.

'I 'spect God would like it better if I did it the proper way,' he said to himself. And then a thought came which made him red and hot with excitement. He would take the most beautiful thing he had in the world, and offer it as a sacrifice out in the corner of the wood-yard! Off he rushed to the nursery, and turned out all his treasures. There were his nine-pins: but one was lost. There was poor Jack-in-the-box: but the paint had got rubbed off somehow. There were toys innumerable, but all more or less injured. Bertie stood and looked at them.

'The most beautiful thing in the world!' he said slowly. 'These wont do! I mus' fin' something better.' But what? Bertie pondered: but before the weighty question could be decided, nurse came to take him down to tea.

Papa was out, and Mamma, Auntie May and Bertie had tea by themselves; and afterwards Mamma took her little boy in her arms and sang him to sleep: for Bertie was so fragile and delicate, that they had to give him extra love and care lest they should lose him altogether.

He was very nearly asleep when some one touched his head softly; and then Mamma stopped singing, and he heard her say, 'Such silken hair, May! Such beautiful curls! Dear little head! I treasure every curl! They are the most beautiful things in the world to me!'

'Does she mean my curls?' thought Bertie: but he could not open his eyes, nor his lips: he was much too sleepy. In another minute he was fast asleep, and did not wake till the morning.

But a night's sleep had not shut the thoughts out of the restless, little mind. As

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soon as breakfast was over, off he went to the wood-yard, with something rolled tightly up in his pinafore. No one was there: the men were all in the fields, and the maid-servants in the house. Bertie had it all to himself. What do you think he did? First he gathered a number of small pieces of wood, and built them up into a little heap. That took a long time, because as fast as he put the pile together it fell apart. It was such a trouble! But he managed it at last: and then he went into the wood-house, and sat down on a stump. A pair of scissors were hanging on a fagot close by; it was this pair of scissors Bertie had brought rolled up in his pinafore. A very bright, sharp pair, nearly new! Bertie tried them on a piece of soft chip first; then on the grass outside, and some leaves. They cut beautifully. Then he went back to the stump, and sat down.

'I wonder which is the beautifulest!' he said, seizing a great handful of golden curls. There was no one to answer, and no glass in which he could see for himself: so he thought he had better make sure of the best by cutting off all!

Scharrrup! went the scissors, and down fell a handful of soft, silky, yellow curls! O, poor Mamma!

'I think I'd better offer this sacrifice first,' said Bertie, thoughtfully, gathering up the spoils in his little blue-veined hands. 'I wonder if God will like them. It's the proper way, 'cause there's nobody wants them but mamma and me. Auntie said it was a good sacrifice to give things to other people: but I like God's own way bes', and no one does want these 'cept me—and Mamma,' he added. Leaving the scissors on the stump, he took the curls out into the yard, and laid them on the pile.

'Now they mus' be burnt,' he said, still talking to himself. 'I mus' fetch a match.' He knew where the matches stood in the breakfast-room, and was going to fetch them—when a sudden thought came and made him stand quite still. This was the thought: What would Mamma say when she found he had burnt all his beautiful curls?

'O dear!' said Bertie; 'she will cry; I know she will; she loves them so! She said they were the mos' beautiful things in the world! O dear! what shall I do?'

The wind ran away with some of the yellow curls, and Bertie had quite a race after them. As he gathered them up, nurse called him to go and be dressed for a drive.

'I mus' finish my sacrifice firs',' he said, doubtfully. Somehow the pleasure had gone out of it since he had thought of Mamma crying. Down he sat on the stump again, and did not move for five minutes.

'Bertie!'

'Yes, Mamma.' And Bertie crept in, with tearful eyes, tremulous lips, and a handful of sunny curls.

'I'll give you my sacrifice, Mamma! I meant to burn it; but, but—!'

Poor little Bertie! the disappointment was more than he could bear, and the pretty, cropped head went down on Mamma's lap to hide the fast-flowing tears. I need not tell you how Mamma prized those soft, yellow curls, nor how she kissed and comforted the forlorn little boy who could not offer a burnt-sacrifice. But I will tell you one thing that she did. She took him in her arms and told him that God did not want any burnt-offerings, and that He was far more pleased with her little boy's love for his mother than He would have been with all his curls. Indeed, she made him see at last, that, by giving up the burnt-offering for the sake of his mother, he had really offered a sacrifice of his own will and pleasure; the very best sort of sacrifice, after all.

BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

I.—A MIRACULOUS MEAL.

JESUS CHRIST often preached in the open air, and sometimes to very large congregations. Once He preached to five thousand men, and I cannot tell how many women and children, for they were not counted. Perhaps there were eight or ten thousand

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Christ Feeding the Multitude. *See page* 26.

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Staircase of Cromwell House. *See page 27.*

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persons. And this large congregation was not gathered together in a great city, but in a desert place. But the deserts in Palestine, where Jesus lived, were not sandy and barren, but more like English commons or moors. Jesus had taken His disciples across the Sea of Galilee to this lonely place for rest and quiet. But there was not much rest for Him.

When Jesus and His disciples stepped into the boat and sailed over the water, some people saw them. They guessed where they were going, for Jesus often went to those quiet hills and valleys. So many ran round the head of the lake, and reached the place before Jesus did; many others followed more slowly by the same road, and some took ships and sailed after Him.

What made them so eager to be with Jesus? Some came out of mere curiosity; they wanted to see and hear the Man Who had done such great miracles. Some came because others did, just as boys and girls, and grown-up people too, will run with a crowd. Some brought sick friends, whom they hoped Jesus would cure. Some had begun to love Him, and wished to learn from Him how to be good.

Jesus really needed rest, and it was very rude and thoughtless of these men and women to disturb Him. He might have been angry with them and told them to leave Him alone, or, at least, to wait till it was convenient for Him to attend to them. But our Lord was always gentle and never selfish. He always thought of others before Himself. He was not like some children I know, who must have their own way. He did what the people wished Him. He healed their sick, and answered their questions, and preached to them.

The people stayed listening to Jesus Christ till sunset. They had brought no food with them: they came away in too great a hurry for that; and, besides, they did not mean to stay so late. 'Send the people away,' advised the disciples; 'it is past their supper-time. Let them go and buy food where they can.' 'Not so,' replied the Master; 'do not drive them away hungry. Do you give them all something to eat.' The disciples were puzzled. Where could they get food? It would cost some pounds to buy dry bread enough to satisfy so many thousands of hungry people. They had not the money; and if they had it, there were no bakers' shops in the wilderness. But Jesus Christ was not perplexed; He knew from the first what He would do. 'How many loaves have ye?' He asked. 'Only five, and two small fishes; and they are of no use at all with so many mouths to feed.' But they were of more use than the disciples imagined. 'Bring them to Me, and make the people sit down in parties,' commanded Jesus.

The disciples arranged the multitude in groups of fifty each, and they sat down upon the green grass, looking, in their bright, many-coloured Eastern dresses, like beds in a flower-garden. God found grass to cover the hills, and sunlight and rain to feed the grass; it was just as easy for Him to find food for men and women. When they were all arranged in order—for Jesus would have everything neatly and properly done—our Lord took the loaves and fishes and asked a blessing on them. Then He gave some bread and fish to each disciple, and they gave it to the people, and when they had given away all they had, they came back to Jesus, and He gave them more, until all the people had eaten enough. How wonderful it must have been to watch the little store of bread and fish ever increasing till the last man, woman and child were satisfied! And they were satisfied, too; for at Christ's command the disciples picked up all the food that was not eaten, and they filled twelve large wicker-baskets with these fragments! More was left after feeding the multitude than there had been at the first!

Of course, I cannot tell you how this miracle was wrought. It *was* a miracle, and only the Son of God Who worked it, could explain it. But I know something quite as wonderful, though not as strange, which goes on every year. I cannot tell you how the one grain of corn, that the farmer sows in his field, grows to be ever so many grains. But I know it is by the same Power which multiplied the five loaves

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and two small fishes. And this helps me to see the work of God in everything. And I learn from this miracle, too:

That Jesus Christ takes care of my body as well as of my soul;

That I must be thankful to Him for my food. This is why I ask a blessing, and return thanks at meal-times.

And that Jesus Christ does not give me food to waste. Though He could have made as much more as He chose, He still told the disciples to 'gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.'

STAIRCASE OF CROMWELL HOUSE.

BY SARSON.

If any of my young readers are fond of old houses and historic associations, they ought, when they come up to London, to visit Highgate. There they will see houses of great interest, some of which have been very sensibly made use of for benevolent purposes.

On the top of Highgate Hill is Lauderdale House, once the residence of the Earls of Lauderdale, but now the Convalescent Home to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. So that when patients at St. Bartholomew's are better they can go for a change to Lauderdale House, instead of having to return to their poor homes and begin to work before they are strong enough. Do you not think that a good plan? On the north side of the grounds of Lauderdale House, is the cottage of the great patriot, Andrew Marvell, and opposite to that is the house that Cromwell built for Bridget, his eldest daughter, when she married General Ireton. Cromwell, it is said, sometimes lived there himself. There is quite a military air about it. The carved oak staircase is very handsome, and is decorated with carved oaken figures, representing the different soldiers in the army in their uniforms, from the fifer and drummer to the captain. On the ceiling of the drawing-room are the general's arms, and all the principal ceilings are ornamented after the fashion of those times. General Ireton commanded the left wing of Cromwell's army at the battle of Naseby. He sat on the trial of King Charles and voted for his death, being a stern man, and never diverted, it is said, from any resolution he had taken.

In 1865, Cromwell House was a boarding-school. Now it is a Convalescent Home for children who have been at the hospital in Great Ormond-street.

There is a large play-ground attached to it; and on the handsome staircase, delicate little faces and tiny feet may be seen crossing the shadows of the warrior-figures that have stood there since the time of the great Protector.

You would like, as they run about once more, and laugh and play, to notice the first faint roses beginning to bloom on the cheeks that were so white and wan. But even in the Highgate Home many of the little ones are not able to run or walk at all: for not only are those who are getting better sent here, but some almost hopelessly crippled or deformed children. But they do not look unhappy; and there is far greater hope of their recovery here than there would be in their unhealthy, miserable homes.

JOHN BUNYAN.

I wonder if any of you boys and girls have ever seen the tombstone represented at the foot of page 28? Some of you have not, I know, for your home is hundreds of miles away, and you have not yet had your promised trip to London; and there are many who live in London who have never been to look at it, though strangers come from all parts of the world to gaze upon this tomb, and think of the good man whose body lies under it, waiting till God shall call 'the dead, small and great,' to stand before His face. How is it, do you think, that we feel such a curious interest in looking on the graves of the great and good? I think it is, perhaps, because we feel it is something very wonderful that just close to us, separated only

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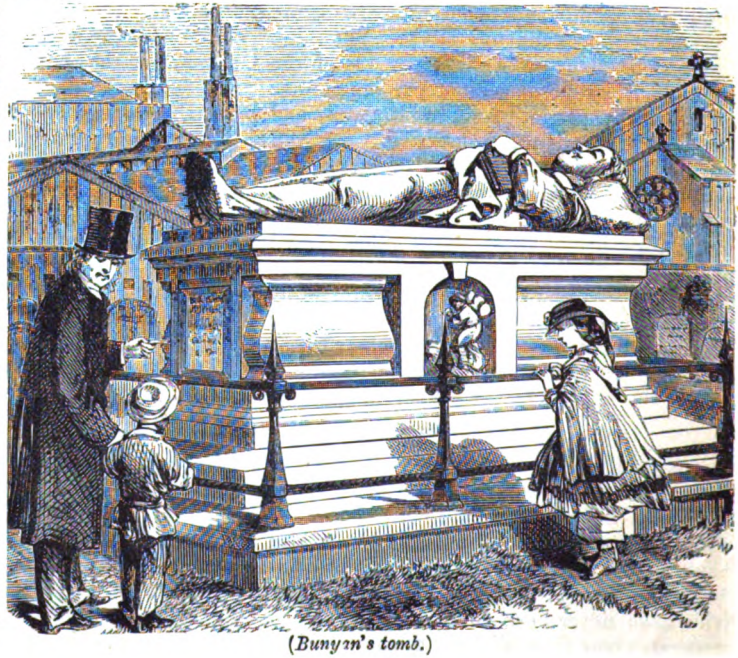
(*Bunyan's birthplace*)

'Well,' but some of you are saying, 'what was his name? and why was he so famous?' All in good time, children; you have all heard of him, I expect, and most of you have read, at least, one of his wonderful books. If you have ever, as I have, dreamed away hours over the adventures of the man with the burden on his back, going with him through the Wicket-Gate, along the narrow way to the place where he lost his load, and on through the valleys, over the mountains, till he crossed the river without a bridge, and entered in by the gates into the glorious city beyond, you will know at once what name is on the tombstone we are looking at. Yes, you are right—John Bunyan lies buried here, far away from the little village where he was born, and the town where he spent most of his life.

Bunhill Fields Burial Ground, just by a few feet of earth, lies that which, when living, had so much power. For instance, in St. Paul's Cathedral many people pay for the privilege of going down into the crypt, to see the graves of England's heroes,—Nelson and Wellington. There, under the marble and granite, they sleep soundly, and do not heed the noise of war, nor care for the praise of man. And we like to go and look at the place where heroes rest after their life of toil. If this be so, then the grave we are going to talk about ought to be interesting to us: for he who lies below was a real hero, brave, strong, tender, and true. He was only a poor man, but his name will be remembered as long as this world shall last.



(*Bunyan's tomb.*)

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opposite City Road Chapel, contains the graves of many famous men. It is a dingy place now, surrounded by buildings, and looks very dreary; but in the times when it was first used to bury in, it stood away from the city, quite in the fields. Here lie buried Isaac Watts, who wrote so many beautiful hymns; Daniel Defoe, the author of that enchanting book, *Robinson Crusoe;* Richard Cromwell, the son of great Oliver; and General Fleetwood, of the Civil Wars, are also in this time-honoured ground; and our own dear Mr. Wesley buried his good mother in Bunhill Fields. So, if any of you boys and girls from the country come to London, ask your father or mother to take you to look at these graves, and then you are sure to see John Bunyan's as well. But I don't want you to be satisfied with seeing his tombstone, I should like to tell you something about him when he was alive, and a little boy like yourselves, that is, if you would care to hear about a boy who lived so long ago.

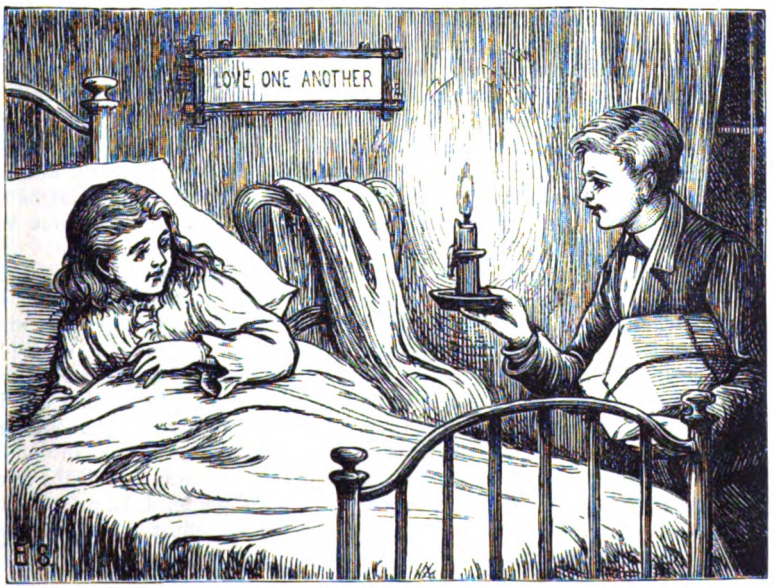
It was—let me see—yes—three years after King Charles I. began his reign, that little John Bunyan was born, in a little village called Elstow, a short distance from Bedford. In those times, you know, things were very different from what they are now. Villages are quiet places now, compared to the great city; but then they were retired indeed. When John Bunyan was a boy, there were very few schools, and it was thought quite a wonderful thing for any one to know how to read and write; but John's father, though a poor man, managed to send him to school, where he learned both of these accomplishments; but, as he says in one of his books, 'I speedily forgot all I learned.' Like a good many boys now-a-days, he cared more for play than for his book, and loved better to join in a game of tip-cat on the village green, than to write a copy. He was very fond of anything that involved daring, and didn't know what fear was. I expect, from what we can learn of his doings, he was what would be called a very mischievous, reckless boy, ready for any fun that was going on.

(*To be continued.*)

BERTHA'S VICTORY.

(*Concluded from page* 15.)

No wonder that Bertha cried, no wonder that bitter, wicked thoughts came to her, and that Jesus, Whom her dead mother had tried to teach her to love, was quite forgotten. But she had a dreamthat night, and it seemed to her that the star she loved so to look upon, was indeed her mother: to-night it seemed to speak to her; ay, even to sing a hymn as her mother used to do. It was a



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strange hymn, too; she had heard it but once before, and that was one hot Sunday in the summer-time, just after she had come to her aunt's. She had asked Peter to stop her chair close under the shadow of some trees outside the Sabbath-school house. She remembered in her dream how it had all looked then: the sky without a cloud, and the whole world full of sunlight—so full, that she, in her new trouble, would have been glad to have seen it more dark, not quite so clear and joyous, when she, poor little motherless one, was so miserable. They were singing just what the star was singing now—a hymn that began:

'I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed.'

After that she could remember nothing more, only that, at the ending of each verse, it asked what they, who had received gracious gifts, had given or done for Him,—the Saviour Who had done so much for them. In the morning when she awoke, the chorus followed her; again and again it came to her like a far-off echo of the past: 'What hast thou done for Me?'

Bertha did not speak to any one save her aunt during breakfast, and when it was over she went into the drawing-room, as her custom was, to read her Bible alone. She had promised her Mamma never to neglect this duty; and as the drawing-room was the only place in the house where she could be quiet, she always went there, although now it was miserably cold, in the mornings, without a fire. Yet she doubted if these readings did her much good; for now that she had no mother to listen and explain, the words were to her dead and without meaning. This morning it was her dream which called her attention from what she read, for all the time she kept wondering what her mother would have her do; and more still, what she, Bertha Ray, could do for the great Lord Jesus. She turned again to her Bible, for she felt sure that her mother was in heaven; and so restful to the child was the thought of going there too, by and by, that it seemed as though she would do anything to please God, anything whereby she might be known by Him as His Own child. How many of us feel the same? We long to serve God, and yet we go on, from day to day, trying to please ourselves, forgetting that if we would be like Jesus, God's dear Son, Who served His Father perfectly, we must put away self, and follow the example of Jesus, Who, even as a little child, 'pleased not Himself,' but others.

The chapter she was reading told of the Great Judgment, and Jesus judging the whole world. It puzzled her, though, when she came to the words: '*For I was an hungred, and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.*' By and by the meaning dawned upon her, for further on she read: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' Jesus' brethren she knew might be those about her; but what could she do for them? Nothing, nothing! They had all and more than they needed—they, her cousins and aunt, were well and strong. The servants did not love her; and she knew of nothing she, a poor, little, lame girl, could do for them. So she sat on, in the bay window with the heavy curtains around her, nor noticed that she was not alone, till Robert's voice broke the silence: 'Mamma, Bertha had really better not go to the party, don't you think so? You know she won't care half so much as John, and she doesn't know people, and isn't well enough to care either. O, do say that we may have the chair! Do, do!'

'Robert, I'm ashamed of you! I thought I had settled that point before, and now—here you are following me with your naughty, unjust speeches.'

Aunt Caroline's voice told plainly enough how shocked she was; and all the while Bertha had judged her so harshly.

'Bertha is not very lovable, poor child! but I thought that even to her my boy could be just. Remember she has neither mother nor father to take her part. The chair is Bertha's, too, and the poor child was pleased to be noticed with the rest, and she *does* care for going, I know; so mind, Rob, my boy, there must be no other word upon the matter.'

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Bertha sat on as in a dream long after the other two had gone away, and as she clasped her little hands together, she resolved that she would try to be *lovable* in the future,—perhaps even this, Jesus would take as to Himself. Conscience whispered that she would have often to give up her own will in this new path she had chosen, for even Jesus 'pleased not Himself;' but she was quite resolved upon the matter, for her aunt had been very just to her, in spite of all Robert's persuasions. All through the day she was quiet, but gentle; and once, when Rob, mistaking her quiet way for 'temper,' called her 'Mother Budge,' the words, 'What hast thou done for Me?' made her smile back at him, and he, struck with wonder, smiled too. The day of the party came at last, and Bertha, who was still trying the new way,—although, like most of us, she sometimes failed,—called Robert apart from the rest to say: 'Robert, I—I'm not going to the party,—I mean, I don't want to go—and then, you know, John—Dare can go instead.'

Rob gazed into the dark eyes brimming over with tears, and he knew, too, how hard it had been for her trembling lips to speak what they had, but he only said, 'Bertie, I'm sorry; but I know that John 'll be right glad all the same, if you don't mind.'

'I don't mind,' and she shuffled off, scarcely knowing whether she felt glad or sorry. She had half hoped till now that Rob would say that she must go, and—it was a bitter thought, but it came even as she moved away to the cold, empty drawing-room to think it all over—perhaps if John were here he would laugh and make fun of her even now. Her aunt was surprised, and tried to persuade her into changing her mind, and even Dora felt sorry to leave her, especially as Bertha had shown herself so generous. Poor child, she had a long evening to spend alone, but Jesus was with her, and she was very happy in spite of her disappointment.

Perhaps you think that her papa ought to have come just then, as a reward for the sacrifice she had made; but, no, Bertha had a great work to do before that happy time should arrive; she had to show to those about her Whose servant she really was trying to be. She had gone to bed when they all came back, but she was not asleep, and soon there came a creeping sound outside her door, then it opened, and in came Robert, with a tallow candle-end, flaring and dropping grease as he went, while in the other hand he carried a huge parcel, which he seemed to be very careful not to knock against anything.

'I'm glad you're not asleep, Bert,' he said; and then the candle dropped from his fingers and they were in darkness, but for the starlight which came feebly in through the uncurtained window.

'There! when I did so want to show you what John Dare sent you; and, dear old Bert, he won't make fun of you again, and I've given you all my presents, and Dora put in a doll, and Mrs. Grant some more things, and John Dare says he doesn't wonder a bit at your being cross, for he knows what 'tis now, and he says you're a brick; and we all mean to love you, and Mamma says you've been a pattern to us all these few days.'

It was sweet to hear it all; and Robert felt, as he knelt by Bertha's bed and clasped her thin hand in his, that he was saying it better in the dark than he could have in the light; but when Dora came a moment later with her candle to go to bed, he did not a bit mind her seeing the tears which were trickling down his cheeks, and then he and Dora kissed the pale, sobbing child, who had not gone to the party, but who was yet so happy—happy because, through Jesus, she had conquered self, and gained a great Christmas victory.

'Look Aloft.'

WILLIE was learning to be a sailor-boy, and the time soon came for him to climb the mast. He started up bravely, but soon his head began to grow dizzy; and it seemed to him that he must fall.

'Look aloft, Willie,' called the captain. Willie looked at the mast, which still rose above him: a little more effort and he was near the top, the dizzy feeling all gone.

When trouble comes, and all seems unsteady around us, let us look upward to God Who giveth every good and perfect gift.

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MARCH, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

Peter and the Angel.

See page 34.

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BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

II.—PETER AND THE ANGEL.

PRISON seems a strange place to look for a good man in. But bad men have often shut up in prison good men because they would do what they knew was right. St. Paul wrote many of his Epistles in prison. I dare say you have all heard of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and will read it some day, if you have not read it yet. Well, John Bunyan, who wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was in Bedford jail for several years, just because he would preach to people about Christ. But it would take all the time and paper I have to tell you even the names of half the good people who have been treated as though they had done some very wicked deed, for nothing but their love and obedience to Jesus. That was why Peter was in prison, and why King Herod meant to put him to death.

I do not know how long Peter had been in prison, perhaps only a day or two; but I know he was there one particular night. He quite understood that King Herod meant to kill him, but he was sleeping soundly. He was sure God would not sleep, and that no man could harm him if God did not allow it. He was willing to die for Christ; he was just as willing to live and work for Christ. So with his mind at ease, he could sleep. On each side of him lay a soldier, and two chains bound Peter's wrists to a wrist of each soldier. Outside the door two other soldiers kept watch so that he might not be able to escape. While Peter slept, the Christians in Jerusalem were awake, praying for him. They could not rescue him themselves; they were too weak and too few. But their prayer was stronger than Herod's guards and bars and bolts and heavy walls.

While they were praying, a great light blazed into Peter's dark cell. An angel 'smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly.' But how could he get up while the chains held him? The handcuffs unlocked themselves and fell down so quietly that the clank did not disturb the soldiers. Put on your sandals and cloak, and follow me, said the angel. And Peter obeyed, scarcely knowing what he was doing, thinking all the time that he was dreaming.

The two walked away from the soldiers to whom Peter had been chained, then past the two who stood on guard at the door, who were most likely fast asleep. Now they are in front of the huge iron gate that leads into the street from the prison. It is bolted and locked, but the angel needs no key. Silently, of its own accord, without even a touch from the angel's finger, the gate opens, as if it were glad to let them out, then closed as noiselessly as it opened, and the angel and Peter were in the street. The angel walked with him a little way, till they came to a part of the town so familiar to Peter that he could not help knowing where he was, and then the angel vanished. How surprised Peter must have been to find himself alone in the street, at night—he who but a few minutes before was asleep in the prison! Yes, there could be no doubt about it, it *is* the street and not his cell; there are no chains on his wrists, he is free. Now he knows he has not been dreaming, but the Lord has really sent His angel, and delivered him from prison and from death.

Now, children, there are ever so many things you and I may learn from this story; but we must just now be satisfied with one. Try and find out the rest for yourselves. I want us to notice how true this text is, 'He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways;' that is, God will command His holy angels to take care of you, so long as you are doing right. I fancy I can hear some boy or girl say, 'But angels don't take care of people nowadays.' Don't they? Who told you so? The Bible teaches they are 'all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.' 'To minister for,' means to serve, help, and protect; 'them who shall be heirs

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of salvation,' means all who belong to the Lord Jesus Christ. So the angels are ministering spirits to you, I hope.

One winter's day a farmer had to go into town with a load of turnips. He took his little boy with him, a bright little fellow four years old. The man drove a wagon and four horses. It was late before he could start for home, and snow had been falling thickly for some time. He put his child into the wagon while he went into a shop. Something frightened the horses, and they galloped away at full speed out of the town and over the moor. It was very dark, so the father and some friends lighted torches, and ran after the wagon. They ran a long way, and at last found the wagon overturned and the horses fallen down. The snow nearly covered the whole heap. But where was the little boy? His father called 'Gabriel! Gabriel!' again and again, as loudly as he could. But no one answered. Then the torches burnt out, and all was darkness. The poor father was almost heart-broken. He knelt down in the snow and prayed. He rose up and began to seek again for his son. The first thing to be done was to get a light. A man knew where some wood could be had that would do for torches. He and the father went for it. It was piled up in a sheepfold. They opened the door, and there was little Gabriel sitting among the lambs! Wasn't the father glad to see him again! How did Gabriel get there through the storm? I am sure he hadn't sense enough to go there for shelter, nor strength enough to breast the storm. Doesn't it seem as if an angel guided him and helped him, because the angel knew that he would die of cold if he stayed out in the snow?

Of course, Gabriel didn't *see* the angel, and I don't suppose you will ever see one in this life. But many things are close to us we have never seen. You never saw the wind, but you have felt it. You never saw your soul, but you are sure you have one. Of course, too, we cannot be certain an angel is near us at any time, but we are certain God is always near us, and He has plenty of servants He can send to help us, if He will. And we are sure He will protect us, if we ask and trust Him.

GAMMA.

JOHN BUNYAN.

CHAPTER II.

WE told you last month something of John Bunyan's childhood, and of his fondness for play. Well, I like him all the better for having been fond of play. But it interests us to know that, full of fun as he was, he had his serious moments, when, as he tells us, all his sins would rise up before him, even in his sleep, and God would terrify him with dreams and visions of the night. Most children are, I suppose, at some time in their lives, conscious that God speaks to them. As He did to Samuel, so now, at times, He calls us to seek Him; and it is well when we listen to His voice.

Well, between lessons at school, games on Elstow Green, and learning his father's trade, John found the years slip away, and he grew into a young man. He was very fond of ringing the church bells, and for some time was one of the 'ringers' of the village. But his conscience made him fear lest one of the big bells which swung over his head, as he pulled the ropes, should fall and crush him; and then—where would he be? The very thought made him tremble, and he durst ring no more, but used to go and watch with a strange fascination the 'ringers' at their work. One day, however, a flash of lightning struck one of them, a great friend of Bunyan's, killing him on the spot. This so frightened John, that for a long time he dared scarcely go near

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(Bunyan's wife inducing him to read.)

the tower. There is not much to tell about his life at this time. I suppose, in that quiet spot, one day was very much like another; but when John Bunyan was seventeen years old, the great civil war between the King and Parliament began. And we are not surprised to hear that the ardent, hot-headed young man joined the King's forces and became a soldier. He fought at the siege of Leicester, and there he had a narrow escape from death. He was intending to lead the assault on some fortress which was to be taken, but another man thrust himself in his place and was killed, while John was preserved. You see, God had better things in store for him than being food for powder. Very soon the King's troops were defeated, and his armies scattered before Cromwell and his Ironsides, and John Bunyan returned to the quiet village, and soon after he got married.

All this time he was living entirely for this world, and little thought what a wonderful life lay before him. He was very poor, but he married a woman who, though without worldly goods, proved to be a rich treasure to him. In his own quaint way he tells us that when they were married they were 'as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon between us;' and yet Mrs. Bunyan had two possessions which she brought to her husband: two books, one called, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven;* and the other, *The Practice of Piety*, which her dying father had bequeathed to her. She used sometimes to read these books to her husband, and often talked about her dead father, who had been a good man, so that John thought about religion more than he had done before, and, to everybody's amazement, began to go to church on a Sunday. And, as he did not know any better, he thought himself very good, quite a model young man, especially as he had such a reverence for everything belonging to the Church, even the Parson's gown. But he says, 'All this while I was not sensible of the evil and danger of sin.' You see, dear boys and girls, it is possible to be very devout and regular in attending God's house, and yet not be saved.

Months passed on, and John Bunyan's conscience became aroused; one Sunday, after he had in the morning listened to a sermon which struck him to the heart, on the keeping of the Sabbath-day, he went in the afternoon to the village green to enjoy his favourite game of 'cat.' 'What?' you say, 'play on the village green? why, it was Sunday!' Yes, dear children, but at that time it was the fashion; Christian men had not then learned to employ God's day in teaching children to fear His name, and it was enjoined by *Royal* authority that there should be sports on the Sunday after morning service. So away went John with his stick, and was soon busy in his game; but he says, 'A voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?

[*Continued on page* 38.

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At this I was put to an exceeding maze, wherefore, leaving my "cat" upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had with the eyes of my understanding seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if He did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices.'

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, his companions were waiting for him, and he just went on with his game, determined not to listen to the voice of his conscience. And, miserable as he was, he used to try and strengthen himself in wickedness by oaths and cursing, till one day a wicked woman herself reproved him, declaring that he made her tremble by the dreadful things he said. And as he listened, he hung down his head with shame at her reproof, and wished with all his heart he could become a little child again, that he might learn to speak without swearing. 'From this time forward,' says he, 'I did so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it;' but he adds, 'All this time I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did I leave my sports and plays.'

About this time, he met with a poor man who loved God and liked to talk about the Bible, so John began to read it more than he had done, and much enjoyed the historical parts of God's Word. Well, we are not surprised to hear that; for if you, children, had never read the Bible, and suddenly found a copy, I think I know which parts would take your fancy first. The story of Joseph, the exploits of David, or the beautiful incidents in the life of Jesus, would enthral you, as they do some of us even now, familiar as they are. It is only when the heart gets touched by the fear of God or the love of Jesus, that we fully understand the beauty of the other parts of His Word. So it was with Bunyan; he enjoyed reading his Bible, and most likely at this time laid the foundation of that wonderful knowledge of Scripture which was so useful to him in after years. For you must know it is not an easy thing to write a book so full of Scripture truth as is the *Pilgrim's Progress;* and we think John Bunyan was being taught by God when he did not know it. But the story of how he came to write that and other books must be left till next chapter.

'A TRUE BIT.'

RAT-TAT! it was the postman's knock,
A welcome morning call,
To old and young, to rich and poor,
To cottage, grange, or hall.

'Here's one from Uncle Ned, papa,'
The little Edith cried;
And quickly brought a letter in,
And laid it at his side.

'He thinks of little Edith, too;
Enclosed in mine, you see,
Is one directed, dear, to you.'
'Read it, papa, to me.'

So many words of kindly love
Were written in the note,
But here I only want to tell
One thing that uncle wrote:

'I hope my Edith tries to be
A faithful child of God;
It is not easy, this I know,
To walk the upward road.'

Edith was list'ning quietly,
And as these words were read,
A thoughtful look came o'er her face,
'That's a true bit,' she said.

Yes, 'it is true,' dear little one,
It is no easy task
To be a good, obedient child,
Unless for grace you ask.

It is *not* easy, when the books
Or toys you like the best,
Are just the ones your sister wants,
For you to take the rest.

But do you know, the Lord of heaven,
Is near you every hour,
And what is hard to do yourself,
Is easy by His power.

Tell Jesus that you find it hard
Always to do the right;
Your Saviour is your Captain true,
Your Lord will help you fight.

ETHELWYN.

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THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN.

BETTY WATKINS was an old apple-woman. Every morning after tidying up her little room, she sallied forth with her big basket of apples, and took up her stand by one of the handsome houses in a large street. Here her kindly old face attracted many people to buy her apples, so temptingly set in array. Large and rosy were they, and so cheap, you could get 'three for a penny.'

Betty was a sincere follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and many were the little acts of kindness she did out of love to Him Who loved her and gave Himself for her.

Although all old Betty's relatives and friends were either far away or dead, she was never lonely; for she was fond of picking up some little stray child who had lost its way, or been turned out of doors by its cruel and drunken parents. Many a time had she wished to keep one, as she called it, 'for her very own;' but they always found their way back to their homes, taking with them kindly memories of the old woman who had been so good to them. One morning as Betty was sitting on the doorstep, busily engaged in selling her apples, her attention was suddenly attracted by a little boy on the opposite side of the way, crying bitterly. Betty could never bear to see trouble without trying to relieve it, so she quickly went over, and putting her hand on the little fellow's shoulder, said kindly,

'Why, what is the matter, my little man?' The boy seemed as if he could not answer for his sobs, but at last Betty heard him gasp out,

'Mother, I—want—my—mother.'

'And where is she?'

Sobs again prevented his answering; but a man coming up just then said, 'O, I know him! a week ago he and his mother came to the same house where I lodge, she said she had heard work was plentiful in this neighbourhood; but, poor thing, she looked too ill to do any then, and gradually she has been getting worse, till yesterday she died; and the landlady has turned Johnnie into the streets.'

'And has he no friends—where is his father?'

'Dead, all dead. I heard his mother once say that they were alone in the world.'

'Poor little dear! Well, I will take him home with me for the present.'

Johnnie's tears were soon dried, and he was as happy as possible in the new home. Betty speedily declared her intention of keeping him 'for her very own.' Happy Johnnie! to have found such a friend in need. Best of all, he was taught always to look upon his Heavenly Father as his best Friend. And happy Betty! for she had now her heart's desire. I leave my little friends to picture the joy she felt when she read her Saviour's words: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.' A.

CHARLIE, THE MILITARY DOG.

OUR soldiers, who are obliged to spend so much of their time away from home, often have some animal to which they are particularly attached. Sometimes the number of dogs about the barracks becomes a nuisance, and they have to be destroyed. This was the case once in the barracks at Auckland, in New Zealand. But the adjutant of the regiment granted a reprieve to one dog, 'Poor Old Charlie.' Why was he spared? When I tell you about him, you won't wonder that the men were so fond of him and begged for his life. Charlie had never known a mother's care, for he was born amid the bustle of camp-life, and when the regiment had to move on, the mother lost her nice puppy; but a kindly horse took pity on the little stranger, who found a straw bed in his stable; and at night would climb upon his back for warmth.

When the Maori war broke out, in 1863, and the troops were ordered to New Zealand, Charlie was smuggled on board a ship, wrapped up in a sack; and as the weather

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Old Betty.

See page 39.

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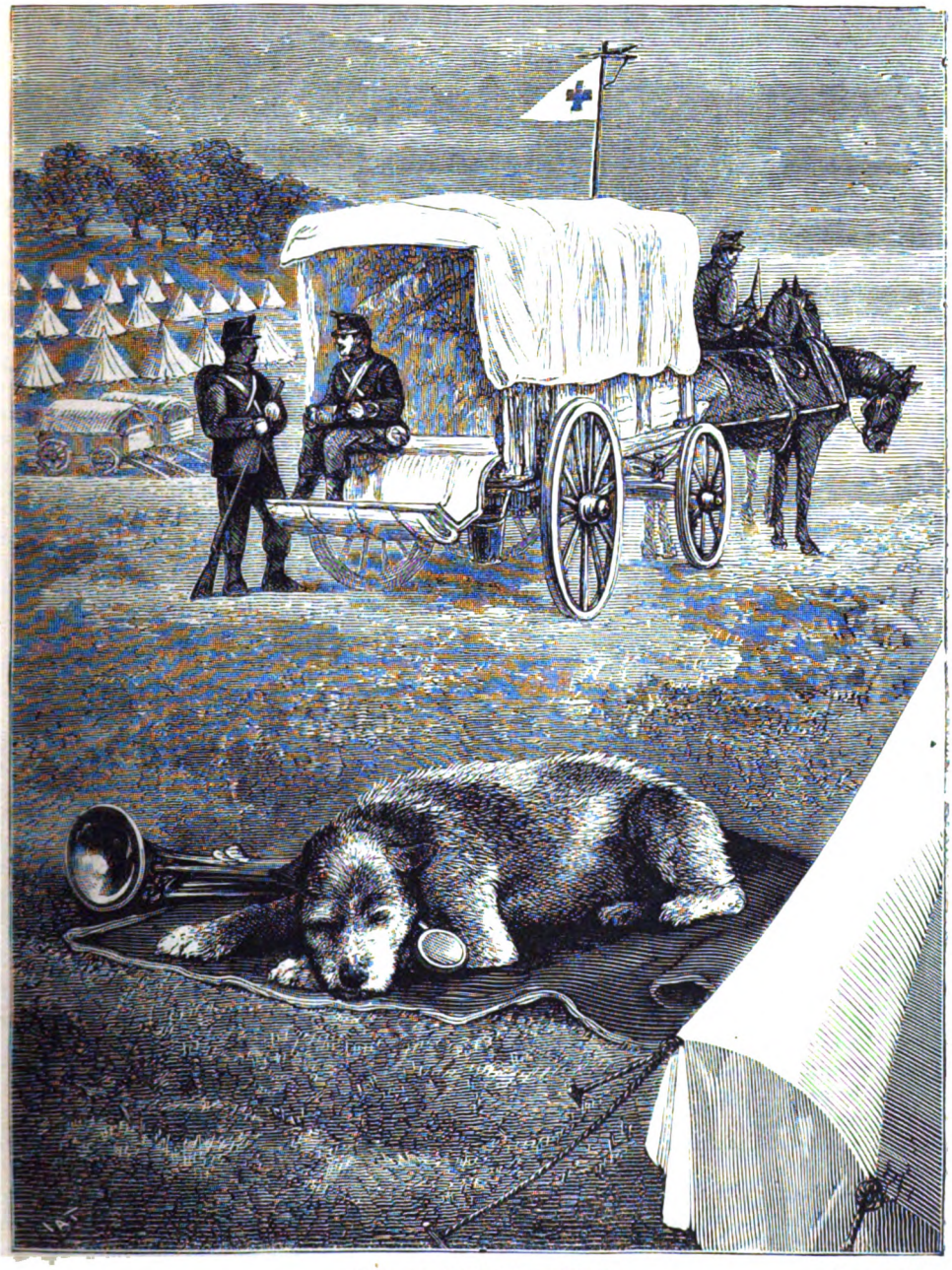

'Poor Old Charlie.' See page 39.

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was stormy and cold, the kind soldiers made him a warm coat out of a blanket. One morning after they landed, Charlie, as if he wished to see something like real fighting, trotted after his master when he went to exercise. The soldier was rather disconcerted by the sight of his young friend, but fearing he would be tired, and not wishing him to be seen, he lifted him on to his horse, and covered him up with his sheepskin. However, when they reached the camp they found a band of Maories, who had hoped to get an advantage in their absence. And now a brisk fight commenced, and Charlie could not resist the temptation of cheering his comrades on by loud, excited barks, but he held fast to his master's horse all the while. The Maories were soon worsted; but Charlie was defeated too, for the officer in command decided that he was venturing beyond bounds, and sent him off to the other squadron of the battalion. Here the dog could be of some use, for these soldiers were employed chiefly in transport work, carrying messages, ammunition, etc., and Charlie was always eager to go with them on their difficult and tedious journeys, and would often give notice of the approach of danger by his short bark. His keen sense of smell was here of great service, for even in the darkness he would have a good idea what was coming. He knew, too, all the horses who would permit him to ride on their backs, and would pass by fifty or sixty others before he found the right one.

All through the campaign, Charlie remained with his own battalion, sharing their toils and hardships, though they always took care that he fared as well as they did, or even better.

When the gallant fellows returned home victorious, and they each received a medal, they all felt that Charlie had earned one too, so at their request one was prepared specially for him, bearing this inscription:

'I am poor old Charlie, landed in New Zealand, Feb. 1864; served with the military train under Generals Cameron and Chute during the whole campaign against the Maories.' E.

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER III.—AUNT LUCY'S LETTER.

BARBIE was sure that there was something very special in Aunt Lucy's letter; for, instead of handing it round the table for all to read, as he usually did, her father, after reading it carefully himself, and giving it to the mother to read, put it into his pocket.

'I should like the children to go very much,' he said, when Nathan and Barbie had left the room; 'it would do them good to have a month with Lucy in the town.'

'Well, the great difficulty,' said the mother, with a suppressed sigh, 'is their clothes, they must not go to Philadelphia very shabbily dressed.'

'One thing I am quite determined about,' said Mr. Phillips, 'Lucy shall not give the children any clothes.'

In the course of the morning, Mrs. Phillips showed Barbie Aunt Lucy's letter, which contained an invitation for Barbie and Nathan to spend a month at their uncle's house in Philadelphia. Her mother noticed how the child's eyes sparkled as she read the letter, and she made up her mind that she should have the treat.

'Mother,' said Barbie, anxiously, 'what should I do about my dress, could I take that old green one?'

'Well, dear, I think it might be altered a bit for every day, it wouldn't do for best; but there's that check I bought last winter and couldn't afford to have it made up, you shall have that.' Barbie protested against this arrangement, but her mother was resolved.

'There is one more coat of grandfather's that might be made up for Nathan,' she said. But to this the father decidedly objected. For once Nathan should have a bran-new coat, made by the village tailor. That afternoon

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Barbie put on her despised green dress and went over to consult her cousins about the dressmaking difficulties.

'Now, Barbie,' said Ellen, when she had heard the good news, 'you let us make your dress for you; Susan can do it as well with her machine as Miss Ally.'

'And alter that green thing, too,' put in Susan. 'I've got something that will trim it nicely.'

When Barbie was satisfied that her cousins were in earnest, her gratitude knew no bounds; and, when, a week afterwards, she came down again to try the dresses on finally, she began to think that real genius might run in various directions.

'You're nice enough to go anywhere now,' said Ellen, as she folded the new dresses carefully, and laid them away in the basket; 'and I dare say that Aunt Lucy will give you something handsome; a silk dress, may be.'

'I don't want her to give me any thing,' said Barbie; 'and besides, mother has written to say that if we came she must let us wear just what we have. Father would never hear a word about our going unless we did.'

'Your father is so queer,' said Ellen; 'father says he's the proudest man he ever saw, for a poor man.'

'I don't know why a poor man hasn't as good a right to be independent as anybody,' said Susan, quickly, as she noticed the colour rising in Barbie's face; 'and your father might have been the smartest lawyer in the State, if he hadn't given it all up to take care of his father and mother. You see, your father was nearly ready for the bar, Barbie, when your grandfather had that stroke of paralysis. I dare say you've heard all about it.'

'No, I haven't,' said Barbie; 'mother never likes to say anything about it, especially before father.'

'Well, grandfather couldn't help himself at all, and there was nobody to go home and take care of him but your father. He was just going to be married, and he wanted to put it off, because your mother wasn't used to hard work, and never lived in the country; but she said no, she'd go and take care of the old folks, and so she did. She learned to make butter and cheese, and do all kinds of farm work, and she just cheered your father up, and kept him from getting discouraged all the six years that your grandfather lived. Then when he died there was grandma, without any home but the old farm, that nobody wanted to buy, and so your father kept on working and trying to get a little money together, till the fever that spoiled his eyes. He gave all up after that, and settled down on the farm for good; but I've heard father say many a time that he's never been the same man since.'

Barbie listened to this little history with her eyes full of tears. How selfish she had been to think so much of her own little sacrifices and trials, when her father's whole life was one sacrifice of all that seemed most desirable to him.

'Never mind, Barbie,' said Ellen, kissing her impulsively, 'I think your father is splendid, and you're smart enough to be a lawyer yourself, if you want to.'

Barbie's new dresses produced great astonishment at Riverside, and were admired to her complete satisfaction.

'Well, I do declare,' said grandma, 'I never saw anything like Roxy's girls for contrivin'.

Nathan's new suit of gray, too, with large gilt buttons, gave entire satisfaction. Not one of the family knew that the coat was of a style only suitable for a young man, or that the heavy gilt buttons had been out of date for years, if, indeed, they ever were in. But Nathan felt so well satisfied with himself that it mattered very little how odd he looked to others.

NATURE'S WHISPERS.

IV.—THE SPIDER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

The spider was full of business; he darted this way and that, fastening his thread now to this leaf, then to that flower, crossing it at regular distances, with wonderful care; he did not stop to rest, for Mistress Spider was hungry, and there was no dinner for her

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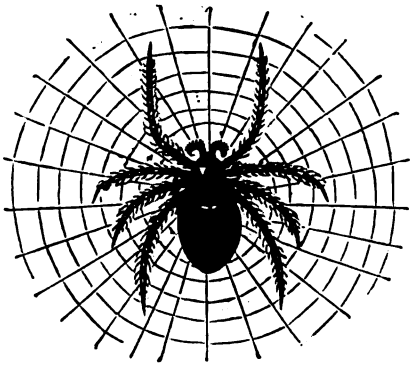
as yet, so she darted round and round, up and down, till at last the web was finished; he retired under a leaf to watch, with all his eight eyes, for the approach of some thoughtless insect. The Minister and his little daughter passed that way, and had seated themselves on the bank to watch the spider.



'O! Papa, I wonder if he will catch anything?' whispered the child. She was not long kept in doubt, for at that moment a white butterfly was seen dipping his long proboscis into the depths of a flower, then flitting in the sunlight till he came to another, every time getting nearer and nearer to the web and the watchful spider. The beautiful insect did not dream of danger as it sported with a companion, or folded its delicate wings for an instant to rest on some blossom. Then again it flitted nearer and nearer, happy in its ignorance of the hidden snare, for the web was so placed that only in one light could its delicate threads be seen. A convolvulus was growing on the other side of the web, and the butterfly flew straight towards it, thinking what delicious honey there would be in its painted cup, but, alas! at that very moment its beautiful wings were entangled in the silken trap, and the spider, starting from its hiding-place, rushed upon its victim. The butterfly struggled, but it was in vain; the treacherous threads seemed only to hold it the tighter, and its enemy, approaching cautiously, began to weave round it a close web, so that it soon hung helplessly, unable even to struggle.

All this while the little girl had been looking on with breathless interest, and now she uttered a low cry of distress, and turning to her Papa, she exclaimed,

'Papa, save it, save that poor butterfly!'

The clergyman stretched out his hand, and began to disentangle the insect, the frightened spider darted back to his shelter, the web was broken, and the rescued butterfly once more fluttered feebly in the sunshine.

'I am so glad it is safe,' cried the child, as, after resting for a moment on a leaf, the pretty creature flew gaily away. 'You look grave, Papa; are you not glad too?'

'My child,' her father replied, 'I was thinking of *other* snares, and *other* victims.'

'Where, Papa?'

'They are most dangerous where they are expected *least*.'

'I don't understand, Papa; who makes them, and why?'

'Our great enemy makes them, my child, that he may ensnare all those who forget to watch, and we call those snares, *temptations*.' The child looked thoughtful, and her father went on: 'Just as the spider puts its web where it can least be seen, so Satan puts his traps where we think it least likely that we should find them; when we feel least disposed to think of hidden dangers, then is the time we should look out for them most, for they are sure not to be far from us; and when once we fall into them, no power of our own can save us.'

'What would happen to us then, Papa?'

The good man looked tenderly at the child as he replied:

'There is a Hand ever ready to help the helpless, and an Ear that always hears the cry of the distressed; just as you saw the poor butterfly, though it could not help itself, saved by a strength not its own, so our Heavenly Father hears and saves those who cry to Him.'

'But what must we do to keep from falling into Satan's traps?'

Her father looked up and answered, 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.'

EDITH M. EDWARDS.

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HOWARD'S HOUSE AT CLAPTON.

BY SARSON.

How stately the house in the Picture looks, with its large bay-windows, and with the dark fir-trees and evergreens surrounding it; while the soft moonlight falls over all. It must be a comfortable house to live in, and it is delightful to have such a pretty garden; but that is not why we have given the picture, but because there was a very great man who called it—

'The house where I was born,'

and might have told you of—

'The little window where the sun
Came creeping in at morn.'

His name was John Howard. Perhaps you have heard that Howard was a prison-philanthropist. You may not know what that long word philanthropist means. It means a lover of mankind. Not just a lover of father and mother and brothers and sisters or particular friends; but of all men everywhere, black and white, good and bad, friends and enemies. And the philanthropist loves most those who are to be pitied most; so when you are told that John Howard was the prison-philanthropist, you will be sure that it was poor men and women in prison whom he thought about and befriended. 'The child is father to the man,' so we may well imagine that he was a kind-hearted, unselfish little

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boy; but it was the love of God shed abroad in his heart that made him in after years such a power in the world for good.

He spent his early life in the house which we picture, and no doubt often looked out of the windows and played in the grounds. The education he received was not equal to what is in store for many of my little readers, but I dare say he made the best of it. After leaving school he was apprenticed to a grocer; but there was other work for him to do, so he did not continue at the business he had been articled to learn. He began to travel; and then it was that the wretched state of prisons, and the sad condition of the prisoners, so affected him, that he could not rest without doing his utmost to bring about a better state of things. Howard was a man of few words, but noble deeds. He was exceedingly temperate and lived sparingly; because he knew that to do so would help him to resist fever and other infectious diseases with which his prison-work brought him frequently into contact. He fell at last a victim to his devotion to others. While taking care of a young lady who was ill at Cherson, on the Dniester, he caught the same fever as his patient and died of it.

In St. Paul's Cathedral there is a noble statue to his memory. It represents him with a large key in his hand; this and the chains and fetters at his feet tell their own story.

The house at Clapton in which he was born is not standing now. It was his property by the will of his father, but he sold it in 1785. On the site there are some villas called the Howard Villas, but with nothing beside the name to bring him to mind.

THE EMPTY CAGE.

A GENTLEMAN in France was a long time ago put in prison because he would read his Bible, and pray as he had been taught by his parents. His property was all taken from him, and he was sentenced to work in chains in the galleys, which were ships worked by convicts. He was a galley-slave for many years; at last, however, the Lord sent better rulers to the land, who gave him his liberty and his lands, and restored him to his wife and children. His wife's hair had become grey, and his children had grown up since he last saw them—he had been so long away. But the poor man had suffered very much, and was in feeble health. So the doctor advised him to travel, hoping that change of air would do him good. So he came over to England; and he thought we were a very happy people here, because we could worship God according to our conscience, no one making us afraid. One day he was walking in London, and heard the notes of birds singing; he turned round, and outside a shop door he saw a very large cage of birds of various kinds—large and small, bright and sober. The gentleman looked sad for a moment, but when he put his hand in his pocket and felt a full purse there, he looked brighter, and he said to the shopman, 'My friend, are these birds for sale?' The man said they were. 'Then tell me their price,' said the French gentleman; 'what is the price of this pretty bird?' The man told him. 'Very well, then, let me have it.' So he paid for it, and took the bird in his hand, threw up his hand into the air, opened it wide, and away flew the bird, quite glad to be free. Then he asked the price of another and another, till he had paid for, and liberated all the little prisoners. The man who had owned the birds wondered very much, and passers-by stopped to look

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on, and seemed very curious about the French gentleman. So when the great cage was quite empty, he smiled, and said to those who stood by: 'You seem to wonder why I should pay so much money for what I did not seem to want; but I did want those birds very much, that I might set them free. I wanted their liberty, and I paid for it, *for the pleasure of opening a prison;* and the reason I did so was, that *I know what it is to be a prisoner*, for I was for many years a galley-slave, and now I know the pleasure of being free, and I would, if I could, open every cage in London.'

My dear children, we were all slaves once, and our slavery would have ended in death, if our gracious Redeemer had not taken our place and redeemed us with the great price of His own precious blood, and set us free, to love and serve Him, and live with Him for ever; and the best way of showing our thankfulness to Him for our own liberty, is to do all we can to help to set others free.

R. R. T.

Key to Puzzle Pages.

We have told our readers something about the largest island in the world. There are five others larger than Great Britain. These we shall notice in order of size, and then pass on to islands not so large, but quite as interesting.

AUSTRALIA.

NO. I.

Our first *island* is twenty-six times larger than *Great Britain*. Its *mountains* lie near the *coast*. The *centre* is, for the most part, a flat *desert*, with so many *salt lakes*, that people think it the *bed* of an ancient *sea*. The *chief rivers* are the *Murray* on the east, the *Victoria* on the north-west, and the *Swan* on the west. The *natives* are *black* and ignorant, and live *in holes*. They are much fewer than the *white people*. From this country we obtain *gold*, *copper*, *wool*, *hides*, *corn*, and *preserved meat*.

NO. II.

The first *settlers* in our Island found no *domestic animals*, but they were brought from other *spots;* and now thousands of *sheep* and *oxen* graze on the *grassy plains*. The native *animals* are curious. Many of them carry their *babies* in natural *pouches*. Such are the *kangaroo*, wom*bat*, and *opossum*. There are no *elephants*, *lions*, or *tigers*. The fiercest creature is the wild *dog* or dingo; the strangest is a sort of *mole*, with the *bill* and *feet* of a *duck*. It lays *eggs*. The *birds* have gay *feathers*, but no *song*. The chief are the *emu*, *lyre*-bird, and a kind of *thrush*, called the *laughing-jackass*, because its *note* is like the laughter of a *man*.

Answers to Bible Questions in January.

Our young friends have searched the Scriptures more diligently and successfully than ever. We have received more than double the number of papers sent last year, and a very large proportion have been most creditable. If we had a dozen prizes to give instead of two, they would have been well earned. A few, however, have done the work without exercising their common sense; and whenever they have found the words 'happy' or 'blessed,' have put down the texts without any reference to their meaning, even when they are as unsuitable as 'we call the proud happy.' Others, more thoughtful and intelligent, but without sufficient discrimination, have given passages which speak of rest and comfort, but where happiness is not the leading idea.

We would again urge those who know that they have sent good papers, but who have not obtained a prize, and who do not see their names mentioned below, not to be discouraged in their Scripture searching. We trust that all our young Bereans will seek for themselves the blessings about which they have written.

The first prize was gained by HENRIETTA A. SMITH, Wesley Villa, Cardiff, aged 13.

The second by FLORENCE E. BRADSHAW, Enniskillen, Ireland, aged 12.

Excellent papers were also sent by the following, the first three coming very near the prize:

Arthur Haslam, Edith M. Gliddon, Emily M. Phillips, Martha Rogers, T. L. Ford, T. Wadson, J. C. Mills, C. Ireland, Maude Cox, W. C. Smiley, Annie Stott, A. Coultas, Brinetta Brooke, Fanny H. Clayson, J. R. Dale, Phœbe Stockley, G. Myers, T. Harding, W. R. Dale, J. W. Bailey, R. Bridges, C. P. Hoskins, W. Loader, Charlotte Maxwell, Edith Robinson, Lucy Warren, Annie M. G. Bate, S. W. Jenks, Lizzie White.

The following who sent very good papers are under eleven. The first two were excellent. Sara M. Lippiatt, H. Thomas, Frank Clayson (only 8), G. H. Hay, Rose Hagston, Eva M. Raggett, S. J. Peems, Janet Robinson, and Elsie Hoskins (only 8).

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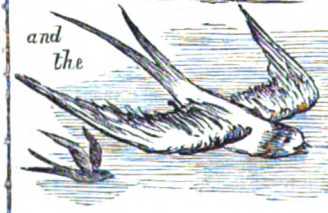

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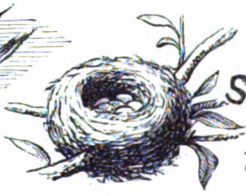

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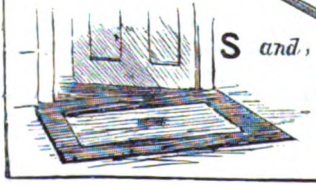

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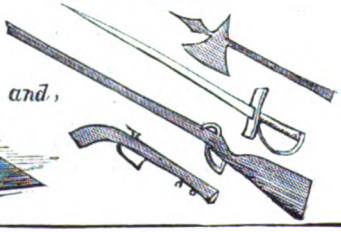

they have brown skins and long straight

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APRIL, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

The Convalescent. (*By permission.*)

See page 61.

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SOME USE IN THE WORLD.

NELLIE had one great wish, she was almost always thinking and talking about it. What was it? To be of *some use in the world*. She had heard the Minister say one Sunday morning that the worst people were those who live only for themselves, who live and die so that no one is better for their living, or their dying. But Nellie was such a little girl, only nine years old; she couldn't be a Missionary like Uncle Robert, she couldn't even teach in the Sunday-school like her big sister Mary, or have a Tract district like her mother. What could she do? Wait till she was bigger, most people said. But she was tired of waiting; besides, she was bigger than she used to be, and it would take a long time to be as tall as her sister. Sometimes, too, she thought she might die before she was grown up, and then she would be one of the people the Minister talked about who were of no use in the world.

Poor little Nellie! Things were beginning to look serious; and on her birthday, after the first burst of delight in her beautiful presents was over, she actually went up into her bed-room and almost cried because, whilst she was receiving so many things, she had nothing to give. Nine years and no good done in them, she thought. Nine times three hundred and sixty-five days! O dear, dear, dear! However many days would that come to. She got her slate and worked out the sum. She forgot to add the extra two days in the leap years, but it was bad enough without them:

365
9

3285

Three thousand two hundred and eighty-five days, and no use in any of them! Poor Nellie, it was almost more than she could bear to think of; so she went to the window and looked out. She saw the butcher's boy bringing the meat to one of the houses opposite. 'He's of use in the world,' she said aloud; 'for whatever would people do if no one brought them the meat for dinner!' Then she saw the doctor come out from Mr. Wilson's, where he had called to see poor Annie Wilson, who had been ill such a long time. 'Dr. Morris is of use in the world,' Nellie said decidedly; 'for he goes about making people better. I do wish I was a doctor, or'—after a pause—'or even a butcher's boy.' Then she really laughed to think how funny it would be if some fairy should change her into a butcher's boy, carrying that queer tray with legs of mutton in it, and wearing a blue blouse and no hat! Laughing raised her spirits a little; so she came downstairs and looked out of the parlour window, feeling that life was not quite so unsatisfactory as she had thought it. She looked at Mr. Wilson's house again, and she saw little Annie the invalid, sitting propped up in bed with pillows, and gazing sadly out of the window. Their eyes met, and then both turned away; for they were London children, and, of course, could not think of smiling without being 'introduced.' However, as they were children, they could not help looking again, and this time they both felt as if they would like to know more of each other. A bright thought struck Nellie, so she rushed into the breakfast-room where Mamma was at work, crying, 'Mamma, Annie Wilson is at the window, may I throw her a kiss?'

'Yes, dear, by all means, if you like,' said Mamma, smiling.

Back she went to the parlour, and when a favourable opportunity occurred, threw one of her best and most affectionate kisses to Annie. The invalid smiled, and after a brief consultation with nurse, returned the greeting. Emboldened by the success of her friendly advances, Nellie went a step further, and held up in succession her numerous birthday presents for Annie's admiration, at the same time pointing to herself to indicate that they were her very own.

The friendship thus begun, of course could not end there; so in a very short time nurse came over to say that Miss Annie would be so pleased if Miss Nellie would come over

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and see her. Nellie was delighted, and forgot all her troubles in a moment, even her great one,—that she was of no use in the world. In a few minutes she was in the sick-room, feeling very sorry for the little invalid, though too shy to express her sorrow. But the shyness soon wore off, and the children talked as though they had been bosom friends all their lives.

'And what do you do all day, Annie?' asked Nellie.

'Look out of the window while it's light, and into the fire when it's dark,' she answered sadly.

'And what do you think about?'

'O, lots of things; about the multiplication table and Cinderella, and how nice it would be to be better again, and when Papa will come home, and about my dear Mamma who went to heaven when I was only a baby.'

'And can't you play with anything?' Nellie asked, as her eyes filled with tears.

'Well, I do sometimes play with my dolly —her name's Ethel; but she's rather stupid, always has her eyes open; and besides, she has kid hands, and however much I may *love* her, of course I can't really *respect* a dolly that has only kid hands. I do wish she was alive and could talk, if it was only a little.'

'Wouldn't it be nice for you to have a real live pet, Annie?' said Nellie, anxiously; for a grand scheme had just occurred to her.

'O yes, yes!' cried Annie.

'Well, then, I'll go and get you my dear little pussy at once, and if Mamma will let me, she shall be your very own.'

Mamma readily consented, and pussy was soon perfectly at home in her new mistress's arms. Ethel's nose was quite put out of joint, but she sat calmly beside the invalid, staring straight at the wall, whilst the despised kid hands rested complacently on the counterpane.

After that eventful morning the children were firm friends, and Nellie came once or twice every day to talk or read to Annie; sometimes, too, they had little tea-parties, at which Nellie and Annie drank out of cups, but pussy was obliged to have a saucer, because when they gave her a cup she upset it with her clumsy head, and most unpolitely licked up the milk with her tongue.

And, best of all, Annie grew stronger and stronger every day, until at last the two little girls could walk about together; and I'm sure I don't know which was the more pleased with the change in the invalid.

One bright Sunday morning, too, Annie went with Nellie to chapel (though her father was a Churchman), and they sat together all the time. The Minister's text was, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me;' and during the sermon he said: 'The smile or kiss which cheers a sick child, the gentle words spoken to the sad and weary, are all remembered by our Lord, and the good deeds done to His little ones are done also to Him.' Annie couldn't help giving Nellie's hand such a squeeze just then; and Nellie, not knowing whether to smile or to cry, felt very happy, and began to think that perhaps after all she was of some use in the world.

B. H. S.

THE PELICAN.

The Pelicans in the picture belong to the Zoological Gardens, and when you pay a visit to that interesting place you will doubtless see them. These birds are rather larger than the English swan, and have long bills, sometimes fifteen inches in length. The plumage is white, slightly tinged with pink, and in old birds the breast is a golden yellow. But the most remarkable feature in the pelican is the pouch under the bill, capable of being distended to a great size or made quite small at pleasure. In it the bird stores the food it catches, principally fish, which it obtains by hovering over the water and plunging down on its prey when it appears. Travellers tell us that the sudden swoop of a flock of pelicans at a shoal of fish, is a striking and beautiful sight. When the voracious bird has obtained fish enough for a meal, it usually retires into some solitary place, often miles inland, to dislodge the

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contents of its pouch, either to satisfy its own appetite or to feed its young. This it effects by pressing the pouch between its beak and breast. This fact gave rise to the curious idea which formerly prevailed, that the pelican tears her own breast to feed her nestlings. Flocks of these birds have been observed urging a rapid flight, thirty or forty miles inland after a day's fishing. Some of them have been so far tamed by Indians as to go out in times of necessity and bring home food to them. It is said that the pouch will contain fish enough to make a meal for sixty persons. It will hold ten quarts of water, but is rarely used for that purpose.

The pelican's native home is in the east of Europe, and many parts of Asia and Africa. Although never seen, except in captivity, so far north as this country, yet it has come up the Danube as far as Hungary, and has also visited the southern rivers of Russia in the spring-time. Its cry is harsh and melancholy; 'and,' says Dr. Thomson, a great traveller, 'it is certainly the most sombre, austere bird I ever saw. It gives one the blues to look upon it.' In the Bible it is classed with the owl and bittern, and other birds who frequent solitary places. David, in comparing his own state to that of 'a pelican of the wilderness' (Psalm cii. 6), could hardly have found a more expressive type of solitude and melancholy. Sometimes one solitary bird may be seen sit-

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ting in lonely and pensive silence on the ledge of some rock a few feet above the surface of the water, its stillness only occasionally disturbed by plunging at a fish. Nevertheless, the pelicans often fly in large flocks; but although very powerful on the wing, are never seen far from land. The bird builds its nest of very coarse grass or sedges, in low waste marshy places, and lines it with soft grass; here it deposits two or three white eggs.

It is naturally a very lazy bird; but having an enormous appetite, is compelled to work hard to satisfy its own cravings. H.

BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

III.—BEARING CHRIST'S CROSS.

See page 54.

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I DARE SAY you have often thought, as I did when I was a little boy, what you would have done for Jesus if you had lived in the same place and at the same time as He did. You can understand how a French king, who had been brought up a heathen, felt when he heard for the first time the story of the crucifixion; how cruelly Jesus was treated, and how good and kind He was. The king said, 'If I had been there with my brave soldiers, we would have prevented so foul a deed.' You see, the king did not know that Jesus did not wish His servants to fight for Him; but it was quite natural that the soldier should wish he had been able to help Jesus Christ in the only way he understood.

No one could help Jesus much when He was in the hands of the Roman guard and the Jewish mob were furious against Him. Some women could weep for Him; John could stand under the cross, to show how much he loved Him. There was one man, however, who really did help Jesus a little. When He had been condemned to death, the cross on which He was to be nailed was put upon His shoulder for Him to carry it to Calvary. Now the cross was very heavy; a strong man could hardly carry it. And our Lord was very weak; He had had no sleep the night before; He had not eaten any food for many hours; He had been hurried from place to place, and He had been beaten severely. So Jesus could not carry His cross far. Perhaps He fell down, or fainted under it. Just then a man called Simon, coming into the town from the country, passed by. Most likely he was a Jew, but he generally lived at Cyrene, a city in the north of Africa. He had travelled hundreds of miles to Jerusalem to worship at the temple. We may suppose that he was a good man, anxious to do all he knew to be right. When he saw Jesus, I expect he felt sorry for Him, and said or did something the soldiers noticed. At any rate, they seized him, and, as St. Luke says, 'on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus.' I am not sure whether St. Luke means that the cross was taken off Christ's shoulder and put on Simon's, or whether he carried only the end of it, so that Christ and Simon bore it together. But he did relieve Jesus of part, if not all of the weight What an honour to carry Christ's cross for Him!

I like to think that, as an old story which seems likely to be true tells us, Simon afterwards became a true Christian, loving and serving and believing on the Lord Whose cross he bore. Children, shall you and I make up our minds that we will bear Christ's cross? Some day you will read how thousands of people sewed cloth crosses upon their clothes as a sign that they would fight in what they thought was Christ's army. They called it 'taking the cross.' We need not do that; but we can prayerfully and humbly resolve that, God helping us, we will serve Christ as long as we live. Jesus said, 'If any man will be My disciple, let him take up his cross.' So there is a cross for every one of us to carry. I do not mean a piece of wood, or a sign people can see; we carry the cross in our hearts. And if our hearts are Christ's, we may say that we have the cross on them. Will some little boy or girl 'take the cross?' Will you promise that you will be Christ's, body and soul, for ever?

But this is not all. The cross brought pain and shame and death. And taking up the cross has come to mean—giving up our own way, and doing and bearing things we do not like, for Christ's sake. So when a boy is teased because he loves Jesus, and he bears it patiently, he carries the cross. When a girl willingly gives up her play to make somebody else happy, she carries the cross. And when we do not get fretful when we are disappointed, because we know Jesus has sent the trouble, we carry the cross. And if any one dies for Jesus, that is bearing Christ's cross.

Nearly seven hundred years ago, on a cold rainy evening, five persons stood together in a little room in one of the poorest streets of

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the city of Cologne. There were four men and a little girl. It was plain they were hiding, for chilly as it was, they dared not light a fire. At last the bitter cold was more than they could bear, so they ventured to make a small fire. They had scarcely begun to warm themselves, when soldiers burst in and seized them all. They were taken to prison, and soon brought before the judges. Then it was found that their only crime was that they worshipped God, and would not pray to the Virgin Mary or the saints. They were condemned to be burnt to death; but a pardon was offered them if they would forsake Christ. Three of the men answered at once they could die, but they could not be unfaithful to their Lord. The fourth, named Robert, hesitated; he was the father of the little girl, Arlette, and her mother had not been dead many weeks. But soon he decided like the rest. The judges coaxed and threatened Arlette. They told her they could not save her from being burnt alive, unless she promised to leave her father's religion. She answered steadily, 'I cannot forsake the faith.' In less than a week, the five were led out to the place of execution. The four men were tied each to a stake, and fagots heaped round them. They placed Arlette against a stake, but did not tie her. Then they set fire to the fagots, and some kind-hearted man pulled the little girl away, and said he would save her from the dreadful death, and bring her up not to serve her father's God. 'I cannot forsake the faith,' said Arlette again. And before they could stop her, she had run to her father and caught hold of his hand. In a few moments, Robert and Arlette were in heaven together.

You and I may be thankful that we have not to bear a cross like Arlette; but we can love the Saviour as well as she did, and be as firm as she was in refusing to do anything that will grieve Him.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

ITTLE Dolly Bertram was a good and happy child. She always had a sweet, pleasant expression on her face, instead of the sulky, cross look we sometimes see on children. She had many pleasures; one of the greatest was a visit from grandmamma.

Mrs. West, Mrs. Bertram's mother, lived about a mile from Rose Cottage, which was the name of Dolly's home, and she often came to spend an evening with her daughter. These were always delightful times for Dolly, who loved her grandmamma dearly; she would run to get a chair and footstool for her the moment she came in, and then would untie her bonnet and cloak and lay them carefully aside. When this was done and her grandmamma made quite comfortable, she would bring her little stool and beg for a story while waiting for the kettle to boil for tea.

'But, darling, I think I have told you all the stories I know,' grandmamma would say; 'I really don't remember another.'

'O! you have only to begin, and then you will be sure to think of something; just say, "Once upon a time when I was young," and then one will come into your mind; you know you always begin that way.'

'Well, "once upon a time when I was young," and a very long time ago that was, little Dolly, my mother gave me leave to go nutting with a party of boys and girls belonging to the village where we lived. The hill where we were going for the nuts was called Cave Hill, because on the top of it there was a very curious cave, with another cave beneath it with a passage so narrow that it was hard to squeeze through it. It was perfectly dark, with a large hole in the middle of its floor. Now it was a dangerous place, because in the darkness it was easy to fall down through the hole, so my mother's last words to me when I was setting out were, "Remember, Mary, you are not to go into the cave." We had not been very long among the nut-trees on the hill-side, when I heard some of the children saying they were going to the cave, and had brought a tinder-box,—that was what was used in my young

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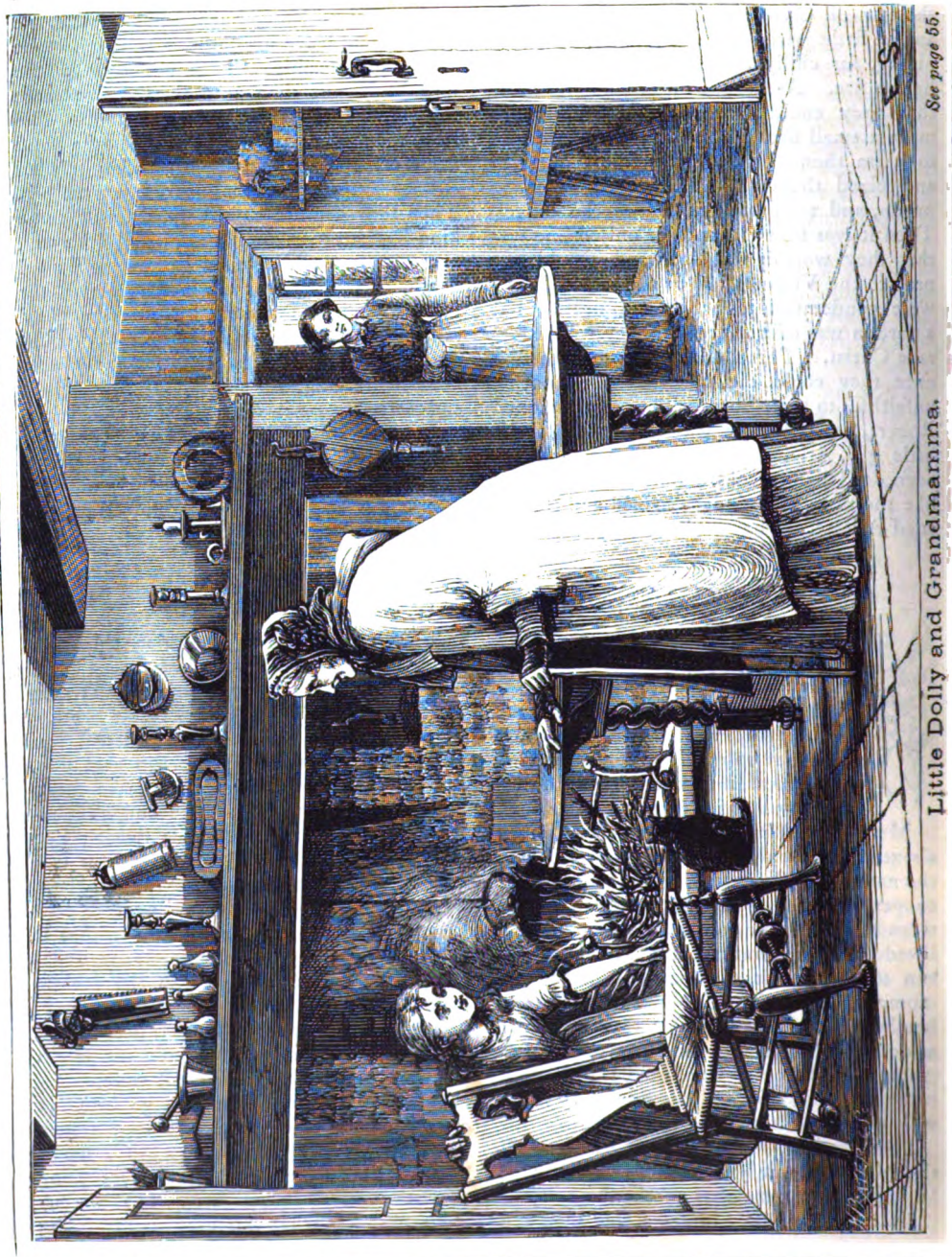

Little Dolly and Grandmamma. See page 55.

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The Japanese Farm at the Paris Exhibition.

See page 59

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days instead of matches, Dolly,—and a candle and paper with them; they were going to light the candle, and then set fire to pieces of paper and throw them down the hole, so as to be able to see to the bottom. One of the boys said he had heard his father say he should not wonder if there was a wedge of gold down in it, and if he was able to see it now with the blazing paper, he would get his father to come and take it up, and then they would build a fine house and be grand people at once. "But if I see it," said another boy, "I will get my father to take it up, and then we will be the grand people." Several others said the same, and it was not until after some quarrelling that it was agreed whoever saw it first should have the right to get it taken up.'

'Did you get it, grandmamma? O, I hope you did!' exclaimed Dolly.

'You must have patience, pet, and wait for the story. Well, you may be sure I felt as curious as you do to know about the gold; but I remembered what my mother had said about not going into the cave, and I was very sorry for it. I wished so much that I could get the gold, and at last I persuaded myself that she only bade me not go because she thought it would be dark, but that there could be no harm now we had a candle, and that she would be sure to forgive me if I got the treasure. And then the naughty thought came into my heart, that if I did not get it I would not tell her I went in at all. So when the others asked would I go, I said Yes, and we all started for the place. The cave would only hold a few of us at a time, and I felt very impatient for my turn to come, lest they should burn all the paper before I tried if I could see the wonderful gold. I determined when I went in and was given a bit of blazing paper to throw down, that I would go as close as I dared to the edge of the hole. And so I did; but instead of being rewarded by the sight of the gold, my foot slipped as I leaned forward to watch the paper flutter down, and the next moment I found myself lying on my back on the floor of the lower cave.'

'O, grandmamma, how did you ever get up out of that dreadful place? and weren't your bones all broken?' asked Dolly, looking as if she could hardly believe her grandmamma was there alive and well beside her after such an accident.

'It was a wonder indeed, dear, that I was not killed. But for the goodness of God, I should certainly have been terribly injured, but the ground where I fell was soft and spongy; however, I did not escape altogether, for besides the fright of finding myself in such a place, I had broken my left arm. The other children hearing my cries, some of them came to the top of the hole, so that I should not be left quite alone, while the others ran to the village to tell what had happened, and to get help to take me up. But though I could hear my companions talking and trying to comfort me, you may be sure the time seemed very long to me, lying in the dark on the damp ground below, suffering so much from my broken arm, and afraid to venture to stand up or to stir at all for fear I might fall into some other hole.

'I had plenty of time then to repent of my disobedience, and to think of my poor mother's grief; and I resolved, if God spared me this time, I would never disobey her again. At last I heard the children say that my father and some other men were coming and bringing a rope with them. My father was let down by the rope into the cave where I was. He lifted me up tenderly, and held me in his arms while we were drawn up to the top. And very thankful you may be sure I felt when I was out in the open air and bright light again. I was carried home, and the doctor came at once and set my arm; this was very painful, but I bore it as well as I could, I felt so ashamed of my misconduct. Well, dear, my broken arm was a severe lesson, but it did me good for the rest of my life. I shall never forget how strongly the verse, "Thou God seest me," came into my mind as I lay in the dark cave. I felt then that His eye was indeed upon me, and that no thought of my heart was hidden from Him. Now, darling, my story is finished, and here is mother coming to make the tea.'

'Well, grandmamma, I am so glad you were not killed. But was there really any gold in the cave?'

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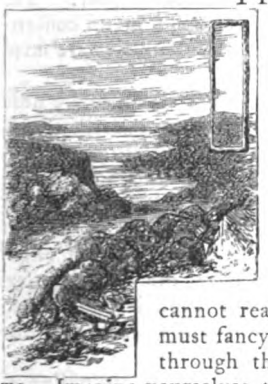
'No, love, none; that was only foolish talk. But you see how much trouble I brought on myself by believing it, instead of my mother's caution.' E. A. A.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



AM sure that all our little readers have heard of the great Exhibition that was held in Paris last year.

You would like to have seen all the wonderful things that I saw there, but as you cannot really see them, you must fancy you are walking through the Exhibition with me. Imagine yourselves, therefore, suddenly transported to Paris, and entering the huge glass building in the *Champ de Mars*. This is one of the two great divisions of the Exhibition; the other, which is called the Trocadero, is on the other side of the water.

As we shall not have time to visit every department, we will choose those which are most interesting to you. You see this huge building is divided into different courts, one for each nation; so that the pagodas and slippers of China, the jewellery and sculpture of Italy, the carpets and silks of Persia, and the fez and perfumery of Turkey, are all to be seen arranged in order and harmony within a few steps of each other. Side by side are to be found the productions of the two extremes of the globe.

Now will my little friends accompany me to the French department where we shall find the dolls. Here is a model doll's house, fitted up completely in the modern style. You can peep into the rooms and see the dainty white bed furniture, or the silk couches in the drawing-room and the mirror over the mantle-piece. There is a real piano, too, which requires to be played by living fingers, so I fear it is not of much use in this house, as the dolls have never taken music lessons.

Do you see, in the next case of toys, the ladies and gentlemen on horseback, preparing for the hunt, with the dogs eagerly straining at the leash in which the keeper holds them? And over in this corner there is an interesting group of children; one adventurous youth is climbing the trellis against the wall, and two little girls are trying to imitate him; while seated here on the grass are some hungry children, discussing bread and jam and bonbons. If you pay a visit to the next case you will find a doll's milliner; in the window are hats and bonnets in the latest fashion, and within are flowers, feathers and trimmings of every description. Here is also a furnishing shop, where you will find everything necessary to fit up a doll's house. I hope you examined the dressing-cases and wardrobes in the bed-rooms of the house we visited, they are most beautifully fitted up with everything necessary for the toilette of a lady of fashion.

Let us now pass on to look at the other toys. Here is a doll in an elegant bathing costume, swimming in a miniature lake, with a huge Newfoundland dog at her heels, evidently anxious for the safety of his little mistress. And here are the toy birds, dressed in gorgeous and most life-like plumage, with their little throats wide open, giving utterance to the sweetest songs. You may wander from stall to stall until you are fairly tired of admiring and gazing at the immense number of toys.

Let us turn now to the artificial flowers; these large glass cases are all full of the most wonderful imitations of Flora's handiwork. Do you see this bunch of roses? how perfectly natural they all appear! especially this full-blown beauty, which seems just ready to fall in pieces. And there is a lovely wreath of violets which looks as fresh as if it had been just picked from its native bed; and here again is a nosegay of wild flowers, such as grow in every corn-field. The Parisian ladies are so charmed with these wonderful imitations, that they wear them in their dresses instead of natural flowers. The fruit also

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vies with the flowers in its natural appearance; these grapes hanging so temptingly from their stem, or that little basket of freshly-picked raspberries, might well lead any one to mistake art for nature.

If my readers feel inclined to accompany me a little further, we will go into the costume room, and see the result of the cogitations of the head milliners and dressmakers of Paris. Look at these two bonnets of white lace and feathers and gold: one two thousand, the other two thousand eight hundred francs. What lady would care to wear such a costly piece of head-gear?

Here are the picture galleries, one for each nation: most of the English pictures have been already exhibited, in different years, at the Royal Academy. The pictures and the statues are very beautiful, but we have not time to linger over them now. One piece of sculpture has been much admired: an old woman struggling to wash a dirty boy.

My little travellers will be getting tired, so we will pass by the machinery and other contents of the *Champ de Mars*, and cross the bridge, which has been constructed purposely to lead to the other part of the Exhibition, called the Trocadero. The palace of the Trocadero is a fine building of white stone, it is square in the centre, with two towers tipped with gilt domes, and a winged figure of Victory standing in the middle; the two wings bend in a semicircle. A cascade falls from a balcony of the central building into a large basin, where three fountains play. The central hall of this palace is a grand concert-room, the two wings of colonnades are fitted up as museums.

In the grounds of the Trocadero are little buildings erected by different nations, such as the Swiss châlet, and la Maison d'Egypt, which contains a model of the Suez canal; and a number of Turkish kiosks, fitted up with sham jewellery, perfumery, and different little knick-knacks for sale. Dark, foreign-looking men, capped by the Turkish fez, accost you in strange French and broken English, so it is difficult to say to what nationality they belong.

In the grounds you meet a sprinkling of Turks, Arabs, Chinese and Japanese among the crowds of French, English and Americans who throng the Exhibition, but the universal language is French. As we leave the Exhibition, we turn and look at the light which moves slowly round, casting now a yellow, then a blue and then a red light, over all the surrounding objects. It lights up our last view of the Exhibition. Now all is darkness, and we must hurry back to the train and return to England.

VIOLET.

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE JOURNEY.

IT was the very loveliest of weather when the good-byes were said, and Barbie and Nathan climbed into the old-fashioned stage that still made semi-weekly trips from Riverside to Richwood—forty miles over the mountain roads. There was an old woman going three or four miles to visit her daughter, and two girls going down to Dudley to work in a braid factory, but after that the children had the stage to themselves. At first they were too excited to talk, and then the stage bounced about so that it took a good deal of skill to keep one's seat. But after awhile they got used to it, and then Barbie was continually spying out bunches of yellow cowslips in the meadows, and little tufts of violets and wood-anemones by the roadside. The narrow road wound among the hills, and toward noon the driver climbed

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down from his high perch, and walked up a long hill, carrying the reins in his hand.

'I wish he'd let me get out,' said Nathan, 'I'm tired sitting here.'

'Whoa!' said the driver, when they came to the next hill; and before Nathan could ask any questions, he came to the stage door, and said to him:

'If you want to stretch your legs a bit, youngster, here's a chance for you.'

'Just what I should like,' said Nathan, springing quickly out.

Barbie wanted to follow him, but she did not quite know whether it would be proper.

'You had better come, too,' said the driver, 'it'll rest you a sight;' and Barbie gladly got out, and ran along beside the stage, filling her hand with wild flowers, and breathing the moist, fresh air of the woods.

They stopped at noon at a little village, and drove into the stable-yard of an old-fashioned red tavern. The tired horses were taken out, and while the fresh ones were being harnessed the driver went in for his dinner. Barbie and Nathan had a nice lunch from home, which they sat down to eat. A fat, motherly-looking body came out once or twice and looked at them.

'How far are you going, children?' she asked at length.

'To Philadelphia,' said Barbie; and she couldn't help thinking it sounded rather grand.

'My!' said the woman; 'you'd best come in, then, and eat something hearty; 'it'll be pitch dark before you get there.'

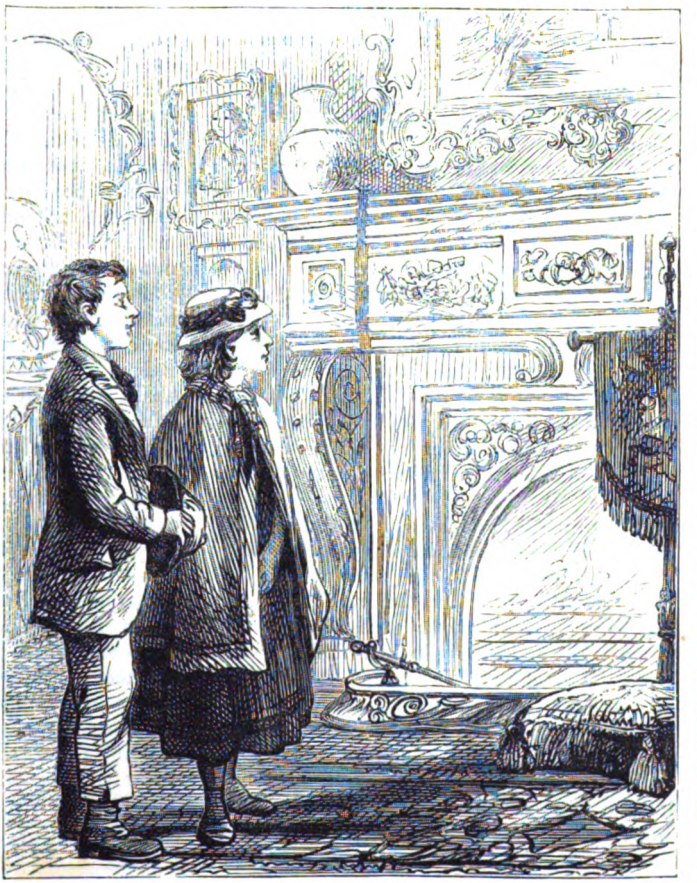
But Barbie had no mind to spend any of her precious money for a dinner, so they ate their seed cakes and buns, and tried to wait patiently for the driver to finish his roast veal.

'I wonder what father's doing now?' said Nathan, as he brushed the crumbs from his new clothes.

'Eating dinner, of course,' said Barbie; 'we're not so far away but that noon comes the same time as it does here.'

'I wish that driver 'd hurry up; seems to me he means to eat all day. What'll you do, Barbie, if Uncle doesn't meet us.'

'I know exactly what I shall do. Father told me that if Uncle Marston doesn't meet us at Philadelphia, we are to call one of the



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city hacks and have the driver take us there. The city hacks will have a number on the door or the lamps, so we can tell them from private carriages, and there is a card inside, telling just how much we must pay.'

'Father's very particular, seems to me,' said Nathan, who was a little mortified that these directions were given to Barbie rather than to himself. 'I dare say I could have taken care of you, and got you to Uncle Marston's all right.'

The driver came out wiping his mouth, and cracked his long whip, as a signal to the ostler that he was ready to go. They were getting a little tired of their journey, and did not talk so much when they started again; and Barbie fell to thinking of the story Ellen had told her, and wondering how much of it Nathan knew.

'Nathan,' she said at last, 'did you know father had been disappointed about a profession?'

'I knew he wanted to be a lawyer once, and had to give it up because his eyes got so bad.'

'It wasn't all his eyes; it was because he thought it was his duty to take care of grandfather. Susan told me all about it, and I've felt so sorry for father ever since.'

'Well, you needn't,' said Nathan; 'I don't think father cares, and I'd rather be a farmer than a lawyer like Squire Winter.' 'Webster was as poor as anybody, and he wasn't half so good as father, either,' persisted Nathan, and Barbie concluded not to say more about it.

They reached Richwood in time for the train, and were soon dashing away toward the great city. No one who noticed the lady-like little girl, and her rather uncouth companion, would have guessed that they were in the train for the first time in their lives. The glare of the lamps, the shouting of the hack drivers, and all the bustle and confusion of a city depôt, gave Barbie's nerves a pretty hard trial. She felt hopelessly lost and bewildered, and as she vainly looked through the crowd for her Uncle Marston, she was almost ready to cry, when a neat-looking mulatto stepped up to her, and said, as he touched his hat politely:

'Is this Miss Barbara Phillips?'

'Yes, Sir,' faltered Barbie in a tremble.

'Mr. Marston's carriage is out here,' said the man; 'he sent me to fetch you.'

'Come, Nathan,' said Barbie, with a sigh of relief, and they were soon handed into an elegant family carriage.

'Give me your checks, Miss, and I'll go for your trunks,' said the man; and Barbie gave him the check for the one little half-filled trunk, which, in her fright, she had entirely forgotten.

A few minutes more and they were rolling over the paved streets, between rows of splendid buildings, whose whole fronts seemed in a blaze of light to their unaccustomed eyes. At the steps of a handsome residence they were helped from the carriage, and another servant admitted them to a hall floored with what looked to Barbie like marble, and then led them to a parlour whose beautiful furniture, rich carpet, splendid mirrors, and exquisite pictures, made the little princess wonder if she had not all at once reached the king's house.

Presently their Uncle Marston sauntered into the room; he was a handsome man, in dressing-gown and slippers. He kissed Barbie on the cheek, approvingly, shook hands with Nathan, and glanced at his clothes with a smile of amusement in his eyes, though he tried to suppress it, and then called to a boy who was putting coal on the fire:

'John, tell Mrs. Marston that her niece is here.'

'He doesn't even mention me,' thought Nathan, and an indignant feeling sprung up in his heart. But it melted away in a minute, when Aunt Lucy came running in, and welcomed them both in her loving, warm-hearted way.

She requested them to go up-stairs with her, and Uncle Marston sat down to his evening paper, thinking: 'The girl is a nice little thing enough, but that boy looks as if he came out of the ark; but a tailor will soon set him right.'

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THE DYING CHILD.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

'And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs. And she went, and sat her down over against him a good way off, as it were a bowshot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child.'—GENESIS XXI. 15, 16.

GREAT Shepherd! from Thy lofty seat
Thy suffering lamb behold;
O! hear it for deliverance bleat,
And take it to Thy fold.

Lost, hunted, beaten by the blast,
Distracted by the storm,
Held by the torturing brambles fast—
Behold its tattered form!

Deep pierced by many a cruel thorn,
Of every sound afraid,
By savage foxes seized and torn—
Why tarrieth Thine aid?

Strengthless, despairing, perishing,
For Thee it bleateth now;
And none can help or comfort bring,
And none can save—but Thou.

Good Shepherd! from Thy glorious seat
Thy suffering lamb behold;
O! hear it for deliverance bleat,
And take it to Thy fold.

TRUE POLITENESS.

IN company the other day, there was one little girl who was a stranger to most of the party, and so bashful that she could scarcely speak. This little girl was so nervous that she said 'no' when she meant 'yes.' If they asked her to play, she looked as if she did not know what play was. The children giggled and called her a 'silly.' They whispered it; but I am sure the poor child heard them, for she looked as if she wished the floor would open and let her down out of their sight.

But there was one little boy who felt for this little girl. He brought a book and showed her the pictures. She did not look silly then, her face was full of intelligence. When the rest were busy eating, each getting all the nice things he could for 'number one,' Johnny looked out for the little girl who was too bashful to help herself. 'Will you take this golden apple, Sissy,' he said, handing her a beautiful apple. 'Sissy's' mouth watered for it, but bashfulness kept her hands behind her.

'Take it, Sissy,' he said; 'I got it on purpose for you.'

A smile spread over her face, and a low 'Thank you' broke from her lips as she took it.

Johnny's conduct made me think what a good definition of politeness that is which calls it 'kindness kindly expressed.'

Johnny was a polite boy because he was a kind boy. The best teacher of politeness is a *kind heart*.

The Lord Jesus, Who takes notice of everything, tells us what He thinks of Christian politeness:

'Whosoever,' He says, 'shall give to drink unto one of these little one a *cup of cold water* only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' You see what a value He sets on 'little deeds of kindness.'

Key to Puzzle Page.

NO. III.

BORNEO lies to the south-east of Asia. From its large *forests* are obtained *sandal* wood and *timber* for building *ships*, beside cocoa-nuts and *bread*fruits. Here live the *porcupine*, the *orang-outang*, and the *swallows* whose *nests* are eaten by the *Chinese*. The *people* are excellent *sailors*; they are called Malays, and are very clever in making *baskets*, *mats* and *weapons*. They have brown skins, and long, straight *hair*.

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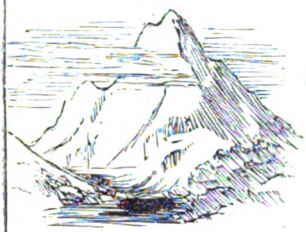

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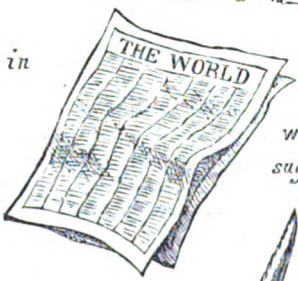
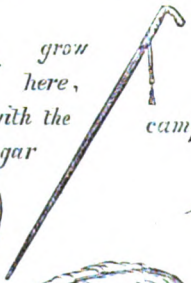
in  grow here, with the sugar  camphor and sago

Gold, pearls, and of paradise are sold to traders.

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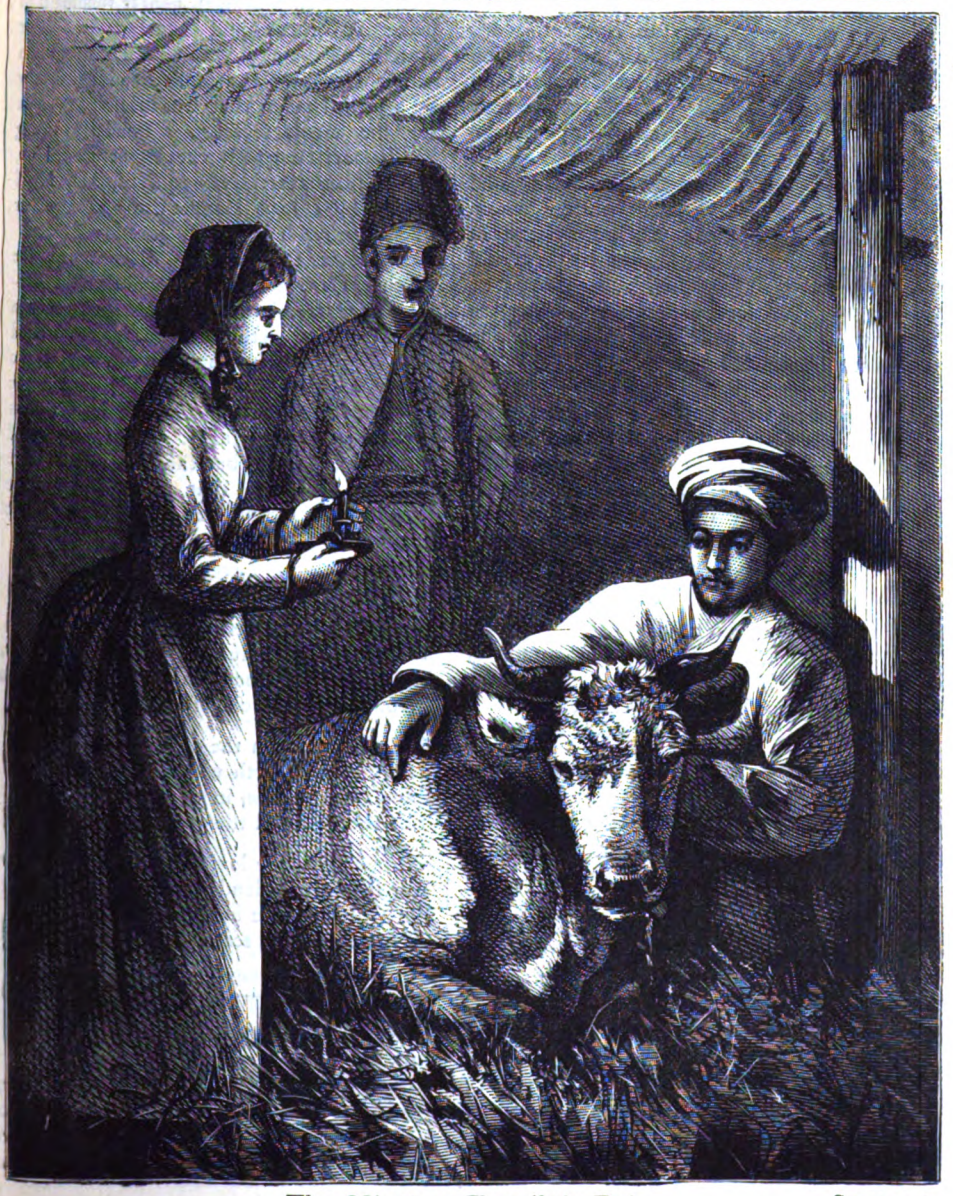
MAY, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS



The Mission-Family's Pet.

See page 66.

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THE MISSION-FAMILY'S PET.

Miss Whately, a noble English lady who has gone out to Egypt to work in the Mission schools at Cairo, is fond of animals, and very anxious to implant the same love in the minds of the Moslem and Coptic children whom she teaches. Some of the natives are very cruel to their beasts of burden; but others, especially the servants of the Mission-family, are learning to treat all animals kindly.

Miss Whately had a cow which was a great favourite with the whole establishment. It had been a present to her from a nobleman in England, and they were all very much concerned when the poor cow became very ill. Miss Whately went into the stable in the evening to see whether the cow was being properly cared for, and was very much touched by the sight of the animal's keeper, a Copt, seated beside it, gently rubbing it to make it warm and comfortable. Poor Zarena, as the cow was named, thanked him in her own way, and replied to his sympathy by a pitiful moan that was almost too much for the man's feelings. Tenderly kissing his favourite's rough cheeks, he looked up, and almost tearfully enquired, 'O, Miss! what shall I do if Zarena dies? I love her like a human being.'

However, thanks to the doctoring and the petting, Zarena recovered, and then the overjoyed keeper felt that he could not do enough for her; and when the Missionary remonstrated with him for allowing the cow to eat the leaves of the creepers in the garden, he replied, 'She has been ill, Sir; let her do as she likes, poor thing.' Not very good reasoning, was it? but the Missionaries were pleased to find that the natives were learning to sympathize with God's dumb creatures.

THE GRATEFUL BIRD.

A little robin daily fed,
Through the long frost, with crumbs of bread,
So duly to the window came,
We could not doubt it was the same.

The gentle hand that fed the bird,
By a kind heart was always stirred;
For full of love to man and God
Was venerable Joseph Dod!

But when the welcome thaw had come,
God called His aged servant home;
And all who knew him mourned and wept,
While he in Jesus sweetly slept.

* * * *

But now a story, strange as true,
Young reader, I must tell to you;
While friends stood round the good man's bier,
A robin flew, devoid of fear,

Right down upon the coffin lid,
And with the earth was quickly hid!
Efforts were made, in vain!, to save;
The robin shared the good man's grave.

Through the late long weeks' frost and snow,
Our feathered friends we better know;
But still the little bird prefer
'That wears the scarlet stomacher.'

R. R. T.

JOHN BUNYAN.

CHAPTER III.

One day John Bunyan's work called him to Bedford; and while walking through the town he noticed three women sitting at a cottage door in the sun. They looked very happy, and were evidently talking of something that interested them very much. So John drew near to listen. He found they were speaking about what the Lord had done for

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their souls. Now Bunyan, as we told you, had read the Bible, and had a little religious knowledge in his head, but none in his heart; and he listened eagerly, wondering what it all meant, as he heard these women talk about being lost and ruined and miserable by nature, and how Jesus had come into their hearts and filled them with happiness by His love. One thing, however, he learnt, that he was a great sinner himself, and needed this wonderful salvation which the women had found.

He began to look into his Bible to find out a way to be saved. 'The Bible,' he says, 'was precious to me in those days.' He read it from end to end; and made himself so well acquainted with it that, in after years, when he wanted a text of Scripture, it seems to have come readily into his mind. But he was two or three years before he found peace with God. The devil was very unwilling to lose such a good servant. But by degrees God's Word brought light into his soul, and he was able to trust fully in Jesus. 'Now,' he tells us, 'did my chains fall off my legs indeed; I was loosed from my afflictions and my irons,.....now went I also home rejoicing for the grace and love of God.' It would take us too long to quote all that he says of God's dealings with him at this time, but we are very glad to know that after all his doubts and fears he was made quite happy in the love of Jesus. God always hears prayer, and will not let any be lost for ever if they seek Him with the whole heart.

Some years after this, John Bunyan began to preach; but it was not without a great deal of persuasion that he attempted to do so. He felt himself to be unworthy of such holy work; and was much surprised, to use his own words, 'that God should speak by me to the heart of any man.' However, he did preach, and the people heard him gladly; and for a year or two the little congregations assembled to hear him and others without fear; for these were the days of the Commonwealth, and during that period those who liked could preach, and the people enjoyed a measure of religious liberty which was very sweet to them.

But a change came. Oliver Cromwell died, and Charles II. came back to England. Very soon the poor Dissenters found the difference. Acts of Parliament were passed, forbidding any one who was not a clergyman of the Established Church to preach, and making all those who assembled for praise and prayer in any other place than a church, liable to imprisonment. Now was the faith and courage of good, brave John Bunyan to be tried! He saw what was coming, he knew that if he continued to preach he would be arrested, and perhaps would have to die a shameful death. When Satan tried to terrify him by this prospect of being hanged, he tells us, he was 'much tossed for many weeks,' till at last the thought came: 'That it was for the word and way of God that I was in this condition, wherefore I was engaged not to flinch an hair's breadth from it.'

He did not flinch, but went bravely on, preaching the Gospel. One day he walked into the country and entered the little chapel, crowded by those who loved to listen to him. He began the service as usual, but he had not got very far when the tramp of armed men was heard, and the worship was interrupted by the Pastor's arrest. John Bunyan was taken before a magistrate, accused of upholding unlawful assemblies, and committed for trial. The Justices would not allow him to go out on bail, because, as he says, 'my sureties would not consent to be bound that I would preach no more to the people.' No! They knew Bunyan too well for that; if they had let him out, he would have preached the very next day; just as Peter and John, after having been beaten, and commanded not to speak in the name of Jesus, 'departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name. And daily in the temple, and in every house, they ceased not to teach and to preach Christ.' (Acts v. 41, 42.)

Well, after a few more formalities, John Bunyan was sentenced to perpetual banishment, and was lodged in Bedford gaol. He was not 'banished' far, was he? I have never been able to find out why he was not sent out of the country, as it was evidently

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(*Bunyan hearing the women talk of Christ.*)

his good wife and his young children. One of his little girls was blind, and the thought of what poor blind Mary might have to suffer almost broke his strong heart; but, at last, he was able to trust them all with Him Who has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me.' Still, it was sad for him; and little Mary Bunyan no doubt was as sorry as you would be, if your father were to be taken away from you in such a manner.

intended he should be. The hand of God was in it all, overruling even this sad event for His own glory. The Bible says, 'Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee: the remainder of wrath shalt Thou restrain.' The devil no doubt thought he was doing a very clever thing to get that rousing preacher, John Bunyan, shut in prison, and liable, any day, to be shipped off to a foreign country; but, as he often does, he overshot his mark; and John Bunyan, from his solitude in Bedford gaol, did more harm to the devil's kingdom than he would have done in a whole lifetime spent in preaching the Gospel with his lips. But we must not suppose Bunyan was very light-hearted about it. He felt it to be a very great trial, especially the parting with

(*Bunyan parting with his wife and children.*)

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NELLIE DUTTON'S LAMB FLOSSY; OR, THE WELCOME GIFT.

LITTLE NELLIE DUTTON was only seven years old when she lost her good father, who had been shepherd to a rich sheep-master on the Cheviot hills. His widow was very sad and very poor, and had a hard struggle to support her one orphan, Nellie, who was too young to help her much. But Nellie knew the Good Shepherd Who gave His life for the sheep, and prayed to Him to make her one of the lambs of His flock.

She and her mother lived in a little cottage on the outskirts of the moor, where they kept a goat and a few hens. Mrs. Dutton knitted stockings for the farmers' wives, and sometimes helped in their dairy work in the busy summer time, and in the evenings she taught

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Nellie to read in her father's Bible. Nellie used to help her by picking up firewood, and herbage for the goat; and by winding the wool for her knitting. When she was between nine and ten years old, she was sweeping away the snow from the doorway one very cold morning in February, when a drover passed the door with his flock, and in his arms was a poor little weak lamb, just born, that looked ready to die.

The drover had known Nellie's father, so he spoke kindly to her, and seeing how pitifully she looked at the little lamb, he said, 'Here, Nellie, take this poor thing, it won't live an hour, but it will make a stew for you and your mother;' and so saying, he put it into her arms, and hurried on to his flock, which the sheep-dog was leading through the snowy road to market. Nellie was filled with joy at the thought of having the lamb for her very own, and she hurried into the cottage to her mother.

'O mother,' she said, 'see what I have got! Sandy the drover gave it to me *to make a stew*. He said it was dying; but if we warm a little milk for it, and keep it by the fire, maybe it would recover.' Mrs. Dutton had just boiled some milk and poured it on some brown bread for Nellie's breakfast, and she said, 'I have no more milk, Nellie.'

'O! I'll share my breakfast with my little pet,' said Nellie; and so saying, she sat down by the blazing wood fire, on her stool, and wrapping the lamb in a warm old shawl, she took it on her lap, opened its mouth with her finger, and by degrees got a few spoonfuls of the warm milk down its throat, and after a little the heat and food revived it, and it opened its eyes and gave a feeble little 'ma-a.' This was sweet music to Nellie's ears; and squeezing her bits of bread out of the basin, and eating them herself, she kept the milk by the fire, and every half-hour gave a spoonful or two to little *Flossy*—as she called her pet,—and by evening it was able to stand on its legs without nursing; at night it was wrapped up warmly by the fireplace. Her care was successful; for every day it grew stronger, and soon followed her about like a little dog, and by the time summer came, it was beginning to pick the blades of tender grass.

It would make our story too long to tell you of all the lamb's pretty gambols, and the delight of kind Nellie Dutton when it skipped about after her wherever she went. The next summer it had a good fleece to be shorn, that, when it was spun, made plenty of warm stockings for Nellie and her mother, as well as some to sell; and the next spring after that, lo, and behold! there were two more little lambs, and the kind farmer, Mr. Mayfield, who knew Mrs. Dutton, and helped her in many ways, gave Nellie grass on his sheep-walk for her little flock, and offered to buy them all from her. Nellie sold the two babies, but the mother she would not part with. The dying lamb brought prosperity to the widow and her child.

Kindness to animals is the sign of a gentle, loving disposition, and it is pleasing in the eyes of Him Whose 'tender mercies are over all His works.' R. R. T.

BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

IV.—SOLD FOR A SLAVE.

ELEVEN brothers were sitting watching flocks of sheep and goats in a broad and beautiful valley. They kept a good look-out, because robbers or wild beasts might come at any time and carry off some of the flock. Their sharp eyes at length caught sight of a figure walking towards them. It is a boy. As he came nearer, they could see that he wore a bright-coloured coat that sparkled in the sunlight. It is their brother, their father's favourite son, and his fine tunic was his father's gift, to show everybody how fond he was of him. Now his brothers hated him, partly because his father loved him better than them, but more because God had sent him dreams that said that one day he should be the greatest of all the family. There was

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another reason why they hated him; they often did what was wrong, and the boy told his father. He was no 'tell-tale,' however; they sometimes treated him badly and he never said a word. He only told his father what his father ought to know. Still, it was the dreams they thought most about.

'Let us slay him,' proposes one of them, 'and we can say that it was an evil beast that did it.' They all agree, but one of them says, 'Here is an empty well, put him in that, and let him starve to death, and then we shall not be guilty of shedding his blood.' That pleases them; but you know that way of killing him was just as much murder as the other. Sin is sin, however you commit it. But the one who had proposed putting him into the pit, meant to come when the others had gone away and take him out again. Directly the boy reached them, they stripped his handsome coat from him, and threw him into the well. The one kind-hearted brother left them, perhaps to think how he could get the others from the place soon, before the boy had been hurt. The rest sit down to eat and drink, and to make merry over the bad deed.

While they were at their meal, a caravan drew near; long lines of camels carrying spices, with the men who owned them, and a gang of slaves toiling along on foot. 'Better sell the boy for a slave than kill him,' says one; 'we shall get a little money for him, and we shall not be murderers.' So the boy is drawn up out of the pit. How glad he would be! he would think they put him in only to frighten him. But too soon he learns the truth. He begs and prays, with many tears, for mercy. But they will not hear him; and in a few minutes he is walking with the other slaves. How miserable he must have felt! His brothers then dipped his coat in the blood of a kid and took it home to their father, and he believed that a wild beast had killed his much-loved child. I dare say you all know that the boy's name was Joseph, his father's Jacob; and that it was Reuben who tried to save him, and Judah who spoke first about selling him for a slave. And I dare say you know that God took care of Joseph, and that his dreams all came true. But I want to talk to you a little about the naughty feeling that made Joseph's brothers act to him so cruelly and wickedly as they did. The New Testament tells us they were 'moved with envy.' But what is envy?

If John has more playthings than James, and James wishes he had them, he is covetous. If Jane wears nicer dresses than Mary, and Mary frets because her dresses are poorer than Jane's, she is discontented. But neither James nor Mary is really envious. But if they let themselves be vexed, not only because they have not the things, but because the others have them, then they are envious. Envy soon leads to dislike and on to hatred. And James boxes John's ears, not because John has harmed him, but because he does not like to see John so happy over his toys. And Mary gives Jane a sly pinch, not because Jane has wronged her, but out of spite that Jane has a nicer dress than she has. I remember when I was at school seeing a little boy run out of the school-room quite joyful because he had just got to the top of his class, and a big boy, who had been turned back in his lessons, kicked him so as to make him cry. You see, he was envious. Three or four years ago, I saw two girls go to a house with Christmas Collecting Cards for the Missions. By and by a servant brought them each some money. Perhaps the lady of the house had not two coins of the same value in her purse. At any rate, she sent more money to one girl than to the other. As soon as the girl who had the smaller coin found that out, she snatched her companion's card from her hand, threw it down into the mud and trod on it. You see, she was 'moved with envy,' just as Joseph's brothers were.

I expect all my little readers are sometimes tempted to be envious. Think, dear children, how great a sin envy is, and how much mischief it has done. It made Cain kill Abel; it made the Jews crucify Jesus Christ. And if you pray to Him, God will help you not to show envy by cross words or unkind deeds, even if you feel it. And more, He will help you so to love everybody, that you will be glad at their good fortune. So you will more than double your happiness; you will be happy in the good that comes to you, and

[*Continued on page 74.*

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Joseph Sold to the Ishmaelites. See page 71.

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The Hidden Violet. *See page 74.*

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happy in the good that comes to others as well. But envy more than doubles your unhappiness; you are sorry if others have more to enjoy than you have yourself, and your naughty sorrow keeps you from enjoying the good things that belong to you.

NATURE'S WHISPERS.

V.—THE HIDDEN VIOLET.

INTER was gone at last, fairly frightened away by the soft south breezes, and in his place gentle Spring had come; the pale snowdrop, the smiling crocus, the delicate primrose, and the modest violet raised their heads and bade her a joyous welcome; and, heralded by the cuckoo, the birds flew back from other lands, and warbled their delight in Nature's new-born beauty. Slowly, yet most surely, the earth was waking from her sleep and growing conscious of the beautiful dress in which Spring was arraying her.

The sun, too, which for a long while had been prevented by fogs and clouds from giving the earth a peep at his bright face, now looked upon it with so glad a smile that a thousand flowers sprang into life for very joy, and the sunbeams flitted up and down, and could scarcely contain themselves at the sight of so much beauty. One place they loved to visit was a wood upon the side of a hill, where all day long birds and breezes vied with each other in making sweet music among its branches; while a little brook babbled a song at the foot of the trees. Now the wood was astir with life, the trees woke up, and began to put on summer garments, and O, how lovely those garments were! There was the hazel, stretching out its broad, fine leaves; the maple, with its delicate foliage; the bramble, hiding its ugly thorns with the elegant folds of its new dress; the blackthorn, which almost seemed as if it had not yet discarded its winter robe of snow; and the willow, in holiday attire. A fair sight indeed for the sunbeams as they sported over the tree-tops, and struggled to get a glimpse through the fast increasing roof of leaves at the treasures lying below! nor when a few did manage to creep through, were they disappointed. The ground was gemmed over with primroses, soft wafts of perfume came from beds of violets, while here and there a hyacinth, earlier than the rest of its kind, shook the dew from its bells, in a sheltered part of the wood.

There was nothing in this sweet spot that interested the sunbeams more than an old tree with lichen-covered trunk, its grey hue contrasting strangely with the fresh green of the young leaves in the branches above; and as they played and sported about it, they discovered a little nest of dark leaves at its foot, through which it was no easy matter to peep, but at last one more persevering than the rest managed to catch a glimpse of a small, unpretending little blossom, so hidden among the leaves, that the sunbeam could not think what it was, and said to a primrose growing near, 'What is this flower, that hides among these leaves, and will hardly let me look at it?' and the primrose answered:

'O! that is the little violet, which we can none of us ever see; it fills the air with its perfume, but what it is like we cannot tell: how we wish it would lift up its head and let us look at it!'

Then the sunbeam peeped again through its leaves, and said in its most cheery voice: 'Little violet, will you not lift up your head, and take a look at the beautiful world? it is full of lovely things, and the primroses are all longing to see you; come, let us see your face.'

But the violet answered, in a soft, musical voice, 'I am but a very humble flower, and not at all worth seeing; all I have is a little sweet scent, and I love to give that to the breezes when they wake me in the morning with their songs in the leaves above, so do not entice me to show you my face, sunbeam, for I am not fair like the primrose, and I had better hide away here; I catch many a glimpse of the earth's beauty from between my leaves.'

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So the sunbeam found it was of no use to try and persuade the violet to lift up her head. But the primroses often talked about their little neighbour, and said, 'How very ugly she must be, or surely she would like to be seen!' All the while the little violet loaded the breezes with fragrance, and they sang their thanks, and bore it away mingled with sweet odours into the busy towns, and men were glad, and called it the first breath of Spring. But one day the sunbeams received no answer to their entreaties to the violet to come out and show itself, and peeping further into its leafy retreat, they found the little flower withered and dead! The sunbeam told the primroses, and they bent their heads upon their leaves, and drops of dew shone upon their faces, which looked very much like tears. At last, one of them, lately opened and full of life and curiosity, began to speak to some ivy much renowned among the flowers for experience and wisdom, for it was old, very old, and had lived before the winter.

'How is it, ivy,' asked the primrose, 'that we all miss the little violet? none of us could see it, yet the world seems poorer now it is gone.' And the ivy answered:

'There are a few things, certainly, which I do not know, and I had been thinking this was one of them, but as you spoke, I remembered some words I heard long ago, when I was young, spoken by some who passed through this wood, "He giveth grace unto the lowly." I do not know what they mean, but somehow or other, when I think of them, they always remind me of the violet.'

EDITH M. EDWARDS.

WHAT A FAIRY DREAMT AND DID.

YEARS ago, on a quiet evening, just when twilight was losing itself in darkness, the bells of an old church were chiming merrily, merrily, merrily. Up above, perched on the ledge of a quaint little window, was a funny little fairy, peering down at six tall, strong boys, grasping the worn ropes, and looking as happy as happy could be.

'Dear me,' said the fairy to herself, 'I suppose this is their play when work is done, but it looks very hard, I wonder they are not tired. I have done nothing all day but try to keep out of the sun's way, and yet just now when the queen wanted me to go out in the woods with the rest, I was so weary that I came up here instead to rest a bit. Well! it is queer.'

The lazy little creature had begun to feel drowsy, for the bells were a sort of lullaby. She tried for a long time to keep awake, but it was of no use, her eyes would shut; so she hooked one arm round the iron window-bar to keep herself from tumbling off, and was soon in dreamland, and this is what she saw:

A thatched cottage, standing in a tiny garden; the door was open, so the fairy went in. By the fire an old woman bent over a saucepan, stirring as if she would never leave off. But she did leave off when a bright-faced boy came and stood by her side, saying, 'Well, mother' (the fairy was almost sure she had seen this same boy's face among the ringers in the belfry). The old woman turned round, and looked at him with a smile lighting her wrinkled face and flashing in her grey eyes, making her look quite pleasant and beautiful.

Presently they sat down to supper, and talked of people and things the fairy knew nothing about; but by and by the old woman rose and stood by the boy's side, saying kindly: 'Tom, my boy, you don't think of going to the ringing again to-night; you're too tired, I can see it in your face, child.'

'No, no, mother!' he said, jumping up, 'I must go, we are going to have a peal or two this evening; I expect I'm not half so tired now as the lazy folks who do nothing all day; but I must be off, mother. By and by our set will be getting the prize, then I shall buy you a new dress, and be prouder of you than ever.'

'Foolish boy,' said the old woman, laughingly.

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But he answered, 'I mean it, mother,' and went out whistling.

The old woman watched him, saying to herself, 'God bless thee, lad! God bless thee!'

Just then the dream stopped, as dreams will, though we want them to go on ever so much; perhaps it was because the fairy had the cramp in her arm with holding on so tightly to the window-bar, and the pain roused her. At any rate she awoke, rubbed her eyes, rubbed her arm and looked about.

Away in the east was a silvery light; day was coming. The fairy sat still for some time, looking very wise, and thinking a great deal. At last she said, 'I do believe I've got the secret, I'll just try for one day and see if it be true that people who keep busy, help others, and do all the good they can, really get on best in the end. Well, I'll find out for myself.'

Away she went and set to work at once. At a cottage not far from the church she stopped and looked curiously through the tiny window. The boy she had seen in her dream was trying hard to get thoroughly awake. Little fairy chased the sleep from his heavy eyelids by a touch of her invisible fingers. Then off she went again, flitting from place to place, helping out of their troubles little children and big children (for we are all children, with tasks to do and lessons to learn, before we go home to the Father's house; let us see to it that we learn our lessons well).

In the warm afternoon, when the boys and girls were coming from school along the dusty lanes, she coaxed the coolest breezes to blow upon them, till somehow the weight of grammar and spelling-books in green-baize bags strapped across weary shoulders grew light, and all was forgotten in a run to see which could get home first.

So the fairy spent the day, doing in her own fashion all the good she could. In the evening, when all the fairy family sat upon the moss under a tree in the starlight, and the queen (who had been watching her) praised her before all the others, the little fairy danced with delight, and never once thought about being tired.

Now, children, I have finished; learn a lesson if you can. EVAN G. LYNE.

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER V.—A RARE VISIT.

BARBIE came to the breakfast-table the next morning looking neat and pretty in her simple calico, with its bright coral buttons.

Uncle Marston meant to be specially gracious to Nathan; but the poor boy shocked him out of measure by pouring his coffee into the saucer to drink it, and putting his knife into his mouth. It was as much as he could do to invite him to go down to the store with him after breakfast, but he did it. Nathan was going to accept the invitation at once, but Aunt Lucy interfered.

'O leave them both to me to-day!' she said. 'I'm going out, and I want his company. It'll be so nice for Barbie and me to have a beau to take care of us.'

Uncle Marston gave a sigh of relief, and hurried away.

'Now, children,' said Aunt Lucy, 'we'll take a whole day for sight-seeing. Your uncle takes a lunch at a restaurant, and only comes home in the evening, so we'll take our dinner down town, too.'

It was a day of unmixed delight to both Nathan and Barbie.

At noon they went into what looked to Barbie and Nathan like an enchanted palace, glittering everywhere with crystal and silver, and sat down at a little marble table for their dinner. The saloon was full of ladies and gentlemen chatting and eating, and neat-looking waiters were hurrying in every direction.

'Now, then,' said Aunt Lucy, drawing off her gloves, 'you and Nathan shall order the dinner. What will you have, Barbie?'

Barbie looked at the bill of fare in perfect bewilderment. What a multitude of things; and she had not the faintest idea what half

[*Continued on page* 78.

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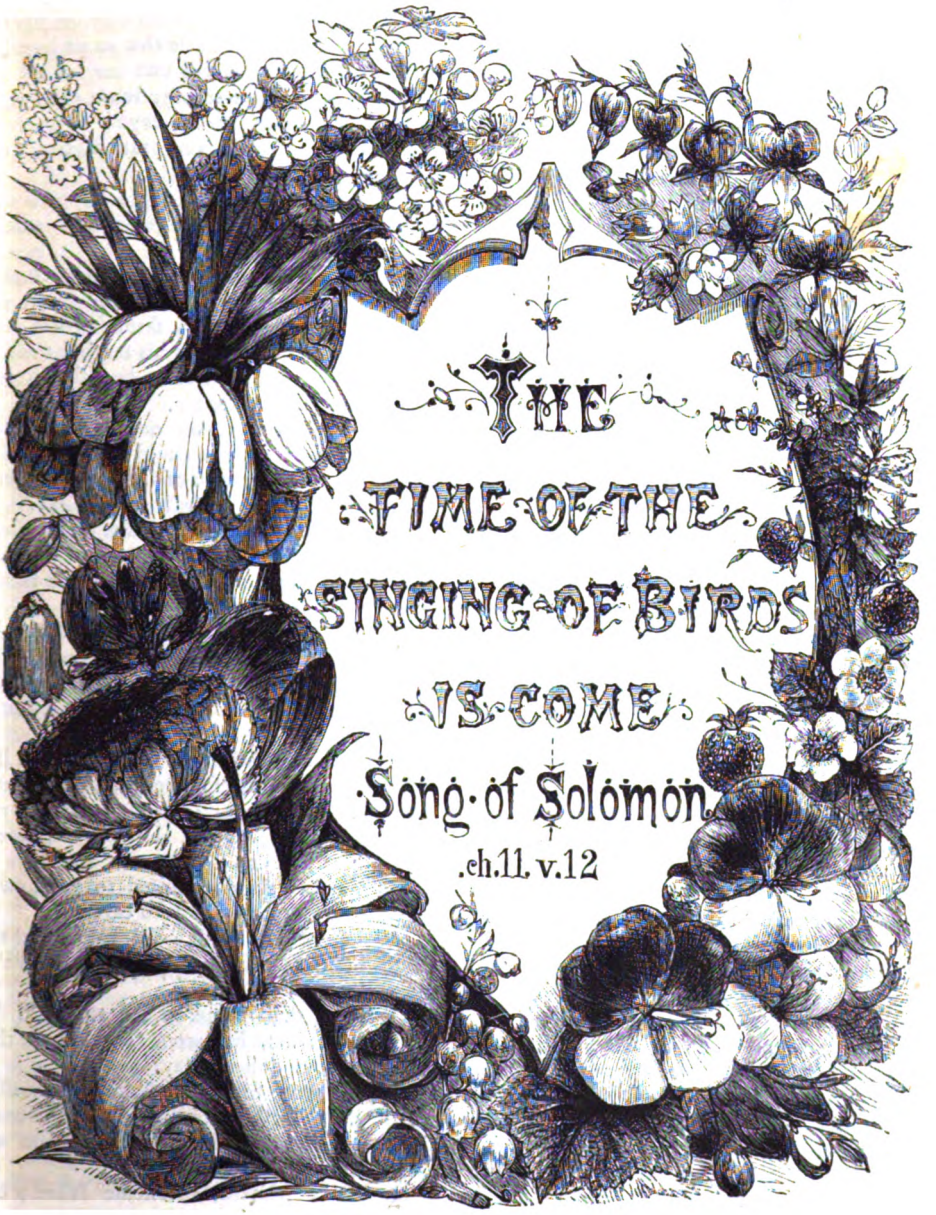

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of them might be. At last she found one familiar thing, and decided to have chicken.

When the waiter had taken the order, Aunt Lucy said quietly to the children,

'I wouldn't say "*yes, Sir,*" and "*no, Sir,*" to the waiters. It is better to say "yes, if you please," and "no, thank you."'

Barbie accepted the correction at once; but Nathan said,

'Why, Aunt Lucy, those gentlemen over there just say "yes" and "no."'

'They are older than you; but I have always found it best to be polite to every one. There are a great many little things that are not at all important in themselves, which it is best for us to observe—just because other people do. Now I don't see any reason why I shouldn't drink my tea and coffee out of my saucer, if I want to; but as long as people generally think it isn't the nicest way to do, I'm perfectly willing to give up the point.'

Nathan looked at the table, and wondered if his aunt meant him.

'It's just so about eating with your knife, and doing a great many other things that don't seem to be of any special importance; if I can just as well be like other people, why, I think it is pleasanter.'

'But it seems to me, Aunt Lucy,' said Nathan, 'it's foolish to care what people think about us, at any rate for such little things.'

'No, indeed, my dear,' said Aunt Lucy, 'it makes a great deal of difference what other people think of us; and it is by just these little things that most of those we meet will have to judge us, because they haven't time to see any more.'

Barbie heard all this with inward rejoicing, for Nathan met all her objections to any outlandish habit by saying, 'Who cares. Nobody but a ninny would take so much trouble about such things.'

Evening found them at home, fairly tired of sight-seeing; and Nathan quite won his Uncle Marston's heart by his intelligent questions about the architecture of a building they had seen.

'He's a remarkably smart boy,' he said to his wife; 'and I should feel proud of him if he was dressed decently. I wish you'd get him some clothes to-morrow.'

'You know I promised not to interfere with their dress.'

'Nathan,' said his uncle the next evening, 'I don't believe you will care to spend two whole weeks in sight-seeing; what do you say to helping me half of each day?'

'I should like it very much, Sir,' said Nathan, promptly.

'I'll pay you a dollar a day, and you'll earn a good deal—enough to get a new suit of clothes.'

Nathan looked down at his gray clothes. He didn't need a new suit in the least, but thought how shabby his father's best coat was, and how many things his mother needed. It would be so delightful to be able to take something home to them.

'I'd as soon pay you now,' said Uncle Marston, and then you could get the clothes at once, so as to be sure of them. Your aunt will go with you to-morrow, I dare say.'

'Uncle,' said Nathan, 'I don't care about any more clothes; these will do; but I should like the money to get something for father, only I don't want it till I earn it.'

Nathan pushed back the hair from his forehead, and looked up at his uncle with such a bright, manly expression, that he could not feel vexed with him. He laughed a little and said:

'That's father all over. Well, I don't like you any the worse for your independence. The fact is, Nathan, I meant to cheat you into having a new suit. I wish you would let me give you one. I haven't any boys to buy for, and I always wanted to see how it would seem to have a boy to care for.'

'Father wouldn't like it,' said Nathan; 'and, besides, I would rather not have it myself.'

'But you shall come to the store, all the same,' said Uncle Marston, 'and I'll see that you earn your dollar a day.'

'Thank you, Sir,' said Nathan, heartily; and in his heart he determined that his uncle should neither be disappointed in him nor ashamed of him.

So Uncle Marston's scheme failed; but

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Aunt Lucy sent the gray coat to a tailor, who exchanged the showy gilt buttons for some plain ones to match the suit, and altered the style of the collar, so that it was an unobjectionable garment.

'Do you like the store?' asked Barbie, one day, when they were walking through Uncle Marston's beautiful greenhouse, and enjoying the rare plants with which it was filled.

'Not first-rate,' said Nathan; 'but you see it will be so nice to have some money to get mother a present; and then Uncle Marston says it's just the training I needed. I know one thing, though. I used to think it was nothing but fun to keep store; but I have had enough of it. It's just as hard work as ploughing, and then you don't have the birds to sing to you, and everything fresh and green around you while you're working.'

'And I've found out I don't care so much about living in the city,' said Barbie. 'I believe people have hard work to do most everywhere, and even Aunt Lucy has lots of things to trouble her.'

The ten dollars which Uncle Marston gave Nathan were spent over and over in imagination; but it could not be made to get half the articles which Nathan wanted, by any amount of calculation. The very best thing seemed to be to buy his mother a nice dress in place of the gray one she had given up to Barbie. Aunt Lucy advised him to get a black alpaca, as the most serviceable thing that could be selected, and so it was purchased.

'O dear, how pleased she will be,' said Barbie; 'it looks just as nice as silk. I only wish it was for me to give to her, because I had the other.'

'You may give it to her,' said Nathan, generously; 'it doesn't make any difference who it comes from.'

'O, but I couldn't, because you earned the money! I wouldn't do it for anything; but I wish girls could earn money as easy as boys.'

A few days after that two little travellers left the cars at Richwood and took seats in the lumbering old stage for Riverside.

'I can see the house,' said Nathan at last, leaning out at the window as they came to the top of the last hill.

'The cherry-trees are in blossom,' said Barbie, 'and the peach-trees are as pink as they can be. O dear, I can never wait to get there!'

'How long have you been gone?' asked a man in the further corner of the stage.

'About two weeks,' said Nathan, taking his head in at the window.

'O!' chuckled the man; 'I reckoned you'd been to Europe.'

'There's Davy on top of the bars down by the barn,' said Barbie, too much excited to care about the remark, and she waved her handkerchief to the little fellow, who couldn't wave anything in return because his handkerchief was always lost, and he was bare-headed. He jumped down as the stage came lumbering by, and shouted,

'O, Nathan, we've got two new calves!'

The Young Berean's Corner.

We want our Young Bereans for their next Scripture exercise to give as full a description as possible in Bible words of the Christian Soldier. Give texts showing, 1, Who are his enemies; 2, His means of defence; 3, Rules for his conduct in warfare.

A prize will be given for the best, and another for the second best paper. Competitors must be under sixteen, and must send their papers, with name, age, and address, to the Editor, 1, Grayling-road, Stoke-Newington, not later than May 18th.

A special prize is also offered for the best paper from a competitor under twelve. Children under that age need only answer the first two parts of the question. All papers must be certified as without assistance.

Key to Puzzle Page.

NO. IV.

NEW GUINEA lies to the North of *Australia*, and is shaped something like a *crocodile*. *Mountain chains* run through the *island*. It is inhabited by *negroes*, with thick *lips* and turned-up *noses*, through which they pass pieces of *bone* or *wood*. The finest *nutmegs* in *the world* grow here, with the sugar-*cane*, camphor *tree* and sago *palm*. Gold, pearls, *feathers* and *birds* of Paradise are sold to traders.

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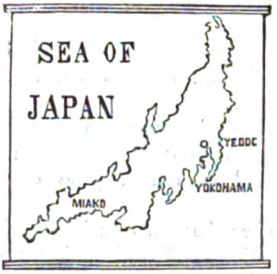

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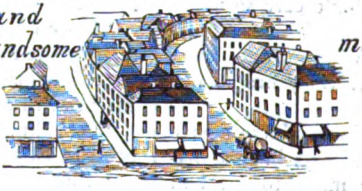

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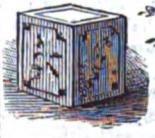

is much cultivated. The climate of the country is

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JUNE, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

The Basket of Cherries.

See page 82.

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THE BASKET OF CHERRIES.

'WHERE is Mamma, Mary, do you know?' asked little Barbara Forbes of the pleasant-looking, rosy-cheeked housemaid.

'Your Mamma is gone out, Miss Barbara,' she answered.

'O dear!' sighed the little questioner, 'I want her so badly now, to tell me where the pink wool is, that I may finish the petticoat I'm doing for Jack Kendell's motherless baby.'

'Well, Miss Barbara, I can help you, I think; for when I was sweeping out the summer parlour yesterday, I saw several balls of it in your Mamma's work-basket under the table.'

The small maiden crossed the hall and entered the room generally called 'the summer parlour.' It was such a quaint, low, old-fashioned room, with a casement window looking out upon a large garden. But what does little Barbara see in that basket on the table that makes her forget the errand on which she had come?

'Cherries! beautiful ripe cherries! Whereever did they come from?' she said, speaking to herself; 'I did not know that cherries were ripe, for ours in the garden are green and hard. I do love cherries, and I wish Mamma were here to give me some; but I may not take any without first asking her permission, because,' continued the child, nodding her head, and looking regretfully at the ripe fruit, 'when I went to see Aunt Ethel last summer, I ate a lot of red currants and raspberries, and,' said Barbara, blushing at the remembrance of her greediness and feeling ashamed to confess it even to the cherries, 'they made me ill.'

After gazing a short time at the rosy cherries which were looking up temptingly at her from the pretty white wicker-basket, she at length lifted it from the table. Two of the finest cherries attracted her attention, and she picked them out from among the others. A smile broke over her bright little face as she held them up between her fingers and said, 'O you beautiful twin cherries! you look so delicious; how I should enjoy eating you up!'

Just then a voice whispered softly in her heart, 'Yes, they *do* look delicious, little one, and they are as delicious as they look, only taste and see if they are not.' That whispering voice was the voice of the great enemy who is ever waiting, watching, seeking his opportunity to lead little, tender feet away from the narrow road into the broad path of sin. Barbara started and dropped the cherries; nevertheless, she answered back in her heart: 'I must not; Mamma will not let me, she would be angry if I were to disobey her.'

'Your mother would not know,' returned the tempter; 'she would never miss two or three cherries.'

'No, she would never miss two or three,' repeated the child; 'and perhaps she wouldn't mind me having just one or two.'

'But God would know,' said another voice within her soul; 'He can see, if your Mother cannot. You know that it is sin to steal, and that it is wrong to disobey.'

'The cherries look so cool and refreshing, and I'm so thirsty,' she went on, not heeding the voice of conscience, 'I will only eat the twins.' Her brown, dimpled hand was put forth a second time to pick out the cherries from the basket, when at that moment a fancied footstep in the hall brought a look of terror to her eyes. Poor child, there is nothing to be afraid of, except your own guilty conscience; for it is only the song of the birds you hear, only the swaying of the tall elms, only the wind whispering to the flowers in the garden. Barbara stood in a listening attitude for a second or two, and hearing no footstep, she again laid her hand on the fruit.

'Taste not; handle not,' whispered the still small voice with great power in her heart. She withdrew her hand instantly, the words burned within her; she felt, child as she was, that it was the voice of God. The Holy Spirit repeated the words: 'Taste not; handle not,' and the little one buried her face in her hands.

After a moment or so, she said, feeling that she must confess her sin and weakness, 'I do

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so want to eat the cherries. O, Lord, help me not to want to!'

'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.'

'O, I can't,' she returned; 'I have no strength, I am only a little child!'

'Ask Jesus,' said the still small voice, "Ask, and it shall be given you."' And she did ask for strength; yea, and for forgiveness too. From the heart of that little child, kneeling there by the side of the couch, a prayer went up to heaven. The petition was wordless and weak, yet weak as it was it had power enough to make Satan tremble, as that dear old hymn says:

'Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.'

Wordless as was that prayer, the Loving Father understood it. Strength was sent in answer to her prayer, strength to resist the temptation, strength to overcome it, strength to make her, and which did make her, more than conqueror.

When Barbara arose from her knees, she, speaking loud, said to the tempter, 'Get thee behind me, Satan; I will not eat the cherries.' The snare of the fowler was broken, and, thank God! the poor wee birdie escaped. Remembering what she had come there for, she looked for the wool, and having found it, quietly left the room.

NELLIE CORNWALL.

SUSIE'S VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

SUSIE GRAHAM was the only child of a poor shoemaker and his wife, who lived in one of the narrow, dirty streets in the east of London.

Susie's mother had been brought up in the country, and she often told her little daughter tales of her childish days, when her chief delight had been to feed the poultry, or watch the cows being milked, or wander into the fields and woods gathering wild-flowers. Susie would sit at her mother's feet or on her knee, gazing up into her face with intense eagerness, drinking in every word, till at last she would go to bed to dream of blackberrying and flower-gathering. The little girl's great ambition was to live in the country, where she could see all these wonders, and often she said to her mother:

'Mother, won't you *ever* go into the country?'

'I don't know, my darling,' said her mother; 'it would cost a good deal of money, and we are very poor.'

Susie heaved a great sigh, and said, with something like a tear glistening in the corner of her eye, 'How nice it must be to be rich; if I were rich I would always live in the country.'

Confinement in the close little rooms of the house made Susie a pale, thin, delicate child. At length, she became quite weak and ill, and her parents feared they should lose their darling. Mrs. Graham wrote very mournfully to her mother, who still lived in the country, and had never seen her little grandchild. An early post brought a letter from Grandmother, offering to take Susie for the summer, and to pay half her travelling expenses, though the kind old lady was poor herself. Some of the neighbours helped the parents with a little money, and Mrs. Graham parted with her treasured wedding-dress and shawl to make up the amount.

At length, one fine day in June, all preparations were completed, and father and mother took Susie to the station, and put her in the train.

Her Grandmother was delighted to see her, and prophesied that the roses would soon bloom on her pale cheeks; and, indeed, with the help of the country butter, eggs and milk, Susie speedily began to grow strong. She was up with the lark, running into her kind neighbour's farm-yard to feed the poultry or watch the ducks swimming in the pond, and she would go with her Grandmother to the brook to get fresh water.

As Susie's Grandmother had no young folk in her home, the little girl made companions of the animals and poultry next door. The kind farmer allowed her to feed them regu-

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larly every morning and evening. The fowls got to know her so well that they would come and peck out of her hand.

One day she asked her Grandmother to take her to the wood where her mother used to gather flowers when she was a child. Her Grandmother happened to be very busy that day, and could not leave the house; however, she told her the way to the wood, and Susie set off by herself, taking a basket for the flowers.

The farmer's wife had given Susie a large straw hat to shield her from the sun, and the little maiden tripped gaily along the dusty roads till she came to the entrance of the wood. How soft the turf was! so different from the burning London pavements, Susie thought; and then there were the beautiful wild-flowers, that she had talked and dreamed of for so long. How delightful it was to be able to pick as many as she liked. And the flowers were not stuck upright in stiff rows, as they were in Victoria Park, which had been the child's pleasantest London walk.

By and by Susie thought it must be getting near tea-time, so she left the wood and set out on the road home; but the way seemed very long, her little feet were soon tired, and she sat down under a tree to rest. It was a sultry afternoon, the very birds had ceased to chirp, they were so drowsy; and, lulled by the warm air and the general hush of Nature, Susie fell asleep.

She slept so long that the fowls and ducks in the farm-yard felt impatient; they began to clamour for their supper, and at last they all came trooping down the road to find their little mistress. The ducks and fowls together made such a noise that they soon awoke

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Susie, and she laughed heartily to find herself surrounded by so many admiring friends.

'I am afraid it is all cupboard love,' she said, looking gravely at the little ducks; 'you want your supper, or else you would not be so anxious to find me.' Susie then went home as fast as possible, followed by her feathered tribe, and gave them their supper before she went in to her own; and she assured her Grandmother that it had greatly added to her afternoon's pleasure to have so many friends to escort her home.

Susie stayed in the country all the summer, and went home looking strong and well, and with such a pair of red cheeks that her mother said she must try to send her again the next year.

VIOLET.

'I HAVEN'T SAID MY PRAYERS.'

KNOCK, knock, thump, thump, bang, bang. 'I want to come in, I want to come in; Mamma, let me come in.'

Whatever can be the matter! something dreadful must have happened. O no; it's only little Bennie come to say his prayers, and have a piece of cake before he goes to bed. In he comes, in his warm flannel night-gown, looking so fresh and rosy after his bath. He is quite ready to climb on Mamma's knee and sing, 'Glory, glory, glory,' and 'Jesus, tender Shepherd,' and to kneel down and say his prayers, and then he will wait till Teddie comes down to say 'good-night,' too; and after he has said *his* prayers and sung his hymns and had his cake, then off they will go to bed as wild as little colts just woke up, instead of just going to sleep.

Bennie was sitting warming his little toes when Mr. Green came in to see Papa, and when Teddie came down there was too much noise and talking for him to say prayers in that room, so Mamma kissed him, and promised to come up to him when he was in bed. Off he ran quite satisfied, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

By and by Mamma went up to Teddie, but she didn't wake him. She tucked him up and kissed him and said her prayers, and asked God to take care of both her little boys, and keep them safe till morning.

Then Mamma went downstairs and forgot all about it, and Papa came in afterwards to supper, and they talked about all sorts of things, and thought Teddie and Bennie were safe in bed.

'Hark!' Mamma said, suddenly, 'do listen! isn't that Teddie crying?' Papa ran off upstairs, and there, standing right out on the landing, with his little bare feet on the cold oil-cloth, was poor little Teddie, crying as if his little heart would break.

'Mamma, Mamma, I want Mamma! I haven't said my prayers; do come and hear me say my prayers!'

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Papa wrapped him up in a great shawl and carried him downstairs, and wanted to give him some nice warm cocoa, but Teddie wouldn't drink it, he kept on sobbing, and said:

'Mamma, you did promise to come up and hear me say my prayers, and you never come. You *oughten* to have comed. I stayed awake *such* a long time, but my eyes wouldn't stay open, they kept shutting theirselves. May I kneel by your knee now?'

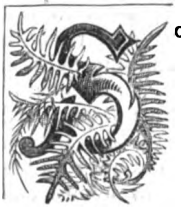
So Teddie knelt down by Mamma's knee and said his prayers; and then he dried his eyes and went to Papa, and sat on his knee and had bread and butter and cocoa. Then, in his big shawl, on Mamma's lap he was soon fast asleep, so Susan came and carried him upstairs again, and he didn't wake until morning. When Bennie woke up, Teddie told him all about it, and little Bennie said, 'I did say mine prayers in the dinin'-room—I sure I did.'

I wonder whether all the boys and girls who read this would cry if they forgot to say their prayers! Teddie is not quite four years old yet. Mamma tells him God is good and kind, and likes to have him pray to Him; and so he feels miserable and naughty when he hasn't done so. Isn't it kind of God to give him a Papa and Mamma to teach him how to be good, when he is too little to learn by himself?

YSTRAD.

BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

V.—THE LUNATIC BOY.



SOMETIMES, I dare say, you have seen idiot children, and children who have fits. I have met with a great many; and I know that most of them suffer much, and that all cause pain to their parents, who grieve because they see them helpless and suffering. Do not forget that it is not the idiot's fault he is so silly, and that it is no praise to you that you have more reason than he. God gave you your reason; you did not make it yourself. And if God, in His wisdom, has not given so much reason to another as He has to you, he is to be pitied, not to be laughed at, much less to be teased. Not a week ago, as I walked up the street, I saw a lot of rough boys shouting and dancing round a lad who had not all his senses, till he cried and chattered with rage. Those were wicked as well as rude boys. Our Picture this month shows us an insane lad whom his father took to Jesus, and we shall see how Jesus treated him.

The boy's father calls him a 'lunatic,' which is the same as saying that he was insane. But his was a very bad case. For not only was he without reason, but he was deaf and dumb as well. And more—he was subject to terrible fits that would come upon him suddenly, and he would fall down just where he happened to be. Sometimes he fell into the fire; sometimes into water; and, of course, hurt himself seriously. But there is even worse to tell. These fits and all the boy's suffering were caused by an evil spirit which had got into him. When the father brought the boy to Jesus, he was not sure that even Jesus could cure him. But he was quite sure He would if He could. Jesus soon taught the father He could drive the evil spirit out of his son. And when the man believed what the Lord had said to him, Christ commanded the devil to come out of the boy. The foul spirit was obliged to obey the Son of God, so he came out of the lad; but he threw him on the ground, and so worked on his body that the people round thought that the lunatic was not cured but killed. Jesus, however, took him by the hand, lifted him up, and gave him to his father, and the boy went home in his sound senses, able to speak and hear, and the evil spirit was driven away, never to return any more.

Notice, children, that so long as the lunatic boy was under the power of the devil, he was

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very miserable. And whenever you sin, Satan gets power over you. One great reason why he tempts you to sin, is because he wants to make you unhappy. He does not tell you so; he tries to make you believe you will be happier if you do wrong; and perhaps you do get a little bit of pleasure out of it now. But he knows that wrong-doing must make you unhappy in the end. You are not altogether in his power yet; so he is careful not to let you see how much mischief he means to do you. Think how he treated that poor boy. That is an example of the cruel way he treats all whom he can hold so firmly that they cannot escape.

I remember reading when I was very young, a book called *Happy because Good*. And I have never forgotten that there is no being happy without being good. A naughty child is always a miserable child. I have found out, too, that there is no being good without asking Jesus to drive the bad out of my heart. I have by my side, while I am writing, copies of some letters written by *little children* from whose hearts Jesus has cast Satan out. A little boy says, 'I feel very happy now since I have found Jesus.' Another child writes, 'Whereas before I was so weighed down with my sins, now I am happy and light-hearted.' A little girl says, 'I have peace in Jesus.' If you will ask Jesus, He will make you happy too; He will help you to overcome your naughty tempers; He will cure you of your sins, as surely and as freely as He healed the lunatic boy.

But I think I hear one of my young friends saying, 'But the boy's father brought him to the Saviour; who will bring me?' Your parents brought you when you were quite a baby, and gave you to Christ by baptism. I dare say they have often brought you to Christ in prayer, when you have not heard them, or known anything about it. But you must remember there is a great difference between you and this poor boy—you have your reason, he had not his. You can come to the Saviour yourself; he could not. So if you want Jesus Christ to cure you of your sin, you must ask Him yourself. 'But,' some boy or girl says, 'I am too small to pray to Jesus myself; He will not take any notice of me.' My child, you may be very sure that if you are old enough to think about Jesus, and to feel that you are a sinner, you are old enough for Jesus Christ to hear you, old enough to beg Him to forgive you your sin and not to allow Satan to have any power over you.

The mother of a little girl was going to a meeting held especially for people who wanted to seek the pardon of their sin. The girl ran to her mother and said,

'Mamma, I want to go to the meeting to-night; I want to be a Christian.'

'Why, you are only six years old,' her mother answered. 'Your bed-time is seven o'clock, the meeting will not be over till nine or ten.'

'But, Mamma, I want to go to chapel to-night, and learn to love Jesus, as the rest are doing.'

'You can give your heart to Jesus here at home.'

'I will,' quickly replied the child.

When her Mamma came home, the little girl said to her,

'I have done it! I have done it!'

'What have you done?' her mother asked.

'Why, Mamma, I have given myself to Jesus, and I know He has received me, I am *so* happy.'

That child came to Jesus many years ago. She is grown-up now, and loves and serves Him still. Don't say *you* are too young to pray to Jesus to heal you. And, remember, He can keep Satan away from you afterwards, as He did from the lunatic boy. And He will, if you really wish it.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

Holme Lynn was a beautiful old house which stood in the midst of a large and pleasant garden, where, in the summer evenings, Arthur, John, Bessie, and little Mary, the children who lived in the house, would play merry games, or, oftener still, sit on the grass at their parents' feet.

Six months before my story begins, Arthur, the eldest child, had been sent to school in a town about forty miles distant; Johnnie and

[*Continued on page 90.*

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Susie and her Grandmother at the Brook. *See page* 83.

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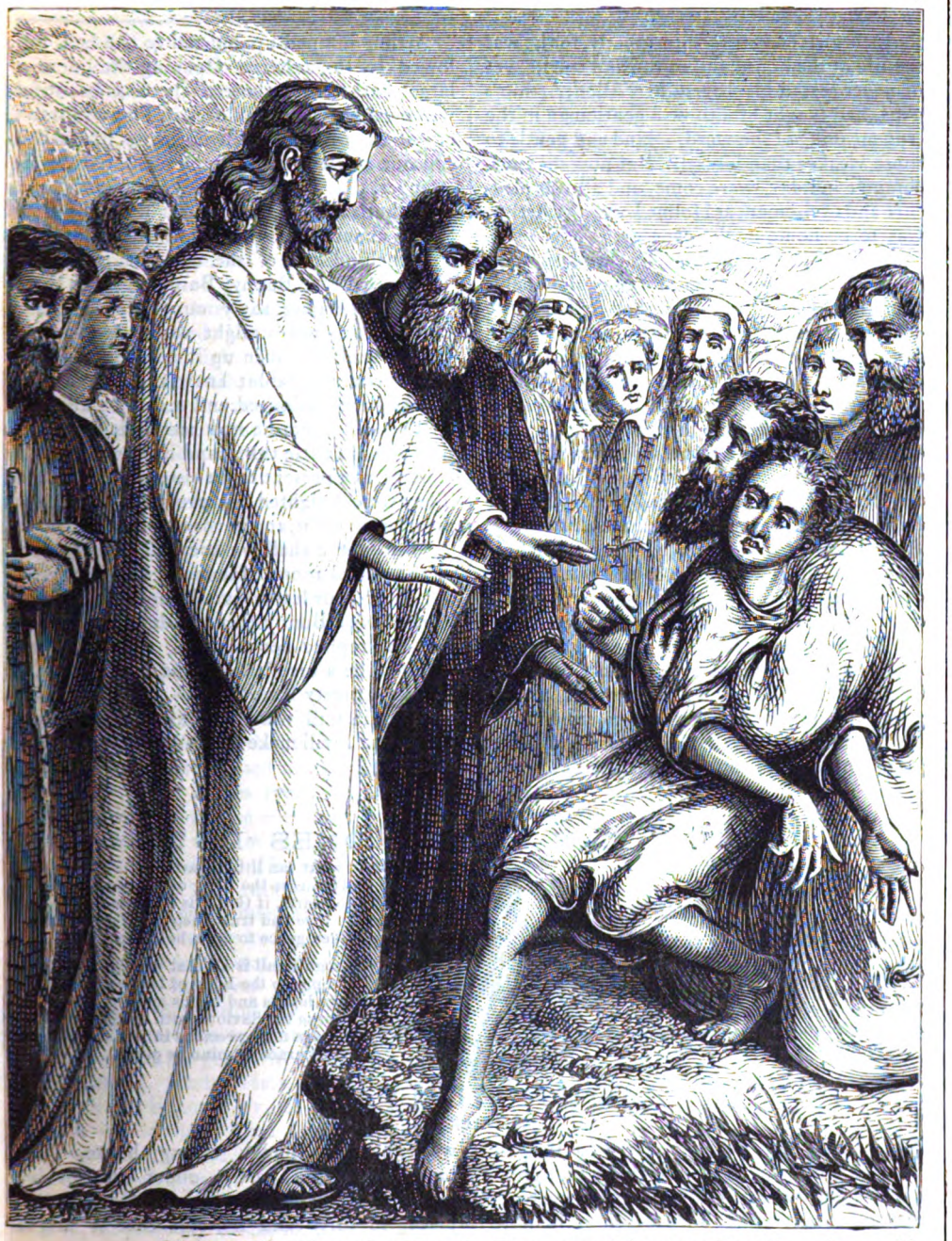

Christ Healing the Youth Possessed by the Devil. *See page* 86.

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the little girls had missed him greatly, for he was the life of the house, full of fun and spirits, yet he never teased his sisters. Mr. Allen, Arthur's papa, had taught him to be a gentleman in the true meaning of the word,—kind and gentle to those weaker than himself. But now the mid-summer holidays were come, and all was pleasure and excitement at Holme Lynn, for Arthur was to be home in the evening.

Bessie, Mary, and John had walked with their Mamma to the top of some high fields near the house, from which they could see the coach as it came into the village. At last John gave a shout of joy as he saw it at the turn of the road. And soon Arthur was at home.

Mary wanted to take him at once to see a beautiful new flower in his garden, which she and Bessie had kept in order for him while he was away; and Bessie begged him to come first to the school-room, that she might show him her canaries. However, Mrs. Allen insisted that before going anywhere they should all sit down to the comfortable tea waiting for them, for she was sure Arthur must be hungry after his long journey.

'I brought a little passenger with me,' said Arthur after tea, 'that I think must be thirsty by this time, though not hungry, as he had plenty to eat; would you like to see him?'

'O, yes!' cried all the children at once, but where is it; and what can it be?'

Arthur jumped up and ran to the hall, followed by the others. Opening the lid of a large basket, he showed them a beautiful white rabbit with pink eyes. The children's cry of surprise and delight made Mr. Allen call out to Arthur to bring in the wonderful stranger, that he and Mrs. Allen might see it.

Arthur carried it in, and set it on the floor to run about. Master Bunny hid himself at once behind one of the curtains, but when Arthur called 'Bunny, Bunny, pretty Bun,' he came peeping shyly out; and on being called again, ran straight across to Arthur, and let itself be taken up in his arms; it was quite plain the rabbit knew and loved him. It was greatly admired and petted by all; and Arthur told them he had reared it from the time it was a little thing, and had now brought it home as a present to his sisters and brother. They were delighted, and promised to take the greatest care of it, and never to forget to feed it.

'But where shall we keep it? May it live in the school-room, Mamma?' said Mary.

'I fear your lessons would not be very well learned with Bunny there to distract your attention,' replied her mother. 'I think there ought to be a nice little house made for it, it is such a pretty little thing.'

'Yes, it will want a house,' said Arthur. 'John and I will make one for him to-morrow.'

AUNT EMILY.

(To be continued.)

WHAT CAN LITTLE ONES DO?

O, WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery—
Such grace to mine be given.

O, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say—
Such grace to mine be given.

O, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
The hearts, if God His Spirit send,
Can love and trust their Saviour, Friend—
Such grace to mine be given.

Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven,
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in His sight—
Such grace to mine be given.

JOHN BUNYAN.

CHAPTER IV.

You must not, when you try to imagine John Bunyan in prison, think of a great, stern, high-walled building, like Newgate, or like the county jail. The prison at Bedford was an old, though strong house, built partly over and partly under the bridge which spanned the river Ouse. Here, in this place, so dirty and noisome that it might

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truly be called a 'den,' prisoners of all classes lived in one common room, and the poor people whose only offence was that they would go to chapel instead of church, were obliged to live with drunkards, thieves, and it might be, even murderers. Poor Bunyan! he could not even be alone with his Bible and his God! At first it was very hard, but God was with him, as He was with another of His servants hundreds of years before, who chose rather to go to prison than do wrong: we read that 'the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison.' So it was with John Bunyan.

After he had been in jail some time, he seems to have had more liberty, and some sort of place where he could be quiet enough to write. In the day-time he used to work, making 'tagged laces,' with the help of his little Mary, who was allowed to visit him. When evening came, Mary would take her father's work away, and she or Mrs. Bunyan would sell the laces, in order to support themselves, and buy the prisoner some better food than was afforded by the prison rules. It is said that his dinner was taken to him. I believe one of the 'relics' of Bunyan still shown at Bedford, is a basin or jug which was used to carry his food. When Mary had gone home for the day, her father used to light his lamp, and sitting down at his rough prison-table, write, and write—all the evening.

While Bunyan was in Bedford jail, his friends were not idle. He was visited by some who, though they did not believe just as he did, were good men, and would fain have persuaded him to promise not to preach, so that he might have been set at liberty. To all such advice he never would listen; but when advised to petition the judges at the Assizes for release, he consented, and wrote a petition, which his good wife Elizabeth herself presented. Judge Hale, himself a godly man, was much moved by her earnest pleading, and would have liked to save him, but could not, and so the time dragged on for more than twelve years. But God can bring good out of evil. Had John Bunyan been set free, he probably would have lost his life, as many holy men did at that time, so God hid him in the dim dungeon of Bedford. I dare say the good Christians of Bedford went about with long faces, and shook their heads sorrowfully as they spoke to one another about poor Master Bunyan; they have long since learned that God knows best: they look back from their heavenly country, rejoicing with their dear pastor over the wisdom and goodness of God in keeping him in prison to do such a great work. But while it was all going on, it was very dreary, and I do not know how John Bunyan could have borne it, if God had not helped him, and put it into his heart to write the thoughts that crowded into his mind. Imagine him, then, writing in his prison. Of course, he had very few comforts. Everything was of the plainest possible kind, and you must not think that he had ream sermon-paper, all nicely ruled with blue lines,—well, his paper must have cost a great deal of money; for, at that time, there was very little if any writing-paper made in England. It all had to be brought from France or Holland, and was very dear as well as very coarse. It is as well for us who live in these times, when paper is so plentiful, to think of the days gone by when things were very different. But I fancy Bunyan did not much care what kind of paper he got, so long as he could write down in burning words the thoughts God sent him.

During the twelve years of imprisonment, Bunyan wrote many sermons, poems, and long papers which he called 'treatises.' Some six or seven of his books were published during that time; but he wrote many more that were not printed till after he had left Bedford jail. Among these was our favourite, the book which has made his name beloved all over the world,—I mean, of course, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. In the very quaint and beautiful introduction or 'apology' which you will find at the beginning of your *Pilgrim's Progress*, he thus explains the way of it:

> 'Thus it was; I, writing of the way
> And race of saints in this our Gospel-day,
> Fell suddenly into an allegory
> About their journey, and the way to glory.'

He says, he did it to 'divert himself.'

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(Bedford Jail.)

And surely he has 'diverted' thousands besides himself! Well do I remember the intense delight with which I read it when I was a child. My *Pilgrim's Progress* was not a 'Cassell's' edition, bound in green and gold, like some that I know; nor was it furnished with such beautiful pictures as those which delight children now-a-days; but it was very dear to me. It was a little, old book, very shabby, very yellow, and with hideous pictures of Christian and his companions at various stages of their wonderful journey (one I well remember, which had a horrible fascination in it, of the burning of Faithful); but O! how I loved that book. I read it over and over again: I used to sleep with it under my pillow, and long to dream such a glorious dream myself. For it was a long time before I understood that it was not a *real* dream. The word 'similitude' was a puzzle, and I believe I passed it over; but 'dream!' ah! that was easy enough to understand. Let me advise you to read it for yourselves. 'Read it?' I fancy I hear you say, 'why, I have read it many a time.' Well, then, read it again, and see if it is not better than ever. As the author himself says, if you want tales of travel, adventure, or heroism, you will find all these combined in the story of the Pilgrim.

Dear Christian! how earnestly we follow him on his way, stumbling through the Slough of Despond, coming out on the right side, though; while Pliable, poor coward! turns back at the very first difficulty. Through the wicket-gate, in spite of the arrows; on, till he reaches the place where there was a Cross, and One Who hung thereon; and then, O the joy of losing the bundle off his back! Still he travels, but 'not without a slip or two,' for which he dearly paid. How glad we are that he had got that suit of armour before he met with the dreadful Apollyon! Again he addresses himself to his journey, and 'must needs' go through the doleful valley. And are we not glad when he hears somebody talking on before, and overtakes Faithful? It seems nice for him to have a companion, and we go on with the two to Vanity Fair, little thinking the trouble there is in store for them. But even out of that 'great tribulation,' the Lord of the way brings them both in His own manner; the one, by a chariot of fire; and the other, to continue his pilgrimage, with Hopeful for his companion instead of the one who has gone to his reward. Now comes the woful story of wandering away from the right path, and at length becoming the prey of the fell giant Despair. Through much distress and many days and nights of sorrow they pass; at last Christian bethinks himself of his *key* called '*Promise*,' and the bolts fly back, and once more the pilgrims are free. And at last we see them cross the river, where Hopeful indeed proves himself a 'friend in need' to poor Christian, and once on the other side, O! what a change comes upon them! Christian drops his armour, which he will never need again, and Hopeful's mortal garments fall down into the black river, while 'shining ones' clothe them with white raiment, and lead them up—up to the glorious city 'whose

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Builder and Maker is God.' And as we listen to the harps, the bells and the songs of that city, and get a glimpse through the open gates, do we not all say, with John Bunyan himself, 'I wished myself among them'?

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER V.—THE GIPSY.

'I SHALL have to go down to Dudley, to-day,' said Mr. Phillips one lovely June morning; 'suppose you leave Barbie to keep house and go with me. I'm sure the ride would do you good.'

'Mrs. Phillips looked up with a sudden smile of pleasure on her face. It was such a rare thing for her to leave the farm for a day. But there was the cream in the churn, and a dozen things waiting to be done, and she almost as quickly decided she couldn't go away.'

'Never mind the cream, mother,' said Nathan, 'I'll churn, and Barbie can fix up the butter first-rate.'

Everybody urged her, and Mrs. Phillips at last concluded to go, stopping every five minutes in her preparations to give Barbie some new charge.

'If I thought Barbie could manage without me,' said grandma, 'I'd just go along as far as Liddy Martin's, and spend the day. She's been at me to come down all the spring.'

'O, do go!' said Barbie, in delight at the idea of being sole mistress for a day.

So grandma put on her best cap and her black bombazine dress, and came to the door with her knitting work and spectacles in a black silk bag on her arm. As they were starting, Mrs. Phillips recollected having heard that there was an encampment of gipsies in the woods below the mill. She didn't want to frighten Barbie, but she stopped to warn her to be careful about letting strangers into the house.

'Now, then, Master Davy, you hurry off to school, and then I'll begin operations in style.'

Barbie washed his face and started him on his journey, and then went busily about her morning work.

'Dear me,' she said, 'there are the cheeses

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to turn—mother always does that early in the morning; and I haven't skimmed the milk or done half the work yet; I wonder how mother *does* manage.'

However, matters slowly worked round into their accustomed shape, and the old farm-house was as neat and tidy as need be.

'Now, then,' said Barbie, going up to her chamber, 'I'm going to finish my library book.'

She soon forgot everything in the interest of her book, when, in the midst of the most exciting chapter, Davy called from the foot of the stairs,

'Barbie! where be you? Somebody's come vis'tin'—a woman and a baby.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed Barbie. When she came down, she saw a tawny-looking woman, with a dingy red shawl thrown over her head, and a puny baby in her arms.

'Good-day to you, my pretty miss,' said the woman with a low courtesy; 'would you give a poor woman a sup of tea and a bit of something to eat?'

Barbie knew well that her mother never refused food to any one who asked for it; and so she brought some bread and meat and a bowl of milk, and placed them before her.

'She must be a gipsy,' said Nathan, coming in from the wood-pile and following Barbie into the pantry.

'Do you s'pose so?' said Barbie eagerly; 'I always did want to see a gipsy. They tell fortunes, I should like to hear my fortune, just for fun.'

'Mother wouldn't like it,' said Nathan, 'and I wouldn't be so silly.'

'You always think other folks are silly,' retorted Barbie, going back to the kitchen.

'Will little miss hear her fortune?' said the gipsy, coaxingly. 'I can tell her of something grand that's in store for her.'

Barbie hesitated; she did not really believe the woman could tell, but she wanted to know what she would say. The woman was shrewd enough to see how the case lay, and she flattered Barbie so adroitly that it ended in her bringing out an old silver coin, the only money in her possession, and giving her hand rather timidly to the gipsy.

There was no limit to the wonderful things she promised; and though Barbie kept saying to herself that she didn't believe them, her face was flushed with excitement at the thought that perhaps they *might* come true.

'Try your luck, my young gentleman?' said the gipsy in a wheedling tone to Nathan, who stood frowning in the doorway.

'I'm not a fool,' said Nathan bluntly, going back to his ax and saw.

The woman left, and Barbie sat down to sew, and think over the good fortune which the gipsy assured her was coming to her very soon.

'I don't see where my thimble is,' she said to herself after searching her pocket and her work-basket in vain.

Nathan suggested, very provokingly, that probably the gipsy had taken it, and Barbie made no more enquiries of him.

'I don't see why Davy don't come back,' said Barbie, looking anxiously down the road, when supper was nearly ready. She had read strange stories of little children being carried off by gipsies, and she thought it very natural that they should covet such a bright little fellow as Davy.

'There comes father,' said Barbie at length; and she drew a long breath of relief.

'Where's Davy?' were almost the first words her mother spoke.

'He went fishing,' said Barbie, ready to cry with excitement and fear. I told him not to go below the bridge, and he never does. O, mother, *do* you s'pose the gipsies would carry him off?'

'The gipsies!' said Mrs. Phillips, with a sudden terror. 'No, I don't suppose they would. They're gone off, though—we met them this evening just this side of Dudley. You haven't seen any of them go by to-day, have you, Barbie?' she asked.

'There was one here,' confessed Barbie, in a perfect agony of terror; 'a woman and a baby.'

Even Mr. Phillips began to look grave about the affair, and called Nathan to go down with him to the brook. Before they reached the gate they saw the doctor's gig coming round the turn of the road, the doctor leaning forward with his hands resting on his knees, as if studying over some

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obstinate case, and beside him a little figure crowned with a torn straw hat.

'There's Davy,' said Nathan, laughing. 'I knew he'd come home all right.'

It was strange how quickly everybody discovered that they had not been frightened at all now that the lost boy was brought home.

'Why, Davy Phillips, where have you been?' said Barbie, grasping his dirty little hand.

'I've been to take tea to the minister's,' said Davy, grandly; 'and I had frosted cake with raisins in it, and two spoonfuls of jelly.'

'I took him there,' said the doctor, seeing Barbie's look of dismay as she examined Davy's muddy clothes and little bare brown feet. 'I came along by the brook, and under the big elm I found this youngster fast asleep. I was just going up to the minister's to see old Miss Betsey—she's had another stroke—and so I took him along.'

'It beats all what has become of my gold specs,' said grandma; 'I remember laying 'em on the stand; but when I got to Liddy's they wasn't in my bag, and I've been clean lost without 'em.'

Barbie got up and went to the little round stand. But no such article was there now.

'The gipsy! the gipsy!' she said to herself, her heart getting heavier every moment.

'You'd better bring in those new shirts of father's,' said her mother after supper. 'I noticed, yesterday, they're nicely bleached.'

Barbie was glad of an excuse to go away by herself, and she went out to the strip of green turf by the garden fence where the shirts had been put to whiten. She could hardly believe her eyes, but certainly there was nothing on the green grass but the hoe which Davy had dropped there after digging his worms. This was too much for Barbie; she sat down on the grass and began to cry passionately. But it did not last long. She got up and wiped her eyes, and started for the house, saying bravely,

'I shall have to tell all about it some time, and I mean to do it now and have it over. The shirts are gone, too,' she said, trying to steady her voice as she came into the kitchen; 'and I know that old gipsy has stolen them, and my thimble, and grandma's glasses.'

She told the whole story through, confessing her own foolishness in letting the woman tell her fortune.

There was no need to say anything more. Grandma went to bed mourning over the loss of her spectacles, and Barbie sat penitent and sorrowful by the window, trying to contrive some way by which she could repair the loss. Every stitch in those shirts had been her own needlework, and very proud she had felt of them. If it was only the *stitches* she could make them good; but where was the money for the material to come from?

It really was very generous of Nathan, that he did not once say, 'I told you so;' but Barbie was frank enough to own that he had warned her against the gipsy, and advised her not to have her fortune told.

Mrs. Phillips at last came to the window and put her arm around Barbie, saying gently,

'I wouldn't fret any more over it, dear; you have had a hard lesson, but perhaps it will be worth all it has cost you.'

'I don't know what made me so foolish,' said Barbie; 'I didn't really believe she could tell what was going to happen, but I wanted to see what she would say.'

'Of course,' said Mrs. Phillips. 'But Barbie, dear, I don't want to know what my future is going to be. Whether it is joy or sorrow, I shall know my Father sends it; and as long as He has not chosen to tell me what He has appointed for me, I have no wish to know.'

'It wasn't the trouble I thought about,' said Barbie; 'I wanted to hear of something good.'

'I can tell you your fortune,' said her mother. 'It will come true, every word: "*They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.*"'

Key to Puzzle Page.

NO. V.

Niplon is the largest island of Japan, and contains the chief *towns*. Many of the *houses* are built of *wood*; but there are fine *temples*, beautiful *gardens*, and handsome *streets*. Many *ports* are now open to foreign *ships*. The *people* have yellow *skins* and black eyes. They are very intelligent, and have good *books* and schools. They manufacture *porcelain*, *watches*, and other articles. The *tea-shrub* is much cultivated. The climate of the country is *rainy*, and eruptions of *volcanoes* are frequent.

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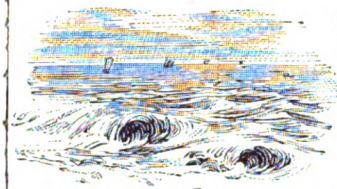
is the largest of the Sunda

which separate the

Ocean from the China



The country is mountainous. The largest

S are on the E. coast. The

yield fine

S

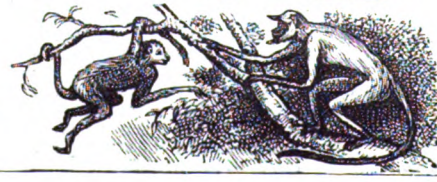
and

and sweet

are also obtained.

The animals include the

and many kinds of



are also found.

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JULY, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

'Pointing with her finger, she managed to spell out the words.' *See page* 98.

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ANNIE'S FORGIVENESS.

'No! I won't forgive Charlie; he has broken my dear dolly. I won't forgive him!' And little Annie Brown stamped her tiny foot with passion. The tears trickled down her rosy cheeks, and although she really was a pretty child, you would have been inclined to think her rather ugly with that angry scowl upon her face; for no little girl looks nice, *I* think, when she frowns. The poor dolly was lying on the floor at her feet, with its two arms broken and the sawdust all scattered about, and with one pretty blue eye knocked in. It was a great grief to the child, for the doll was a present from her kind mother. She was always very proud to take it out for a walk, because so many other little girls gazed wistfully at it, and no doubt wished they too had one so smart.

Now, I dare say you little girls know that sometimes brothers like to tease their little sisters: of course, it is very unkind, and not at all pleasant. But still the sisters ought not to be cross and angry, but try to bear it bravely and patiently. If they always did so, I think the boys would soon leave off teasing them. Well now, it happened that little Annie had *not* learnt to be patient, and she had a very bad temper. But she was always sorry when she had given way to it, for she very much wished to be good. The children had been playing together, and quite by accident Annie had stepped upon Charlie's new kite and broken it. Now, the floor is not the place for kites, and if Charlie had been a tidy boy he would have put it in its proper place, and then all this would never have happened.

Annie was very sorry and begged Charlie to forgive her, but Charlie's face grew red with anger and vexation, and he declared she did it on purpose; and then he took up this poor unfortunate doll, and threw it right across the playroom in revenge. So when Annie saw her favourite, lying mutilated on the floor, she began to cry very bitterly. When Charlie saw what mischief he had done, he was really sorry and rather frightened; for he did love his little sister very much, although one might be inclined to doubt it, just at that moment. He stammered out in a rueful voice, 'O, Annie, don't please cry so, I am so sorry; I'm sure I never meant to!' and he came up to her to kiss her, but she pushed him away. Nurse appearing on the scene tried to mend matters, but Annie most determinately sobbed out, 'No, I won't forgive him!' and breaking away she rushed downstairs to find her mother. But all at once she tumbled right into Grandpapa's arms.

'Hey-day, little girl, what's the matter?' cried the old gentleman in astonishment, seeing the little face all bedewed with tears.

'O Grandpapa,' she sobbed, 'my dolly's broken, and Charlie did it, and I'll never, never forgive him any more!' and hiding her curly head on his shoulder she cried as if her heart would break.

'"Never forgive him!" my little girl mustn't say that,' said the kind old man. 'Grandpapa will buy her a new dolly, but she must forgive Charlie. O dear yes!' and so saying he caught her up in his arms and carried her off to the parlour, where a cosy fire burned cheerily. He shut the door and drew his arm-chair to the fire, took out his spectacles and put them on while the little girl stood by his side.

'Now little one,' he said, 'tell Grandpapa all about it,' and she told him her little tale. When she had finished, Grandpapa said, 'Fetch the Bible, little girl, and we will see what Jesus says about forgiving.' She obeyed, but it was as much as she could carry, that big picture Bible! He opened it at the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, and bade her read the twenty-first and twenty-second verses. Now Annie could not read very well, but with her Grandpapa's help, and *pointing with her finger, she managed to spell out the words:*

'Then came Peter to Him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and

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I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven.'

'Now,' he said, 'that means not only once, or a few times, but *always*. And think, dear child, how the kind Saviour left His glorious home in heaven and came down to this earth, and how wicked people hurt Him, and even killed Him, nailing Him up on the cross. And He was so gentle and kind, and forgave them all, to teach us to be patient and good like He was, and to forgive one another because He has forgiven us all our sins. And Jesus loves little children; and He loves little Annie; and just think how grieved He must be to hear her say she will never forgive Charlie. And then if Annie's dear father up in heaven could look down and see his little girl so angry, how sad he would be. And how sorry Grandpapa is too! Shall we ask God to forgive Annie and make her good?' and kneeling down he put his arms around the child, and prayed the Good Shepherd to lead and teach this little wayward lamb by His Holy Spirit.

The child's tears began to flow again, but now they were tears of penitence.

'O, Grandpapa! I'm so sorry. May I ask Jesus to forgive me?' and clasping her little hands, she said softly, in childish simplicity and in reverent tones, '"Lord Jesus, I know I'm very naughty, but I do want to be good like Thee; please forgive me, and help me to forgive Charlie; for Christ's sake, Amen." Now,' she said, rising up, and looking ever so much happier, 'I think—' she hesitated, 'yes, I am sure I can forgive Charlie now. Shall I go and find him?'

'Yes, but stay a minute,' said Grandpapa; 'I want you to say this little verse after me before you go:

> "When, for some little insult given,
> My angry passions rise,
> I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
> And bore His injuries."'

She repeated it after him two or three times, and then before he released her he whispered something in her ear. Her little face lighted up.

'O yes; that will be nice,' she said; 'Charlie will be so glad,' and away she tripped to find her brother. The next morning a new kite, much better than the old one, was placed by Charlie's chair at the breakfast-table, with a little ticket pinned on to it: 'With Annie's love.' And, will you believe it? there was actually a new dolly,—O, such a beauty!—for Annie; and underneath its pretty cloak was a small card, with the words, in Charlie's boyish handwriting: 'For dear sister Annie, from Charlie; and he's so sorry!' Ah! I think I hear you say, 'I guess who did that! it was Grandpapa!' You guess rightly; it was. Dear, kind Grandpapa, what a shower of kisses he got that morning!

When the time for family worship came, Grandpapa chose for the morning reading the eighteenth chapter of Matthew. And they knelt down to pray. As was their wont, the children repeated the Lord's Prayer after their Grandpapa; but this morning, before he began, he paused.

'Is it all right now, Annie?' he said, softly; 'eh?'

She looked up with a bright smile.

'O, yes! dear Grandpapa.' And he went on, the children following: 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' H.

TELL JESUS.

Poor little Tom was very ill—
He could not even play;
And Maggie tried with all her might
To chase his tears away.
But all she did was of no use,
He could not raise his head;
At last the weary, baby boy,
Was carried off to bed.

Then Maggie ran into his room,
And there knelt down in prayer;
I'll tell you what she softly said,
While she was kneeling there:
'Please, Jesus, make poor Tommy well,
He is so very ill;
Do let him run about and play,
And not lie there so still.'

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The morning came, and little Tom
Was bright and better too;

Then Maggie whispered to Mamma,
'I want to speak to you.
When little Tommy was so ill,
I spoke to Jesus then;
I asked Him, and I know He heard,
To make him well again.'

Dear children, tell your loving Lord
Your daily griefs and joys;
Don't think He will not hear the prayers
Of little girls and boys.
God heard when little Maggie prayed,
And made her brother well;
Then every joy and every grief
To Christ your Saviour tell.

ETHELWYN.

BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

VI.—HELPING THE STRONG.

If you look at our Picture this month, you will see three men on the top of a rock, two kneeling and one sitting. Down below are soldiers engaged in fighting. One of the kneeling men wears a peculiar head-dress, called a mitre; that is Aaron. He wears it because he is the high-priest. The man kneeling on the other side is called Hur. Between them sits Moses.

Aaron and Hur are holding up Moses' hands. They are doing so for this reason: The Israelites were obliged to fight with the Amalekites. While the battle was going on, Moses stood on the top of a rock, with the rod in his hand which God had once changed into a serpent, and then back into a rod again. While Moses held his hands up, the Israelites conquered; when he let them fall, the Amalekites conquered. We may be sure God had told Moses to act as he did, and promised that while Moses lifted his hands up the Israelites should prevail. By and by Moses grew tired; he could not keep his arms stretched upwards any longer. What could be done? If his arms fell down, the Israelites would be beaten. Aaron and Hur fetched a stone, and Moses sat down on it. Then they supported Moses' arms. So Moses' hands were kept up till sunset, and the Amalekites were utterly defeated.

Now you will begin to understand what 'helping the strong' means. For giving victory to the Israelites Moses was much stronger than Aaron and Hur together. They might have held their hands up all day, and yet if Moses' hands had hung down the Israelites would have been beaten. But Moses could not keep his hands up by himself; he needed help, and Aaron and Hur could help him, though he was so much stronger than they were.

There are many ways in which children can help those who are older and wiser and stronger than themselves. Little girls may help their mothers in all sorts of things about the house, and in taking care of their younger brothers and sisters; and little boys, too, for the matter of that. And little boys can find plenty of things to do that will help their fathers, if they only try. And both at school and at home, always be on the side of right, and take the side of your parents and teachers if any of your companions are inclined to disobey or blame them. And it helps those who are trying to do good to you, to see you trying to be good yourself; and you may be able to aid them in other ways.

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Did I hear some child saying, 'I am too little to help anybody to do any work; and no one minds what I say, so that I cannot help anybody to be good'? Nobody knows what he can do till he tries. I suppose you have all heard the fable of the lion and the mouse: how the lion got caught in a net made of strong ropes. He pulled and struggled, and the ropes would not break. Then a wee mouse, which he could have killed with hardly a movement of his huge paw, began to gnaw at the ropes, and at last gnawed the strands right through, and the great lion was free. The little teeth could do what the big ones could not.

And listen! You can help CHRIST. He wants every boy and girl to love and serve Him; and if you love and serve Him, there is one more in His kingdom, and one less in Satan's. By giving your own heart to Jesus, you help Him to conquer the world. You may be certain He will find something else for you to do.

Let me tell you what God enabled a French boy to do three hundred and ten years ago this very year 1879. Charlot Mallard lived in Nîmes, a town in the south of France. He was a Huguenot—that is, a Protestant, as you and I are. The governors of the town were Papists. They had imprisoned his father and a number of other Huguenots, and they could not escape, except

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by forsaking Christ. It was more likely than not they would be burnt alive unless they forsook Christ. But Charlot never dreamt he could do anything to help them.

In the same town there lived a common carpenter, called Jaques Maderon. He, too, was a Huguenot.

The water for the town ran through an aqueduct—a big trough twenty-five miles long. Not far from the strong castle where the prisoners were, the water ran through an iron grating as it made its way to the castle. The castle was held by soldiers. One day, as Maderon was passing by, he thought, if those bars could be filed through, some Huguenot troops could wade through the water, get into the castle, and rescue the prisoners. Maderon resolved he would file through the bars himself. But a sentry walked up and down near them all the night, and he could not work in the day when people would see him. Every hour, however, the sentry was changed, and it took two or three minutes before the new sentry got on his beat. During those two or three minutes he could file away with all his might; for the rest of the hour he must hide in the shadow of the bank.

But it was necessary for him to know when the sentry was being changed, and when the new one had arrived. Maderon found a dark, safe place in the wall. Some one must hide there, and listen and watch. The person there could pull a string tied to Maderon's arm, when he could begin to work, and when he must leave off. Who would run the risk? If the watcher was caught he would certainly be killed. And who would bear the fatigue and cold? For both must wait all night in the open air, lying very quiet, except the minutes the sentry was absent. He asked Charlot to help him. And the brave boy did. For fifteen weary nights he watched and gave the signals, and Maderon filed when he had the chance. They succeeded, and the prisoners were saved.

Maderon was stronger than Charlot, but he could not do without Charlot's help. And Jesus Christ, Almighty though He is, allows us to help Him. Shall we try to do what we can?

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER VI.—SICKNESS.

THE first light of a July morning came down from the mountains, and began to brighten up the valleys of Riverside.

'You ought to see the morning-glories, Barbie!' shouted Davy, with his head far out at the window; 'and I can smell your roses as plain as anything. O! there comes Abs'lom Parks—he's goin' to mow the lower meadow to-day.'

'Cling, clang!' came up a sharp ring from the yard below—the mowers were whetting their scythes; and Barbie hurried down to help about breakfast. Everything was full of stir and animation, but Nathan stayed a long time at the trough by the great wooden pump, dashing the cool water over his head and face, and at last came in, looking tired and heavy.

'Nice hay day,' said Absalom, blowing his hot coffee, and nodding to Nathan.

'I'll try a race with you,' said Mr. Phillips. 'I'm a pretty good hand at a scythe. I wish you were a boy, Barbie, so you could help Nathan shake up the grass.'

'I wish I was,' said Barbie quickly; 'it would be pleasanter than working in this hot kitchen, and easier too.'

'If you think it's any fun I wish you'd try it one day,' said Nathan. 'You always think you have the hardest of everything.'

'Don't you feel well, Nathan?' said Mrs. Phillips, as she noticed that he scarcely tasted his breakfast.

'Not very,' said Nathan; 'my head aches some.'

'He needn't be so cross about it if he is sick,' said Barbie. 'My head aches half the time.'

'And you're cross more'n half the time,'

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retorted Nathan, picking up his straw hat and going out.

Somehow the song of the robins had not gone very deep into Barbie's heart that morning, and she had begun her day uncomfortably. So when her father stopped at the kitchen door to say that he wanted Barbie to bring the lunch down to the meadow, because they could not spare time to come up, she really felt as if she was imposed upon.

'A mile to walk in this blazing sun,' she said, fretfully.

'I thought you would like it for a change,' said her mother, turning half-round from the red-hot stove, where she was frying doughnuts; 'you can go through the old orchard and along by the brook, and I should think it would be pleasant.'

Something in her mother's patient face spoke like a reproach to Barbie, but she was not quite ready to give up her ugly feelings. It seems a strange thing, but it is a fact, that we sometimes really enjoy being miserable; and Barbie was determined not to be cheated out of her pleasure. She took the basket at ten o'clock, and climbed over the low stone wall into the orchard. It was cool and pleasant under the shadow of the trees, and beyond the orchard her path lay by the little brook, that went merrily along its rocky course. The brook always had something to say to Barbie, and now, in spite of her ugly mood, she could not help listening.

'Where's Nathan?' asked Barbie of Davy, who was playing by the brook.

'He's lied down,' said Davy. 'Say, Barbie, just give me one dough-nut.'

Barbie's heart sank as she saw Nathan lying under a tree, his straw hat covering his face—Nathan, who was always the first and foremost when there was work to be done.

'Are you sick, Nathan?' she asked, setting down the basket and uncovering his face.

'I don't know—I don't remember,' said Nathan, looking at her stupidly. 'I believe it's down by the brook.'

'Nathan!' said Barbie in alarm.

He sat up and drew his hand across his forehead.

'I must go to work,' he said, taking up his fork, but stopping to lean against the tree.

'He's sunstruck, he is,' said Absalom, looking at Nathan, as he helped himself to lunch.

'I'm afraid it's fever,' said Mr. Phillips, anxiously. 'You'd better go up to the house, Nathan.'

Nathan cast one despairing look at the meadow with its uncut grass, and then turned away.

'Wait a minute, Barbie, and let me wet my head,' said Nathan; and Barbie steadied her brother while he dipped his head in one of the little rippling shallows. How cross she had been—and what was it all about? She really couldn't remember, and she felt so sorry and ashamed of it now.

'Nathan,' she said, with a sudden resolution, 'I'm sorry I was so cross this morning.'

'I don't remember,' said Nathan absently; 'I thought I was cross. My head ached so; it ached all-night.'

All day long Nathan lay upon the lounge in grandma's room, the coolest and quietest place in the house, and the dear old lady forgot all the sharp reproofs she had bestowed upon the heedless boy, and patiently bathed his head with cool water, and fanned him with her great fan of turkey feathers that was as good as a west wind.

Poor Barbie went about her work with a sorrowful heart, peeping now and then into the darkened room, and wondering if she ever, ever should be cross again; and if Nathan should die, as Aunt Lucy's brother Julius did, what a miserable memory it would make of their last day together.

Barbie thought over the last few months of her life; she had gone through some hard struggles, and had conquered more than once or twice. She thought she was getting the victory over herself, and growing very strong; but here was the whole work to do over again, just on account of one weak, miserable day.

'Barbie,' called her mother, 'I think you had better go for the doctor.'

Barbie rose with a thrill of fear at her heart, and hurried along the narrow road, growing shady already with the sunset.

The doctor was not at home. It was late in the evening before the old-fashioned gig drove up the road to Riverside, and the doctor,

[*Continued on page* 106.

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SIX LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY REV. SAMUEL WRAY.

Six little children, who lived in one town—
All of them schoolmates, and fond of renown—
And of one age, and about of one size,
All of them merry, though some were not wise,
Once got a day for enjoyment and rest;
Tell me, ye children, which acted the best?

Agatha Appleyard thought she would ride;
Oliver Ogden an orchard espied;
Margaret Murgatroyd wandered away;
Timothy Tomkin loved nothing but play;
Caroline Consett the baby would mind;
Benjamin Broadhead would read to the blind.

Agatha merrily mounted an ass;
Oliver crept, like a snake, through the grass;

Margaret presently came to a pool;
Timothy met with a quarrelsome fool;
Caroline carolled and chirped like a wren;
Benjamin read to two sightless old men.

Aggie must canter, and fell with a cry;
Ollie climbed into a tree that was high;
Maggie the tadpoles and sticklebacks caught;
Timmy his turbulent playfellow fought;
Carrie kept baby from falling and fretting;
Benjie instruction was giving and getting.

Agg sprained an ankle, and one of her thumbs;
Oll made a dinner of somebody's plums;

Mag, leaning over the water, fell in;
Tim got big bruises all over his skin;
Cal her dear mother relieved and made glad;
Ben by his kindness made sorrow less sad.

Aggie crawled homeward in trouble and dolour;
Oll, a policeman dragged in by the collar;
Maggie got out and came home as she could;
Tim's Sunday waistcoat was covered with blood;
Carrie's reward was delightful and sure;
Ben was enriched with the thanks of the poor.

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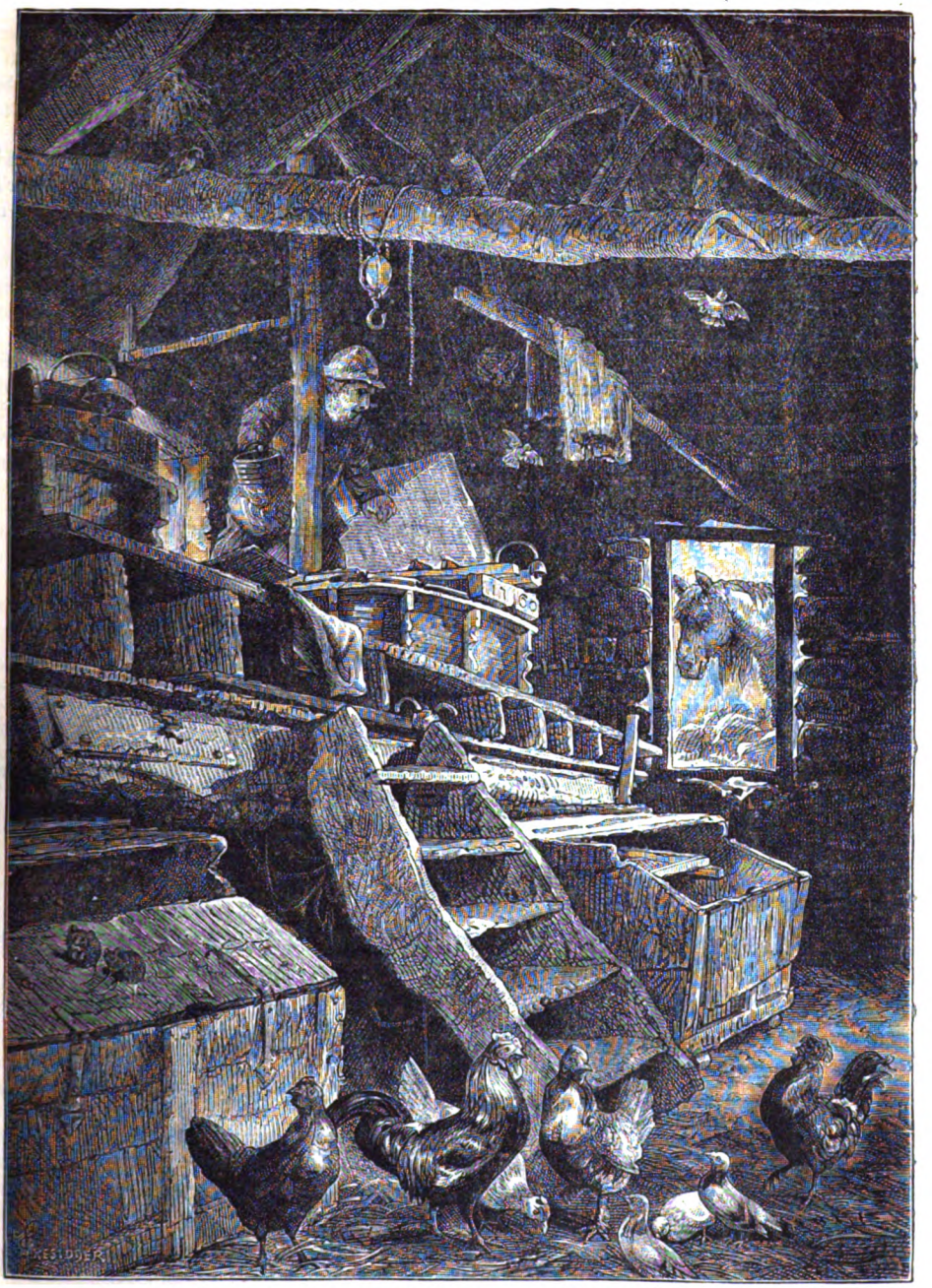

'Through the paneless window gazed the horse.' *See page* 106.

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tired and dusty, bent anxiously over Nathan. He did not know any of them now, but only moved his head uneasily from side to side. The doctor sat down and watched him silently for a few moments, and then began to prepare some powders. He gave brief directions, and then went hastily out. At the door Barbie was waiting for him, her face as white as the moonlight.

'Is he going to die, doctor?' she asked anxiously.

'Of course not,' said the doctor, stopping to look at her. 'What put such a notion into your silly little head?'

'I don't know,' said Barbie, with a sob of relief. 'I thought he was very sick, and I was real cross to him this morning.'

The good old doctor looked at Barbie in astonishment, and began to count her pulse, without really knowing what he was about; but it was a great relief to her to think she had told her trouble, and she half-laughed through her tears.

'Don't you worry about Nathan,' he said, going toward his gig again. 'I dare say he'll do well enough. Boys need a good deal of scolding; it seems to agree with 'em.'

By and by, Barbie knelt by the bed and said her evening prayer, as she had always done ever since she was a little child. There was a good deal of penitent remembrance of the day, but a good deal more of promise for the future, and strong confidence, after all, that Barbie herself was going to conquer. She had not learned yet not to trust in her own strength, or try to walk in her own wisdom.

THE OLD MILL AND ITS MASTER.

BY SARSON.

Who falls in love with his daily toil,
O, a happy man is he!
He feels like a king though his garments be mean
And he comes of low degree.

He takes it, too, for better or worse,
Nor complains of broken tools;
The wind, or the rain, or the snow may prevail,
He leaves grumbling to the fools.

Old Giles, the miller, was such a man,
And kind was the look he wore;
The little ones loved, as they played by the mill,
To stand at the open door.

The cocks and hens wandered in to feed
On a wealth of golden grain;
The doves smoothed their satiny plumes overhead,
Of the pretty colours vain.

Through the paneless window gazed the horse,
On good terms with all within;
Even the whiskered rats fed undisturbed
On the quaint old dusty bin.

And the miller down the clumsy stairs
Would come with a smile that met
The sunbeam that travelled so far that morn,
And the eyes of the village pet.

For he felt that God was good to all,
That the meanest living thing
Had its wants supplied by His loving care,
And was sheltered by His wing.

It was God's own wind that turned His sails,
God's rain cheered the growing corn,
All this good Giles knew; he gave thanks to Him
With sweet praises every morn.

He could not have borne to leave the mill,
Or to live at ease elsewhere,
It had been the scene of his father's toils,
And oft a retreat for prayer.

But when his last sun declined, Old Giles
Slowly turned round to the West,
He seemed to list to the sound of the wheel,
Then passed away to his rest.

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A TALK ABOUT THE DRESS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

CHAPTER I.

(*Anglo Saxon Costumes.*)

I AM going to tell you something about the dress of bygone days. How difficult it seems to believe that there was once a time when the people of the different countries in Europe had no cloth, or calico, or linen for clothes! Yet so it was. There was a time when no one knew how to spin and weave; besides which there were no sheep in Europe. These gentle animals came first from Africa, and it seems curious that in their native home they do not have wool, but hair; when, however, they were brought into these colder countries, the hair grew into warm, soft wool, which must have been more comfortable for them in their new and chilly home; and we all know how useful it is for us. I wonder whatever *we* should do without our merino frocks, cloth jackets, and woollen stockings, not to mention those delightful blankets we creep under on a sharp frosty night. However, the good folks of many hundred years ago *had* to do without. After the sheep had been brought into this country, their skins were worn for a long time before any one thought of taking the wool off and making it into cloth; and at first the people did not know how to dress or prepare any of the skins, but wore them in a rough, disagreeable state. Some wore the fur inside, next their own skin, while others put it outside. The people near the Caspian Sea wore seal-skins; the Swedes those of the rein-deer; so also did the ancient Germans, but these last wore other kinds in addition. The skins of goats, squirrels, and even mice were worn.

I have read that some of the Greeks, who lived long before the time I have been speaking of, clothed themselves in the skins of lions and tigers, and slept on them at night. The Greeks and Romans were the first nations who found out how to make and wear woollen clothing; and after a time the north people followed their example, little by little leaving off their furs, or only wearing very grand ones on special occasions. A tale is told about Charlemagne, who was king of France a little while before Alfred the Great reigned over England. Charlemagne

(*Norman Costumes—Nobles, Ladies, and Citizens.*)

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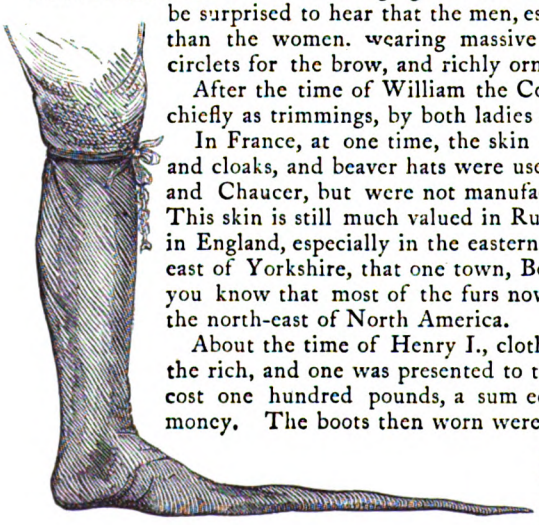
used to wear in winter either the otter or sheep's skin; he liked them because they were found in his own country. Well, one cold, wet day he put on his great cape, made of sheepskin, and went out hunting with his gentlemen attendants, who were dressed in expensive foreign furs. But rain *will* spoil the grandest clothes. At length, being thoroughly drenched, they went to dry their capes at a fire, when, lo, and behold! these grand furs all shrivelled and crumbled to pieces with the heat; the Emperor then had his common sheepskin dried and rubbed, and it looked as well as ever; so, holding it up to his courtiers, he laughed at them for wearing clothes that were foreign, expensive, and not durable.

In the times of the old Saxon kings before the Conquest, the women were great adepts at spinning, and even the noble ladies would often be seen sitting with their daughters and servants engaged in this useful occupation. The clothes, too, though we should think them strange, were simple, and not unbecoming.

(*Norman Costumes—Bishops and Lords.*)

The Normans introduced a more gorgeous but less sensible style of dress, though you may be surprised to hear that the men, especially the nobles, dressed more grandly than the women, wearing massive rings and chains of gold, and golden circlets for the brow, and richly ornamented girdles.



After the time of William the Conqueror, furs continued to be worn, but chiefly as trimmings, by both ladies and gentlemen.

In France, at one time, the skin of the beaver was much worn for gloves and cloaks, and beaver hats were used in England at the time of Henry IV. and Chaucer, but were not manufactured here till the reign of Charles I. This skin is still much valued in Russia. Beavers were formerly often seen in England, especially in the eastern counties, and so abounded in the south-east of Yorkshire, that one town, Beverley, is named after them. I suppose you know that most of the furs now used come from the north of Asia and the north-east of North America.

About the time of Henry I., cloth mantles lined with fur were worn by the rich, and one was presented to the king by the Bishop of Lincoln which cost one hundred pounds, a sum equal to several hundreds of the present money. The boots then worn were extremely ridiculous, having very long and pointed toes, often twisted like a ram's horn, or sometimes resembling the tail of a scorpion. As for gloves, they were not worn, except by the king and a

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few nobles; but the ladies did pretty well without, for their sleeves were so long and wide as completely to conceal their hands. The sleeves would often be worn hanging down a yard deep. It soon became the fashion to adorn gloves with jewels as well as embroidery. About one hundred years later the ladies adopted gloves.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

A SHEPHERD once had a dog whom he used to take very much into his confidence, for the intelligent animal seemed to understand everything that was said to him, and some things, as you will see, that were not intended for his ears. His master was once going to a place some miles away from his home, and said to his mother the night before he started, 'I won't take Hector to Bowerthorpe with me.'

'O, no,' said his mother; 'leave him at home; I like to have the dog with me.'

When his master started on his journey, Hector was nowhere to be found. The river that had to be crossed was so swollen by rain that the shepherd was obliged to go a long way round; but when he reached the other side, there sat Hector among the rushes. He had caught the name of the place to which his master was going, and started off to swim over, undeterred by the expanse of water that had to be crossed.

THE WHITE RABBIT.

(*Continued from page* 90.)

THE next day Arthur and John, who were both very clever with their tools, made a nice house for the rabbit, and when all was finished they put in Master Bunny, and gave him a nice hay bed in one corner, and put a saucer of water, some parsley, and a carrot in another, which they called his pantry; then John declared he looked as much at home as if he had lived there all his life.

Bunny was soon a great pet in the family, and became quite as friendly with the other children as with Arthur. When the day was wet and they were obliged to stay in the house, John would bring it up to the schoolroom, where they could play with it; and when the weather was fine, they often let it out to have a merry scamper with them in the garden; but it was not always easy to get it to go home again, even Arthur's voice sometimes failed in coaxing it out of the cabbage-beds; they all thought this great fun, for then they had a regular game of hide and seek with Bun, who sometimes gave them hard work to find him at all, and seemed to enjoy the play quite as much as they did.

The first of August was Arthur's birthday, and Mrs. Allen allowed the children to ask

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Charlie and Willie North, and Sophia and little Robert Barton, to spend the day. It was arranged that they were all to walk to the top of Nut-wood Hill, and bring their dinner with them in baskets.

It was a lovely day. The little guests came in good time, and the whole party set off for the hill.

After dinner they played hide and seek, and hounds and hares, and many other games, in which Mr. and Mrs. Allen joined. Mrs. Allen took Robert by the hand, and running with her, the little fellow enjoyed it much more than he would have done alone; and when he was tired, she made him sit down with her, and told him stories while the others ran on.

At last they were all tired enough to be glad to sit down and rest before going home. The walk home was very pleasant, and after a good tea they all felt rested. In the evening the children went out in the garden to show their new pet to their little friends. Bunny was greatly admired. Robert begged to have him in his arms for a minute, but Bun took advantage of his loose grasp to make his escape; with a sudden spring he was down on the ground, and then away among the bushes as fast as his legs could carry him.

Robert looked quite frightened for fear Bun was gone for ever; but the others only laughed, and said they would soon catch him again. This was not such an easy matter, however; the rabbit ran so fast, darting in and out through the trees of the pretty shrubbery: sometimes he would sit quite still under a bush till one of them came up to him, and then, just as they were sure he was caught, away he ran, often passing so close to the others that there were continual exclamations of—'I have him!' followed by shouts of merry laughter at the failure of the attempt made to seize him.

At last Bunny seemed to think they had all had enough of this game, and ran straight into his little house, the door of which Robert held temptingly open. The moment the rabbit was fairly in, the little fellow made him a prisoner, shutting the door with a shout of joy. Then the children were glad to go into the house and finish the evening with quiet games.

The next morning, when the boys went out to feed Bun, they were surprised and frightened to find his house open, and their pet gone!

'How can he have got out, and where can he be?' said Arthur, when he had called 'Bunny, Bunny,' several times in vain. 'I suppose he will give us another hunt for him like last night.'

But they had not long to seek, for after looking about for a few minutes through the shrubbery, Mary exclaimed, 'O! I see him lying far in under this thorny bush; but what can be the matter? he does not stir; and O, Arthur, there is blood on him! come quickly and take him out.'

Arthur came up at once, and putting his hand in through the bush, lifted the rabbit up carefully. Their poor pet was quite dead! It was plain the cat had taken advantage of the door of his house not being properly secured, and dragged him out and killed him. The children were greatly distressed, the little girls burst into tears, and ran in sobbing to tell their father and mother what had happened; while Arthur and John went to look for Mistress Puss, declaring they would certainly punish her well for what she had done.

They soon found her sitting before the kitchen fire, looking as innocent as if she had never seen the rabbit in her life. Arthur seized her at once, and there is no doubt she would have got a good beating, but that at this moment the boys heard their father calling them; they went immediately to the breakfast-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Allen were waiting for them, having just heard the story of their trouble from Bessie and Mary.

'My dear boys,' said Mr. Allen when they entered, 'we are so sorry for you; but what are you doing with puss, Arthur? I did not think you would care much for her after the mischief she has done.'

'I do not care for her, papa; I hate her; she is a nasty, cruel thing, and we are going to beat her for killing poor Bunny.'

'Let her go for the present, at all events,

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and come to your breakfast,' replied his father; 'meanwhile we can talk about what ought to be done to her.'

Arthur let the cat go rather unwillingly.

'Well, now,' said Mr. Allen, 'we will talk about puss, and what punishment she deserves. You all know it is a cat's nature to kill birds and rabbits as well as rats and mice. Now if puss kills a rat she is praised for it, and called a good cat, because we are glad to get rid of the rats; but she only kills them for the same reason that she killed poor Bunny. Then do you think it is quite fair to praise her for following her instinct in one case, and punish her for it in another, when she knows no difference of right or wrong between them? And as to charging her with cruelty, my boy, I think we can hardly do that with justice, unless we charge ourselves in the same way. We must not be too hard on puss. What do you think, children, will you forgive her, and let her go free? or are you still determined to beat her?'

'No, papa,' replied Arthur and John at once; 'we will try and forgive her, since she did not know the mischief she was doing, nor how sorry we should be for poor Bun.'

'And to punish her would not bring Bun back to life,' added Bessie; 'so we must just try to be more careful ourselves if ever we get another pet.'

'Quite right, dear,' said her mother, 'and you will all feel much happier in showing mercy than in taking revenge, which injures ourselves even more than the person or thing we take revenge upon, for it strengthens and gratifies one of the lowest and worst feelings of our evil nature.'

'But we will never forget Bun,' said Mary, 'we were so fond of him, and he was such a beauty. I think we ought to bury him at the foot of the old lime-tree in the end of the garden.'

The other children thought this would be a very good place; and when Arthur had buried Bun, Bessie brought a beautiful wall-flower from her garden to plant over him; and Mary brought some snowdrop roots to make a border round the place, so that, as they said, there might be flowers there in summer and winter. AUNT EMILY.

Key to Puzzle Page.

NO. VI.

Sumatra is the largest of the Sunda *Isles*, which separate the *Indian* Ocean from the China *Sea*. The country is mountainous. The largest *rivers* are on the east coast. The *forests* yield fine *fruit* and *spices*. *Camphor*, *cotton*, and sweet *potatoes* are also obtained. The animals include the *panther*, *rhinoceros*, *tiger*, and many kinds of *monkeys*. *Serpents* are also found.

Answers to Bible Questions in May.

SEVERAL very excellent papers in answer to our Scripture Questions in May have been received. Many of our young Bereans have displayed most commendable intelligence and perseverance in their Scripture searching. On the whole, however, the average standard has not been so high as on former occasions. We have received a greater number of meagre or careless answers, though the majority show painstaking industry and thought.

The first prize was gained by FLORENCE E. BLEBY, Tufnell Park, aged 13.

The second by HERBERT W. HORWILL, Jersey, aged 14.

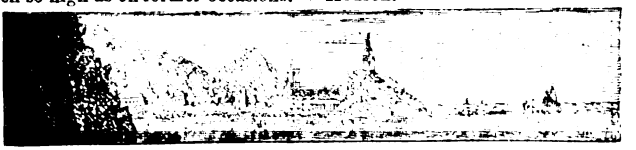
Excellent papers were sent by the following, the first four coming very near the prize:

Jane T. Badcock, T. L. Ford, Jessie Ward, L. W. Thomas, Jane Goulding, Ezra Dunham, Emily M. Phillips, Henrietta Bailey, Sarah Williams, Clara Dingley, Amy J. Swain.

The special prize for competitors under twelve was gained by ROSE E. HOGSFLESH, Lewes, aged 10.

Exceedingly good papers were also sent by the following under that age:

Fanny A. Sanders, A. H. Griffey, A. Sanderson, Sara M. Lippiatt, L. Sprott, Mabel L. Davis, G. F. Hodson.



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is a

shaped island lying to the S. of Hindostan

It belongs to

Precious

are more abundant here than anywhere else The pearl

ery is very important. The country is

watered and

Amongst its productions are

tama coffee

tobacco and

The most remarkable

is Adams

where is a mark like a huge

print, which the natives believe was left by one of their

many fine

and

temples

attract

to the

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AUGUST, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

Little Gerty.

See page 114.

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LITTLE GERTY.

Little Gerty, stepping lightly
(In thy tiny, childish glee)
Where the water, shining brightly,
Seems but as a bath for thee.
Gaily smiling, void of care,
Playing in the sunshine fair.

Pretty Gerty, never heeding
How the golden moments fly,
Reckless thou that time is speeding,
And that clouds may dim thy sky:
Little dancing, merry fay,
Listen to my warning lay.

Clouds *may* gather, and above thee
Lightnings flash and thunder roll;
And the billows of yon bright sea
Rise in wrath, beyond control,
Till in darkness grim and gray
Ends thy joyous summer day.

All in vain my talk; the fairy
Turns her head in mocking guise,
And with gesture light and airy
Looks into my solemn eyes;
Laughing in the wildest glee,
At my lecture, *and at me.*

Little Gerty, in its seeming
Life looks very fair to thee;
May thy happy golden dreaming
Last as long as life shall be:
Radiant sky and verdant shore
Greet thy gaze for evermore.

And the Author of all beauty,
He Who bade the children come,
Keep thee in thy faith and duty,
Till He calls thee to His home:
This, my Gerty, bright and free,
Is my earnest prayer for thee.

HELENE CRICKMAUR.

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SKELETONS.

It was plain enough that Nathan was likely to have a long fever, and amid all the anxiety for his recovery, Barbie could see that her father thought, with a discouraged heart, of the necessity of having help in his place, and of the doctor's bill that would have to be paid out of the small profits of the farm. Cousin Roxy, with her accustomed thoughtfulness, sent Susan over to stay a couple of weeks, and her helpful fingers seemed to lift half the burden from them all.

One afternoon, as Barbie was watching her cousin, busy with a pretty bit of crocheting, she said, regretfully:

'I wish I could do such things, but there's always so much other work to be done.'

'You might earn money by it,' said Susan. 'There's one thing Dell Ayres showed me how to do, that she says is all the rage, and you might make lots of money by it. They call it *skeletonizing* plants, because they look just like skeletons when they're done—just like the skeletons of the leaves, with all the green pulp out, and white as snow.'

'Is it easy to do?' asked Barbie, eagerly.

'I should think so. She gave me a book of directions; but I don't care for flowers.'

Barbie *did* like flowers; but the great charm to her was the prospect of earning money. She began to think what she would do with it, but got no further than to decide to pay the doctor's bill, and then left it to give Nathan a glass of lemonade.

The book of directions proved very explicit, and after a few failures, Barbie hit upon a class of tough-fibred plants that made admirable specimens, and her little scheme prospered finely. She prepared some that were really very beautiful, and the doctor good-naturedly offered to carry them to the city for her when he went to attend the medical convention. So the delicate things were carefully prepared for the journey, and

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Barbie walked down to the Corner and gave them with her own hands into the doctor's keeping.

'They'll break very easily,' she ventured to say as she gave up the precious box.

'Yes, yes, I know,' said the doctor; 'I'll carry them as carefully as if they were babies.'

And then Barbie had done all she could, and so she went home to dream about it.

Nathan was sitting in grandma's arm-chair, enjoying the cool air after the long, sultry day. His big hands looked white enough now, and it did Barbie's heart good every day to see what a comfort his slippers were to him.

She sat down by him and told him about her walk, and what the doctor had said.

'I've been sick a long time,' said Nathan. 'I was thinking about it while you was gone. I remember just how I felt that first day, and all about it.'

Barbie blushed, but she said, quickly:

'I remember, too. I was cross to you that morning, Nathan, but it'll never happen again. I've promised myself that.'

Barbie spoke confidently and proudly; but Nathan seemed uneasy, and kept turning over the leaves of a little book he held in his hand. At last he spoke suddenly:

'Barbie, I've thought a good deal since I've been sick, about my getting angry, and about some other things. I've tried hard, sometimes, to be good, but it never seemed to amount to anything; I'd go and spoil it all directly.'

Nathan waited a minute, but Barbie didn't say anything, so he went on:

'I told mother all about it one day, and she said a great many things—I can't remember all, but it seemed to help me at once. One thing was what you said just now, about promising *myself* to do better. She said it didn't do much good to promise *ourselves*, unless we promised God too, and got Him to help us about it. I did it that very day, Barbie; I promised Jesus.'

Nathan's voice trembled a little, but he said this very firmly, and with a smile on his thin, pale face. Barbie did not say a word. She sat with her face half-turned away, the tears dropping silently upon the hands that were folded in her lap.

'And she told me,' said Nathan, presently, 'that she didn't suppose God got discouraged about us because we made some mistakes, and didn't grow quite so fast as we ought. I've been wanting to tell you about it ever since, Barbie, but I didn't know how to do it, because you're a great deal smarter 'n I am.'

Barbie didn't know how to answer Nathan. She felt in her heart that he was right, and that her trouble was the same as his. She had only promised *herself*, and neither sought nor wanted any other help. She got up from her seat at last, kissed her brother, and whispered softly:

'I'll try, Nathan; I'll promise Jesus, too.'

It was nearly a week before the doctor made his appearance at Riverside again.

'Well, Barbie,' he began, very deliberately, 'about what did you reckon those skeletons were worth?'

'I didn't quite know,' said Barbie. 'I thought as much as ten dollars, perhaps;' but the sum seemed so large, after she had named it, that she was prepared for disappointment.

'Well,' said the doctor, 'I'll tell you the whole of the story. The cars were pretty well crammed, and just after we started a fidgety kind of a female came and dropped down into the seat beside me. I'd just laid the box on the seat to read my paper, and I made sure she'd smashed it, and I spoke up pretty sharp: "You're sitting on my box, ma'am! you'll ruin me if you break those skeletons."

'"What!" says she, with her eyes as round as saucers; "what did you say was in the box?"

'"Skeletons, ma'am," I said; and it did me good to see how scared she was. "I'm going down to the medical convention."

'She went out of that seat quicker'n she came in.

'"O dear!" she said; "I wouldn't sit near that box if I had to stand up all the way to Philadelfy."

'She made such a noise that the conductor

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came along. When I could speak for laughing, I told the conductor what was in the box, and undid the cover to show him. One lady fairly went into raptures over them—said she never saw anything so lovely in her life. I told her a little girl up among the mountains made them, and that she wanted to sell them. Just before we got to the city, the gentleman who was with her came and wanted to buy the whole lot. He offered me twenty-five dollars—five dollars apiece for the specimens—and I didn't s'pose I should do any better, so I took it.'

The doctor got up and laid the cash on Barbie's lap. She sat looking at him a moment, like one in a dream, trying to make it seem possible that such wonderful good fortune had really come to her.

After the doctor had gone, she gathered up the money and ran to tell Nathan.

A TALK ABOUT THE DRESS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

CHAPTER II.

I DARE say you remember that Henry II. was often called Curtmantle; this was because he introduced into England a short cloak, or 'court manteau,' as it was called in Anjou. I think these mantles must have looked very grand, for they were thickly studded with half-moons and stars of solid silver, in imitation of the heavens, and sometimes the stars, etc., were actually of gold.

King Edward I. was a wonderful contrast to his weak-minded and extravagant father, Henry III., consequently during his reign dress was plainer and more reasonable in style, and ridiculous fashions were less numerous. He never wore the crown after his coronation-day, and being once asked why he did not wear richer apparel, he replied,—It was absurd to suppose he could be more estimable or worthy in fine than in simple clothing. His good wife, too, Queen Eleanor, wore her hair streaming naturally upon her shoulders and unadorned

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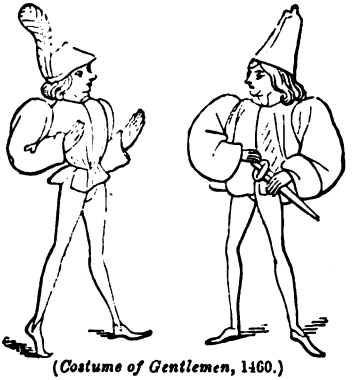
in any way. Most ladies at this time wore a hair net, which stood out a long way from their cheeks, a band or whimple round their foreheads with a veil attached, and a wide band or gorget wrapped closely under the

(*Costumes, 12th Century.*)

chin and reaching up to the band. It was placed so firmly as to appear nailed on, and must, I think, have made the good ladies look as though they were suffering from the tooth-ache, and were obliged to wrap the face up for warmth.

Edward III., like his grandfather Edward I.,

(*Costumes of the Reign of Henry V.*)



(*Costume of Gentlemen, 1460.*)

set an example of simplicity in dress which, unfortunately, his nobles were generally unwilling to imitate; indeed, a famous monk says: 'The Englishmen followed so much the folly of strangers, that every year they changed them in diverse shapes and disguisings of clothing, now long, now large, now wide, now strait (or narrow); and another time short clothes, and so strait-waisted with full sleeves and tippets (or capes) of surcoats and bodies, over long and large, all so jagged and knib on every side, and all so shattered and also buttoned, that I with truth shall say, they seem more like to evil spirits, than they seem to be like men.' It was during Edward III.'s reign that the English first began to wear mourning on the death of a relative, but brown as well as black was used. One of the greatest fops of England was certainly Richard II., — a thorough contrast, you see, to his wise grandfather, Edward III.,—and during his reign the

(*Costume of the Middle Classes, 15th Century.*)

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fashions were most absurd; for instance, everything was made of two distinct colours, so that one-half of a man was clothed in scarlet, and the other in black, or one-half in black, and the other in white.

Chaucer, the poet, lamented much the unnecessary expense of dress, saying, 'It increased the vanity of the people, and made everything so dear that the whole nation suffered in consequence.' Gold or silver girdles were now worn, and the king had a coat which cost thirty thousand marks, or £20,000, so profusely was it adorned with jewels. Sleeves were made so long and wide that they sometimes reached to the ground; they were called 'pokys,' and were considered very convenient by dishonest people, who hid away under them what they had stolen. The ladies' dresses had very long trains, even longer than they wear now. A tract was written about them, entitled, *Against the Tails of the Ladies*. During the reign of Henry IV. strict laws were passed forbidding ermine or miniver to be worn, excepting by the nobility, the Queen's ladies, the wife of a mayor, and the principal attendant on a duchess or countess. Wide sleeves and other things relative to dress were forbidden also; but such laws generally proved useless, for people then, as now, *would* dress just as they chose, whatever the consequence.

One peculiarity of dress in the reigns of Henry V. and Edward IV. would strike us as being very ridiculous,—the extreme length of the boots. This was at last considered such a serious evil that the wearers of enormous toes were excommunicated; and a later fashion was to make the shoes almost as broad as long, so you may imagine what clumsy figures they were. In spite of laws and excommunications, however, the long toes were not quite abolished till the time of Henry VII. That cruel usurper, Richard III., was remarkably fond of splendid clothing; and on his coronation-day took care to look as imposing as possible in his robes of purple velvet, and of crimson, trimmed with ermine and adorned with gold; and even on the battle-field at Bosworth, in Leicester, where he was killed, he wore a kind of crown.

CHARLIE'S LETTERS.

NO. I.

Dear Uncle Alfred,—You said I must write the first letter. I don't know that I can: at any rate not much of a letter; I never wrote a *real* letter before in all my life. Last winter we played 'Post Office' one evening at Harry Day's house, and had to write on little bits of paper with a pencil. But that was only a make-believe. Mother says I shall never have a better chance to try, and I must begin some time. She says, 'Write what you want to say, just as if you were talking to Uncle Alfred.'

That's what I've tried to do two or three times, and then tore it up. It is easy enough talking when you are here, as I can *see* you. That always makes me think of so many things I want to tell you and ask you about, so I have been trying to make-believe you are here now. Pa has just come home from meeting, and his face almost shines. I knew something had happened the moment he opened the door. Before he could shut it he said, 'Good news for the Bible-class.' What do you think it was? Harry Day was there—he's only eight weeks older than I am—and he got up and said he was trying to be a Christian, and thought he had been converted, and he asked them to pray for him. I wish I had been there, for he is one of my very best friends, and I never heard a boy speak in meeting.

Thursday morning, January 6.—O, my dear uncle, how I wish I could see you now! but I can't, and I can't write much either, but I *am* trying real hard to be a Christian; I mean, a different kind from what I was.

Harry Day went away just before Christmas to spend the holidays with his cousin, George Jones. And they were having meetings there, and a good many young folks

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were converted, and George and Harry too. He didn't get back till Tuesday afternoon. That's the reason I didn't know anything about it till pa told us.

That night I couldn't go to sleep for a long while. I saw it was high time I was converted and beginning to be a true Christian. I never felt so before in all my life—such a sinner, and not a heart-Christian at all. But I did pray in real earnest, and I tried to trust in Christ, and I *promised Him everything*. After that I felt better, and went to sleep.

The next day, yesterday, I told some of the boys at school it was time to begin to be Christians, and I had *made up my mind*. And last night after meeting, pa let me go to stay all night with Harry. We prayed together in his room, and he told me all about how it happened at his cousin's. We talked about the letters too, and the Bible-class. And we promised each other to be *true heart-Christians*, because that is what we need the most.

But to-day—*I know I am not right yet*—I feel a great deal better than I did Tuesday night, but the wrong things inside keep coming up, and they almost slip out on my tongue, unless I am watching every minute; at any rate, I am not like pa yet, so happy and full of *good* feelings all the time. I can see he has something I have not got yet. I have talked with him, and he is very glad, and gives me advice. But he says you became a very happy Christian when you were eleven years old, and so you know just what I need, and will tell me in the next letter.

TWO ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

GRANDMA'S needle is unthreaded,
Just the very thing she dreaded!
Now she cannot do her mending,
For her trouble seems unending.
To thread it, long she vainly tries,
For needles will have such small eyes!
Now comes a footstep on the stair,
Eagerly grandma asks, 'Who's there?'
Hopes it's Gretchen. Yes! she's right,
Now her work will be done to-night,
Gretchen can soon perform the task.
Grandmamma stoops to hear her ask,
'Grandma, isn't it strange that you
Can't do everything I can do?'
'Yes, love! An hour I now can save
Because of the kind help you gave,
Your frock will sooner mended be
Because you lent me eyes to see.
How two succeed where one would fail,
I'll show you by a little tale:—

A lame boy drew out of harm's way
A poor blind man he met one day,
Each felt much pity for the other,
So each resolved to help his brother.

"See," said the lame boy to his friend,
"I am too weak thee to defend,
But thou hast shoulders broad and strong,
And thou canst carry me along.

"My weakness thou shalt not despise,
I'll be to thee instead of eyes;
I will tell thee the way to go,
And danger thou shalt never know."

So on the blind man's broad, firm back
Sat the misshapen living pack,
And then together went the two
As neither by himself could do.

We often long for others' powers,
Perhaps they too would envy ours;
Let us each other's talents share,
Nor discontentedly compare.'

G. M. A.

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See page 119.

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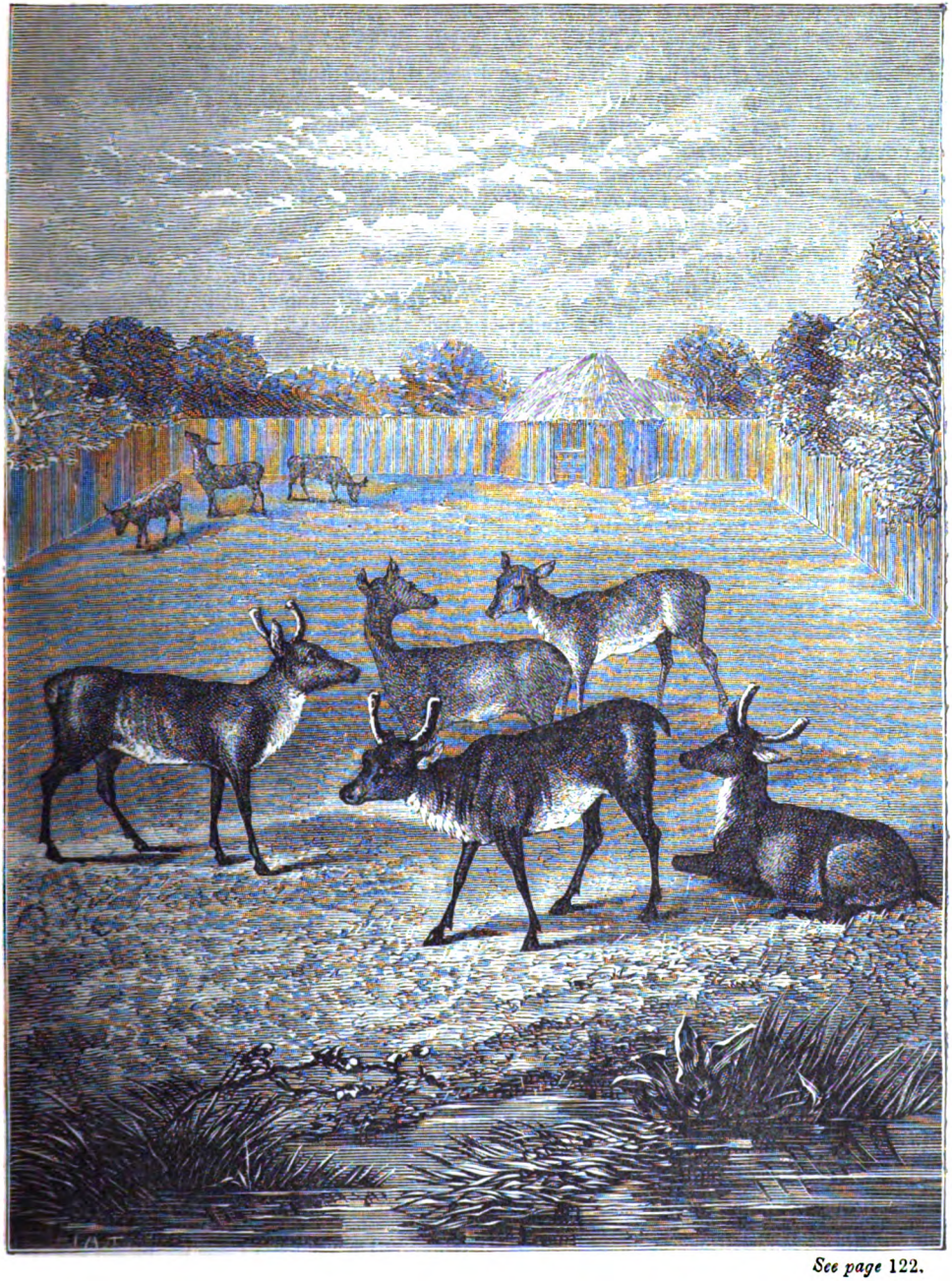

See page 122.

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THE PARK WITH THE DEER.

When we were children, and lived in the country, our favourite walk used to be to Deer Park. Now, our park was not like some of the stiff London gardens which are the only pleasure-grounds our little town readers have. How I should like to take some of you to our parks. I says parks, for there were two, the old and the new. The first was a delightful old enclosure, more like a wood than a garden. There were tall old trees, and beneath them a tangled undergrowth of ferns and flowers, with a large hole here and there, which we used to dignify by the name of 'dells,' where we found wild flowers and fir cones. Then there was one steep green slope, which seemed to create in the mind of every one who passed it, at least of every child, an irresistible desire to run down at full speed, in spite of the warning notice-board—which, however, could not be read, unless you went down to it,—with its statement, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted.'

Yet the new park was always my favourite, for it possessed one attraction which far outweighed the delights of the other. This was—the park with the deer.

I had never before seen these graceful animals, and I shall never forget with what pleasure we used to watch their rapid movements as they would bound lightly across the path in single file, when an approaching footstep startled them. How I wished the pretty, timid creatures would not be afraid of us: I should so much have liked to stroke their sleek, spotted sides. These deer seemed to be well cared for, and they had a nice little house and compound where they were glad to shelter at night and in cold weather. Sometimes deer suffer very greatly from hunger in the winter. When the grass is covered with snow, and they cannot find food themselves, if their owners are too thoughtless to provide food for them, these fragile animals fare very badly. A kind gentleman, who belonged to the noble Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, once sent a man round to several gentlemen with hay to feed the neglected deer. Some of the owners were very much obliged to him, and I hope his kindness made them more considerate in future; but others gruffly told him to mind his own business, that deer were not protected by the statute. They meant that if the law did not expressly forbid cruelty to deer, they had not sufficient sense of right or kindness to care for their welfare. Many of these animals die from starvation. Now, we know, all our young friends will feel very indignant when they hear this, but we hope they will look at home, and take good care that they never neglect their own pets.

E.

BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

VII.—JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

A little girl, twelve years old, lay dying. There was no hope for her, the doctors said. They had done all they could, and the disease would have its own way; it would kill her. But the little girl's father—his name was Jairus—did not give up hope. He did not think he knew better than the doctors. He was as sure as they were no *man* could cure her. But God could do what man could not.

Jesus Christ was in the neighbourhood. The poor father went to Him, knelt down, and prayed Him to come to his house and cure his sick daughter. Jesus at once started for the house, and Jairus and the disciples, with a great crowd beside, followed Him. By and by, messengers came to Jairus and told him, 'Thy daughter is dead;' and they said, too, that it was no use bringing Jesus to her. But Jesus went on. And He cheered the sorrowful father by saying to him, 'Be not afraid, only believe.' Perhaps Jairus wondered what even Jesus could do for him now that his child was no longer alive. When

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Jesus reached the house, the people were crying because the little girl was dead. He told them, 'she is not dead, but sleepeth.' He did not mean that she was not really dead, but that He could call her back to life again, just as easily as you could wake any one out of sleep. The people laughed at Him; they were sure she was dead, and they did not think what He meant. They did not know, as we do, that Jesus Christ is God. But they knew that He was at least a Prophet, and that He had worked many miracles. They had no right to laugh at Him; it was wicked.

But Jesus did not punish them. He only made them go out of the room. He allowed no one to stay, except Peter and James and John, and the little girl's father and mother. Then He took the dead child's hand, and said to her, 'Maid, arise;' and the spirit that had left the body came back to it, and the little girl rose from her bed, and walked about. How surprised every one must have been! and how thankful Jairus and the mother must have been! Jesus told them to give their daughter something to eat, that they might see that she was just the same as she was before she was ill. And then He went away, leaving the family full of wonder and gladness.

As we read this story of what Jesus did when He was upon earth, we cannot help thinking how kind and how mighty He was. And we know He is just as good and strong now He is in heaven as He was then. And He loves us just as much as He did the people among whom He lived. And He is as ready and able to hear us when we pray to Him, as He was to hear Jairus. That we cannot see Him makes no difference at all. He can see us, and knows exactly what we want, and what is good for us to have. So we can tell Him our troubles, as Jairus did.

Last month you and I talked together about 'helping the strong.' Now we see how we can help everybody who wants help. The dying child could do nothing for herself, and her friends could do nothing for her themselves. But her father could ask Jesus to help. And we can always do that; we can always ask Jesus to help those whom we cannot help in any other way. You would like the heathen children to be taught the Bible. You cannot give much money to the Missionaries; but you can pray for them. And God will listen to you. You wish very much that your companions loved Jesus. Perhaps you cannot say a great deal to them, but you can pray a great deal for them.

I knew a little girl whose father was very ill. When she knelt down by her mother's knee to pray, before she went to bed, she said of her own accord, 'O God, please make my dear papa well again soon.' And God did make her papa well again. I read the other day of a boy about seven years old, who lived with his mother in one room in a crowded London street. They were very poor, and the mother could hardly earn enough by sewing to find food for them both. The mother fell ill. Soon all the coals were used up. All the bread was eaten. All the money was spent. One evening the boy, hungry and cold, sat watching his mother, and wishing for fire and food. Then the thought came into his mind that God could give them both. He knelt down and prayed the only prayer he knew—the Lord's Prayer. And he said, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' with all his heart. God heard him; and sent a kind lady to him, who soon put some meat upon the table, and some coals into the grate, and found medicine for the sick woman.

When we pray for such things as these, we may be quite sure God hears us; but we cannot be quite sure God will give us just what we ask for. Because He is wiser than we are, He may see that it would not be well for us to have exactly what we wish. So we should always add to such prayers, 'if Thou wilt;' and mean that as much as any other part of the prayer. We may be certain if God does not answer us as we expect, He has the very best reasons for refusing. Let us remember this, whether we pray for ourselves or for others.

And we have a great advantage over Jairus. He had to leave home and seek for Jesus, and then bring Him to the room where his

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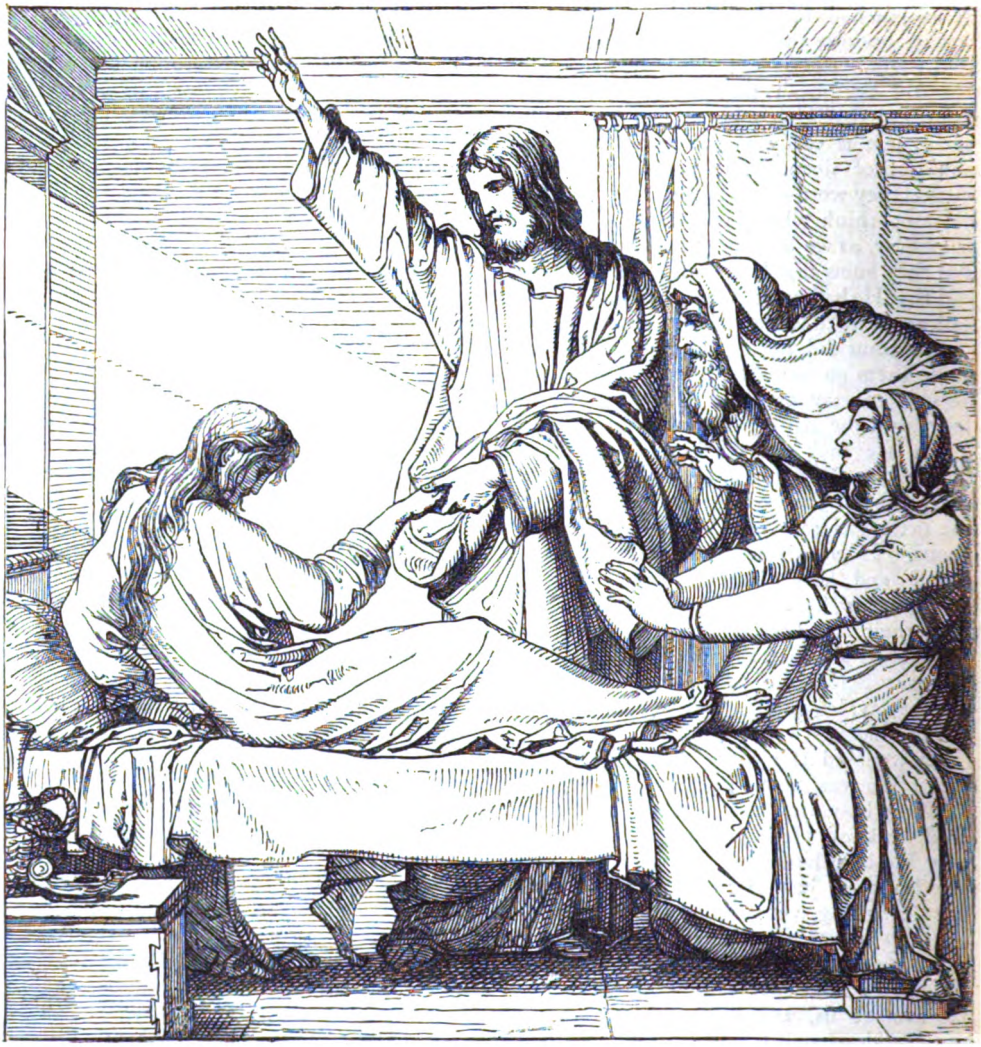

poor daughter lay. But Jesus is always close to us. We can pray to Him from any place, and at any time. And He does not need to come where we are or where we want Him to help, for He is there already, because He is everywhere.

THE VILLAGE LADS.

As Uncle George passed through the village of Linton one day, he saw Mrs. Wilson, the farmer's wife, endeavouring to drive three sheep into a field. But these sheep seemed to have made up their minds to give Mrs. Wilson as much trouble as they could,

[*Continued on page* 126.

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for they ran almost all ways but the right one, and sadly bothered the good farmer's wife.

Nothing more was needed to try Mrs. Wilson's temper; but, sad to say, only a little way off there were five village lads, who might have helped to get the sheep into the field—but what were they doing? Standing, with their hands in their pockets, laughing loudly at Mrs. Wilson's misfortune! Uncle George would have set those lads an example by helping the farmer's wife, but every moment was precious to him, as he was hurrying to catch the train. However, when he reached the lads, he said:

'Boys! whatever are you doing? Go and *help* the poor woman; don't *laugh* at her.'

But the lads laughed on, and Uncle George pursued his way, sorry to find the boys so thoughtless and unkind.

In our pathway through the world we shall often meet with those who are in difficulty of one kind or another; let us always be willing to help them.

Ridicule and harsh words are cruel. Kind *words* are good, but kind *actions* are better.

J. BRIGG.

NATURE'S WHISPERS.

VI.—THE ROSE-STOCK.

'WHY was I ever brought here?' cried a wild-rose stock, as it stood bare and leafless among a dozen or more beautiful trees of the same species, whose flowers, of every size and hue, breathed fragrance on the air of the bright summer morning. 'Why was I ever taken from my native hedge-row, where the bees sipped honey from my blossoms, and the butterflies sunned themselves among my branches?'

'And who are you?' said a beautiful white rose, as she bent gracefully forward.

'I am now a dried up, useless stick,' replied the stock; 'I *was* the beauty and pride of a country lane, my flowers the delight of the village children, and many a tired traveller as he passed by was refreshed by my soft fragrance. Those happy days are over for ever; my leaves, my flowers, my branches, all are torn from me; and to aggravate my troubles, I am placed here to be reminded by your life and beauty of what I was, and what I am.'

After the stock ceased speaking, there was a sorrowful pause among her hearers; then the white rose said:

'Do not be so cast down, my poor friend; you are not the only one thus afflicted. Look at me; I was once as you are; I am what you may be.'

The stock only answered sadly:

'It is impossible that your sorrows can have been as great as mine; I cannot think that my troubles make me any better, but worse.'

'Then trust,' said her companion; 'trust and wait.'

'Trust and wait!' echoed they all, and richer perfume seemed breathed from their many-coloured flowers; and the breeze caught up the sound, and bore it over hill and dale to a lovely wood, where a nightingale sat silent; and so beautiful seemed the words to the bird, that, springing upward to the loftiest bough of a stately elm, he turned them into music, and the sounds floated back again to the garden, and were echoed in the songs of the thrush and the linnet, till 'Trust and wait!' seemed whispered and warbled all round the stock.

'Do they all say so?' thought she; 'then I will try to do it.'

By and by a tiny graft was inserted by the gardener into her stem; but she scarcely noticed it.

'It makes little difference what they do with me now,' she thought; 'the old days can never return. Still, I will trust and wait.'

And so she did, till summer faded into autumn, and winter laid his icy hand upon the garden. The flowers hung their heads when they felt his cold breath, and the leaves fell sadly from the trees as the autumn wind warned them of his approach. The thrush and the nightingale were heard no more; but from the bare branches where

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they used to sing, the same words of hope came to the rose-stock in the shriller tones of the robin; for 'Trust and wait!' was the burden of its song also.

At last winter's icy reign was over; from the hard ground the snowdrop raised its modest head, and the pale, sweet faces of the primroses smiled among their broad leaves. To the stock, too, a change came; leaves decked her once bare stem, and new life seemed to thrill through every fibre.

'But my sweet blossoms are gone for ever!' she thought.

Still the returning swallows brought the same message as the nightingale and robin had before, for they twittered 'Trust and wait!' as they sported in the sunshine above her. All her companions sprang into flower at the musical call of June, but no bud appeared among her leaves; yet the stock was content, for she had almost learnt her lesson; and once more summer was succeeded by autumn, and autumn by winter. Winter fled at the approach of spring, and again all things were awaking into life. The rose-stock was covered with large, beautiful leaves, and among them, unknown to any but the dew-drops and the sunbeams, a tiny bud was growing. Each day it became larger and stronger, and yet so gradual was its growth, that the stock hardly knew of its existence. But one morning, when the sun was taking his first peep through the parted curtains of the east, she woke, and there, among her leaves, rested a lovely flower of deepest crimson, bathed in dew-drops, which the morning sunbeams were turning into a cluster of gems. For some minutes the tree (a wild-rose stock no longer) gazed in wondering delight at her beautiful offspring; then she turned towards her friend, the white rose, and whispered softly:

'Look at the end of all my *waiting*, the reward of all my *trust!*'

The white rose looked, and some say that the musical murmur among her leaves was only the morning breeze; but in reality she was murmuring to herself some words spoken many hundred years ago, which have been proved and doubted ever since then, and will be till the end of time: 'Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby.'

EDITH M. EDWARDS.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WALDEMAR OF GERMANY.

IT will interest our young readers, especially the boys amongst them, to hear from the very best authority, that of Herr Persius, the tutor of the late lamented Grandson of our beloved Queen, that this dear child loved and feared God from tender infancy. His tutor says: 'Nothing but joy and gladness had we in this dear child! One of the last sentences that riveted the sweet eyes of his young, devout spirit was the proverb of King Solomon, "*Even a child* is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." This saying we might take as the motto of his life.'

Thy parents' pride, thy royal mother's joy,
Thou noble Waldemar! their gentle boy.
Even as a child, thy work was pure and right,
Acceptable in thy Redeemer's sight;
Who in His love so softly whispered, 'Come
To Me, dear child! I'll take thee safely home.'

Though bitter tears thy early death has cost,
Thy sweet young life is but exhaled, not lost;
For while we mourn thy faded youthful bloom,
We hail thy time of fruit beyond the tomb.

What sad hearts listened to thy last '*Good-night!*'
But joyful eyes shall yet behold the sight
Of their dear boy, in his Redeemer's train,
With glad '*Good Morning!*' on his lips again.

R. R. T.

Key to Puzzle Page.

NO. VII.

Ceylon is a *pear*-shaped island, lying to the south of Hindostan. It belongs to *Great Britain*. Precious *stones* are more abundant here than anywhere else. The pearl *fishery* is very important. The country is *well* watered and *fertile*. Amongst its productions are *cocoa*, tamar*inds*, coffee, tobacco, and *indigo*. The most remarkable *mountain* is Adam's *peak*, where is a mark like a huge *foot*-print, which the natives believe was left by one of their *gods*. Many fine *ruins* and *cave* temples attract *travellers* to the *Island*.

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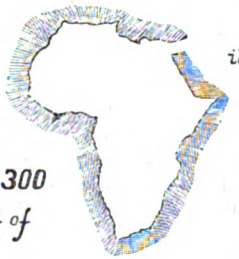
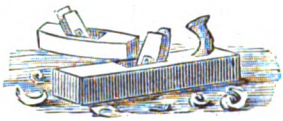
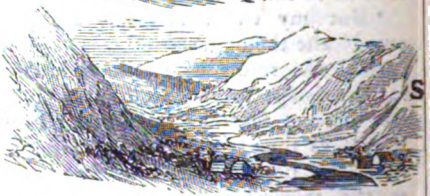


lies about 300 miles E. of its

mountains, fertile



and beautiful



make the scenery very

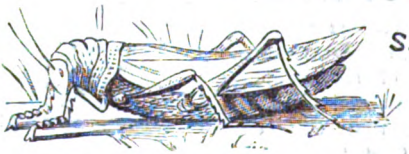
sque. The inhabitants were formerly

and persecuted the

but now many belong to the Christian

The

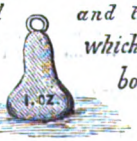
products are very numerous, but are often injured by



S.

There are very few wild animals. The most remarkable are a kind of

called the



and the lemur, which resembles both the

and the

The

and hump-backed

are kept in the

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SEPTEMBER, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

'Polish up old Bob's Shoes a bit, cos it's his Birthday.' *See page* 131.

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SAM'S LESSON.

The little village of Penwilt is an old non-descript watering-place. All children who go there are charmed with the donkeys, for which the place is famed. You seldom see such swift-footed, well-conditioned, well-cared for animals.

But to this happy state of things there used to be one exception. All the donkey-boys in Penwilt cried out at Sam Gwynn for the way in which he treated *his* donkey. It was a tall, gaunt animal, called Bob; and if well-cared for, might have looked as comely and handsome as its fellows. But it had no chance. All the winter, from dawn to dark, it might be seen dragging loads of seaweed, sand, or coal, much too heavy for its strength, and was urged on by the blows of its thoughtless master. During the summer months, Bob was always kept hard at work; and after the poor worn-out creature had drawn its last load for the day, Sam would give him a hasty rub with a handful of straw, thrust a shabby saddle on his back, and trot him down to the beach to earn a few pence by giving the children rides. It was true he did not earn much by this unmerciful treatment. Poor Bob cut such a sorry figure beside the other donkeys, with their clean saddle-cloths and red and blue rosettes, that it was only when there was no other available donkey that Bob's services were required. The strange part of it was, that Sam was not considered a hard-hearted fellow. No one thought him cruel, except his donkey.

One day, however, Sam got a lesson he never forgot. He was, as usual, driving poor Bob down the steep road that led to the sea. So occupied was he in urging on the tired animal, that he never noticed that he was being closely observed by a stout, gray-haired gentleman who was going down the same road. A few evenings after, Sam was sitting on a heap of stones, idly watching the people strolling up and down the beach. Bob stood beside him, with his heavy head hanging down, meekly enjoying the unwonted rest. Poor Bob! from his ragged ears to his rusty hoofs he presented a spectacle of misery. Suddenly the gray-haired gentleman before mentioned appeared close at Sam's elbow, and holding out his hand with an easy, familiar air, said in loud, cheery tones:

'Well, my lad, how d'ye do, how d'ye do? I've had my eye on you before to-day; yes, and on your donkey too.'

Sam's quick look of astonishment as quickly changed to one of sheepish annoyance as the gentleman mentioned the unfortunate Bob. 'Yes, yes,' continued he, '*I've* had my eye on him; no sooner did I see you and this animal of yours, than I said, "*This* is the very donkey for me,"' and he laid his plump right hand on Bob's lean neck. Sam's puzzled air returned, mingled with a look of sullen vexation, and muttering some words in an undertone, he was about to move off. 'No, no, my lad,' said the stranger, 'I can't lose sight of you yet; why, you and your donkey have put five pounds into my pocket to-day. Yes,' he went on, utterly disregarding Sam's uneasy look, 'I'll tell you all about it. A few days ago I came to Millchester to ask a friend of mine for a subscription towards a Home for poor children. He made me stay to dinner, and then began to tell me what a pretty place Penwilt was, and persuaded me to run over and see it. He particularly praised its donkeys—donkeys are just now a pet fancy of his. Well, he declared that, without exception, the donkeys here were well-fed, well-treated, and *never* over-worked. I asked him if they were *all* so well-cared for. He said, "Yes;" and being very anxious for me to see the place, told me to come over and see for myself, and if I could find one ill-kept, ill-fed, over-worked animal, he would double his subscription, which at first was £2 10*s*. Of course, I treated it as a joke, and came over just to see the place, and never thought again of his promise until I set eyes on your donkey. Then I suddenly remembered what my friend had said. "*Now* for the five pounds," cried I; for of all starved, miserable-looking donkeys, *this* is the worst I ever saw.' Then turning to Sam and putting his hand in his pocket, 'Here, my boy, it's only fair *you* should share my good fortune, since I owe it to you; here's a half-crown for you, for having the leanest, dirtiest, poorest, most wretched donkey in Penwilt, and'—

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but Sam could stand it no longer; with a muttered threat of vengeance he dashed away his tormentor's hand, sprang on Bob's back, and went up the hill in a style even that long-suffering animal was quite unused to.

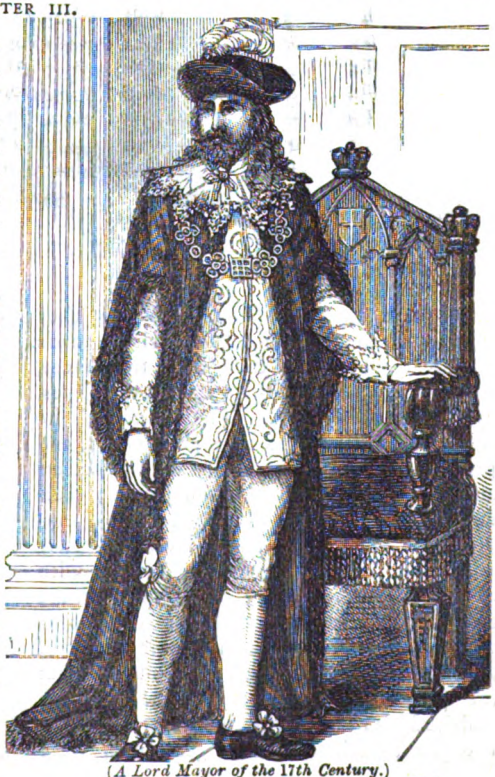
The gentleman looked after him with a kindly smile: 'The lad is not all bad,' said he, 'or he would not have felt it so keenly. I think it will do him good.' And it did. For almost a fortnight after this, Sam's donkey was never to be seen on the beach of an evening. When he did appear, a change for the better was apparent. There had been a rough attempt at polishing him up, and his ribs were not quite so staring. The fact was, Sam, like many richer boys, had never thought about the comfort of his beast. The strange gentleman's droll way of putting it, had opened his eyes to his own cruelty, and he never forgot the lesson. A year afterwards Sam might have been seen leading a glossy, well-conditioned donkey, with a bright new saddle, right up to Bill, the shoeblack boy, another celebrity of Penwilt. Much curiosity was felt by the other donkey-boys as to what he was about to do. This was soon made clear. 'Bill,' said he, 'I want you to polish up old Bob's shoes a' bit, cos it's his birthday; you won't mind, will you?' 'I'll do it and welcome, Sam,' said Billy, brush in hand; 'but what d'ye mean by saying it's his birthday?' 'Cos 'tis,' said Sam, doggedly; 'leastways 'twa this day twelvemonth as he first began to live a life worth living.' AID.

A TALK ABOUT THE DRESS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

CHAPTER III.

I DARESAY most of you have seen a Blue-coat boy in his long blue coat and yellow stockings; but perhaps you may not know that exactly the same kind of dress was worn in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, by apprentices and servant-men; and when at night they accompanied their master or mistress from one place to another, they walked in front, holding a lantern in the left hand, and carrying on the right shoulder a long club.

You have often seen the picture of Queen Elizabeth, so I need not describe to you the wonderful ruffs worn in her reign, and with a little variety for some time after, or the long, pointed waist and far-extending hoops. But I think the *most* curious fashion was that of the 'pinions,' which were high, stiff things rising up one from each shoulder. A writer in this reign says: 'The women have doublets and jerkins as the men have, buttoned up to the breast, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder-points, as man's apparel in all respects; and although this be a kind of attire proper only to a man, yet they blush not to wear it. Another time they have their silk scarfs cast about their faces and fluttering in the wind, with great lapels at every end, either of gold, or silver, or silk, which they say they wear to



(*A Lord Mayor of the 17th Century.*)

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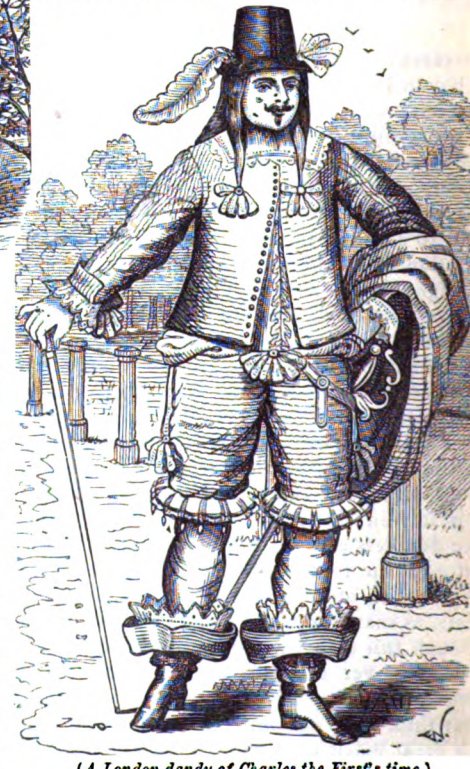
(*A Lady Mayoress of the 17th Century.*)

keep them from *sun-burning*. When they ride about, they have masks and visors, made of velvet, wherewith they cover their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look. Their fingers,' he adds, 'must be decked with gold, silver, and precious stones; their wrists with bracelets and amulets of gold and costly jewels; their hands covered with perfumed gloves, embroidered with gold and silver, and they must have their looking-glasses carried with them wheresoever they go. Some even are not ashamed to make holes in their ears, whereat they hang rings and other jewels of gold and precious stones.' I wonder what the poor man would say if he saw the multitudes of ladies who now wear ear-rings. I ought to tell you that gentlemen were vain enough to carry a looking-glass also, but they concealed their vanity in their pockets, while the ladies made no secret of it, but had it hanging at their sides, honestly in the sight of all beholders. The ladies also used a fan constantly, which had a handle about a yard long, and was sometimes found convenient to rap the knuckles of naughty children. How should you like your mamma to have one like it, with which to rap your knuckles? It is said that King James I. was so timid, and so constantly dreaded lest he should be stabbed, that he had all his clothing made very large and thickly padded or lined with cotton. You remember what a favourite the Duke of Buckingham was with James I. and his son Charles. Well, it is said that this foolish Duke was so fond of finery as to have at



(*A London dandy of Charles the First's time.*)

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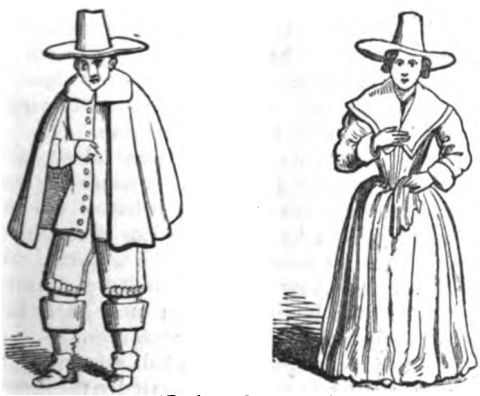
an evening party his clothes 'trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hatbands, cockades, and ear-rings: he was yoked with great and manifold knots of pearl; in short, manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels. When he went to Paris in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute; one of these was white velvet, set all over with diamonds, and cost fourteen thousand pounds. Moreover, his sword, girdle, and spurs were thickly ornamented with diamonds.'

Of course the gentry liked to dress as much like the nobility as possible; one of our pictures shows how a London dandy decked himself out in Charles the First's time. You see the men wore feathers in their hats in those days. A great contrast to these fine



(*Puritans*, 1646—1649.)

clothes was the severe simplicity of dress adopted by the Puritans.

After the Restoration there was a reaction in dress as in everything else, and very foolish fashions became popular at different times. One of the ugliest, as well as the most uncomfortable, was the tight-lacing that the ladies practised in the reigns of the Georges. Their very wide hoops made an unpleasant contrast, while ruffles were now worn dangling from the sleeves; altogether they must have looked most unbecoming.

(*Dresses of the Protectorate*, 1657.)

Now, dear children, I hope as you grow older you will show good sense in the matter of dress. Our own noble Queen and her royal daughters prove the true royalty of their minds, as well as their love for England, by the simplicity of their dress. And so one finds again and again, the really great and good are above making a display, and it is only those of little minds that attach undue importance to dress. It is the duty of every one to dress neatly, carefully, and in good taste. But remember, it is a sin to *waste* money upon *ourselves*, while hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures are dying for want of food and clothes. Remember, too, not to judge people from what they *wear*, instead of what they *are*, for a noble heart may beat under plain clothes.

LIZZIE.

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER VIII.—A GREAT VICTORY.

BARBIE'S good fortune made quite a sensation in the home circle, and Nathan immediately set his wits to work to try and contrive some way in which he could make some money, too. Even Davy brought out his tin savings bank, which held all the

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precious coins that 'had dropped through the chimney' since he was a year old. Now he was determined to count his hoard, and the little heap of coins was poured out on the kitchen table and counted. It was hard to convince Davy that there was a very small fortune—only about five shillings. He poured the money from one hand to the other, piled it up in little, shining pyramids, and all the time wore a very grave face.

'You had better, I think, let father have it,' said his mother; 'I guess he'll pay you interest.'

'Give it to me, Davy,' said Nathan, suddenly. 'I'll pay you ten per cent. interest.'

'I'll do it; but will you pay me back my money, too?'

'Yes, at the end of a year. I'll give you my note! like this, you know,' and Nathan wrote on a piece of paper—

'*Riverside, Aug. 1st*, 186—.

'One year after date I promise to pay to Davis G. Phillips, or bearer, the sum of five shillings, with interest at ten per cent.

NATHAN L. PHILLIPS.'

'There,' said he, folding it up and giving it to Davy, 'now you must keep that safely, and in one year from to-day you bring it to me and I'll pay you the money.'

Davy took the note, and went away to put it in grandma's upper drawer for safe keeping, and then came back looking grave and important.

Nathan sat by the window, slowly pouring the money from one hand to the other. Then he took down his scrap-book, and began to turn the pages slowly.

'What are you looking for?' asked Barbie.

'For that scrap I cut out of the paper that tells how to make chalk-crayons. They're real easy to make, and there's lots of profit in 'em. I always meant to try it, and I'm going to invest this money of Davy's in materials. But don't you tell, Barbie,' added Nathan, suddenly; 'I don't want too many folks to laugh at me, if I find I can't do it.'

'Of course I shouldn't tell,' said Barbie; 'but I'll help you, if it's anything a girl can do.'

'It's easy enough,' said Nathan, referring to his book. 'I can get the stuff at the Corners to make 'em, and then you roll each one in a strip of corn husk—the thin white husks that grow next to the corn. We can try white ones first, and then go on to coloured ones.'

The chalk was bought, and the manufactory was set up in Nathan's room, because Davy was sure to meddle, if he found it out.

The door had no lock, but Nathan contrived to fasten it by inserting a nail over the latch, which answered every purpose till one unlucky afternoon, when Cousin Roxy came up to see grandma, and brought Master Johnny with her. Grandma and Cousin Roxy sat by the north window, fanning themselves with turkey-feather fans, and talking over the family affairs. Barbie, at her own window just above, was in the middle of a story in a magazine.

Presently some little feet came racing up the stairs, and the children burst noisily into the room.

'Barbie,' said Davy, pushing up the flapping brim of his torn hat, 'gi' me a string for a whip lash. Can I have this?' and he gave a vigorous pull at one end of a roll of tape, scattering spools and work in every direction.

'O, Davy, do let my basket alone,' said Barbie, snatching it out of his hands; 'there isn't a thing here that you can have. Go and find Nathan; he always has lots of strings.'

'Nathan's gone down to the Corners,' said Davy. 'I know what,' he added pleasantly, 'I'll look in Nathan's room; most likely he's got a big ball of strings somewheres.'

At the further end of the hall, an open stairway of half-a-dozen steep stairs led to the garret. He stood on tiptoe and rattled the latch, but to his surprise the door would not open.

'It's locked,' suggested Johnny, as he drew back to examine it.

'O! they put a nail over the latch. I can pull that out standing on a chair,' said Davy, triumphantly.

After a few trials the nail was pulled out, and the two youngsters entered the room. They had entirely forgotten the errand that brought them there, and stood looking around with a great deal of curiosity.

'O my!' said Davy, walking around the great pine table, where the rows of white crayons were lying, ready to be enveloped with husk.

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Johnny promptly seized one and bit it in two. 'Taint candy at all,' he said, in a disappointed tone.

'Yes 'tis,' said Davy, tasting cautiously, 'only—only 'taint quite done; they have to put in the sweet'nin' and paint streaks on it.'

'Taint good, anyhow,' said Johnny, throwing it on the floor. 'O my! what sights of marbles!' he exclaimed, seizing a blue box.

'They're Nathan's, and he let's me play with 'em sometimes,' said Davy.

'I'll tell you,' said Johnny; 'let's set these white fings up in rows, and shoot at 'em with marbles.'

'Well,' said Davy.

The crayons were soon arranged in rows on the bare floor, and the boys took their places at opposite sides of the room and began to shoot at them. It was better fun than they had expected, for one crayon would usually carry down two or three in its fall, and they broke delightfully.

'They're 'most all killed!' shouted Johnny, in great glee.

Davy began to wonder a little what Nathan might say about it, when all at once something darkened the sunshine that came through the window at the farther end of the garret, and Davy looked up to see Nathan standing in the door.'

He stood there for one dreadful moment, with his lips compressed and his hands clenched tightly, while Johnny eyed him with a look of sullen defiance, and poor little Davy stood twisting his fingers together, too much frightened to say a word. It seemed to Nathan as if he dared neither to speak nor stir, but he did speak at last, so hoarsely that it frightened even Johnny:

'Go downstairs, both of you.'

The children scurried downstairs, and Nathan shut the door and surveyed the ruin of his hopes and plans. Nearly an hour later Barbie, who had learned the whole story from the penitent Davy, knocked softly at the door to summon her brother to supper.

'May I come in?' she asked.

He turned toward her with a long sigh, and such a tired look in his face it almost made her cry to see it. Barbie put her arms round Nathan's neck, saying, with a quivering voice:

'It was *too bad*, Nathan, after all the pains you have taken.'

'Yes,' said Nathan, drawing his hand across his face and trying to smile, 'it *was* too bad that I should let such a little thing upset me so completely.'

'I don't call it a *little* thing,' said Barbie; 'I don't see how anything could have been more provoking; and Davy says you didn't scold a bit.'

'I was angry, though,' said Nathan, 'O, so very angry, I felt as if I could throw them both out of the window or downstairs! I had to shut my teeth and clench my fists to hold myself.'

'But you did it, though—you kept it in, and I call that splendid; it was a real triumph.'

'Yes, I kept it in,' said Nathan; 'that was something gained; but then I don't think I had any right to be so angry, and I don't think I shall be next time.'

Then as they went down together to supper, Nathan said, hesitatingly, 'I want to tell you, Barbie, that before I got to the stairs, and heard the children talking, it all flashed over me what they were doing. I hadn't any time to think, but I just said, "*Help me!*" and I didn't seem to have to pray right up into heaven; it was only speaking to One close beside me. I'm sure He *did* help me.'

Barbie nodded her head with a bright smile, in token that she understood Nathan, and they went into the kitchen together.

BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

VIII.—DRAWN OUT OF THE WATER.

Look at our Bible-Picture. I am sure you will see at once what it is about. I showed it to some little people the other day, and they told me directly that the baby in the basket was Moses in the ark of bulrushes; the lady standing up with the handsome head-dress was Pharaoh's daughter; and the other women in the Picture were

[*Continued on page* 138.

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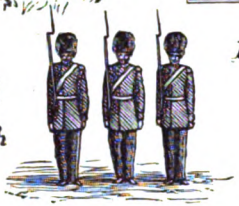
Our island lies S. of

It is strongly -ified,

and is garrisoned by British 

It has belonged successively to the

Saracens, Normans and in the 16th century to the

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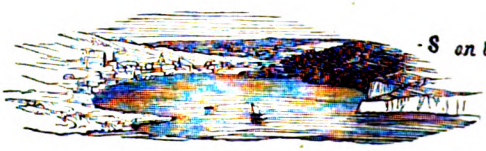
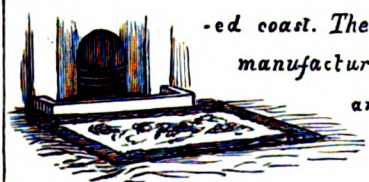
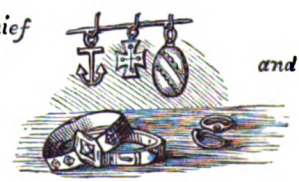
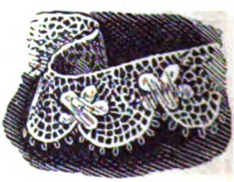
in one of the fine  -s on the

 -ed coast. The chief manufactures are  and 

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The Finding of Moses. *See page* 135.

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her maids. They knew, too, how Pharaoh's daughter, coming down to the river to bathe, had found the child in his strange cradle among the flags by the water's edge; and how Moses' mother had put him there to save him from being killed by the cruel king of Egypt. She did not leave him alone, his sister waited by the river-side, but the mother trusted that God would watch over him, and save his life somehow or other. And she was not disappointed.

Most of you know, I dare say, what became of that little baby. How, when he grew up, he led the Israelites out of the dreadful slavery of Egypt; that he spent forty days and forty nights talking with God on Mount Sinai, and that he wrote the first five books of the Bible. While he was living, there was not in all the world so wonderful a man as he was. He loved and served God with all his soul and strength; and God blessed and honoured him greatly.

Why did God take such care of little Moses? why did He send Pharaoh's daughter down to the river in time to save him from drowning? And why did He put it into the princess's heart to pity him? Partly, I think, because of his mother's faith and prayer. But there is another reason, which I want you to think of most now,—*God took such care of Moses because He had work for Moses to do.*

One night, in a small town in the north of England, a clergyman's house caught fire. The fire burnt so fiercely that there was only time for the family to run for their lives. Some of them were scorched and burnt as they escaped. But one child, not quite six years old, was left in the house. The light from the fire woke the little fellow up. He jumped out of bed and ran to the door, but the flames drove him back. Then he cried for help. His father heard, and tried to get up the stairs to him; but he could not force his way through the fire. The father thought his poor son was lost, he must be burnt to death. But he knelt down and prayed to God for him. The little boy ran to the window, mounted a chest that stood under it, and called to the people below. Somebody saw him, and shouted, 'Fetch a ladder!' But there was no time for that; the flames had seized the roof, and it was plainly about to fall in. So one man leaned against the wall, and another stood on his shoulders to reach the boy down. The boy now leaped into his arms and was saved—'a brand plucked from the burning!' I dare say most of you know who that little boy was. It was *John Wesley*. God had a great work for John Wesley to do, and He kept him alive to do it.

Two boys were fencing—that is, pretending to fight with swords as though they were soldiers. They had real swords, with a button at the point of each to prevent their hurting one another. One of the buttons broke, and the sharp sword ran through the side of one of the boys and nearly killed him. But it just missed the most dangerous place, and the wounded lad by and by got better. Another time the same boy was swimming in deep water; the ribbon which tied up his hair got loose and caught his leg. He struggled to free himself, but could not. He was about to sink, when the ribbon loosed itself, and he was safe. Another time, when he had grown up to be a young man, he was swimming in the river Rhine, which is a very broad and rapid river. He did not notice where he was going, and soon got into the very midst of its strong current. He said, 'The water there was extremely rough, and poured along like a galloping horse.' It carried him on till he struck against the strong timbers upon which a mill was built. The stream forced him right under the mill, and he became quite insensible. When he woke up, he found himself in a piece of smooth water the other side of the mill. Some men helped him on shore. He had been carried five miles from the place where he plunged into the water. Yet he was not hurt in the least. The person I have just told you about was John Fletcher, afterwards one of the holiest men that ever lived. He became a great friend of John Wesley, did much good as a minister of the Gospel, and wrote some very useful books. God had work for John Fletcher to do, so He would not let him die.

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Perhaps you have never been in such danger as Moses, and John Wesley, and John Fletcher were. But you must remember God keeps you alive every day and every hour. Any day an accident might happen to you, or you might be taken ill. Many children have died as young as you are. Be sure God keeps you alive, and guards you from all harm, because He has work for you. Will you ask Him, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' And will you try to live so that when you see what He wants you to do, you may be able to do it? But remember, the very first thing God wishes in those who serve Him, is that they love Him. And then, though He may not give you quite as grand and well-known work as He gave Moses, John Fletcher, and John Wesley, you can all be as holy. And God will find you the work you can do best.

CHARLIE'S LETTERS.

NO. II.

DEAR UNCLE ALFRED,—I have so much to tell you now that it all comes crowding at once. So I may as well begin where I left off yesterday.

After posting the letter to you, I hurried to school, but I could not study much, for my thoughts kept running all the time on just one thing. At playtime I stayed in and read some verses in my Testament that papa had marked with a pencil.

When school was over, Albert Stearns and Harry and I got together, and talked a little while. Albert has started to be a Christian, too; but he thinks he must do some great thing, and doesn't know exactly what. I think it is harder for him because his folks are not real members, only have a pew. And they never talk about these things at home. They are pretty kind and good folks, though.

That night I went to chapel with mother and papa, and when the after-meeting was about half through, the Minister said there was 'an opportunity for any one to speak, old or *young*.' So I got right up and told them I was not a real Christian yet, but I wanted to be one more than anything else in the world. Then Mr. Melville repeated some of the very verses I had learned, and we all knelt down, and they prayed for me; and while papa was praying aloud it seemed as if the Saviour was right there, and I *got near Him and just gave Him my heart and everything*. Then the trouble all stopped at once, and it was just as easy to love Him and trust Him as any of my best friends.

After we got home that night, mother's eyes were as full as they could be; and she put her arms around me, and said it was the happiest day of her life. Then at family worship we repeated the 'Beatitudes,'—the nine '*blesseds*,' you know, in the fifth chapter of Matthew,—and the *hunger* verse came to my turn, and I knew for certain exactly what you have meant all the time by '*heart*-hunger.' After pa and mother had prayed, pa asked me to pray aloud, and I did a little. And it seemed as if the Saviour was living right in our house.

I never loved everybody so much as I do now. To-day I went to school with a light heart, and got along with my studies so easily and fast, that it seemed like a new world when the time came for play. I was ready for that too; but I didn't get so very excited and wild like as I used to. I think it would be easier for me now to keep from getting into passions.

January 9.—Mother says it will not be wrong for me to write a little about what has happened to-day,—the happiest Sunday of all my life. Twelve of us young folks from the Sunday-school have joined the Church. Among the youngest were Harry and I, and the very youngest was Jessie, Mr. Melville's little girl. When Mr. Melville was talking to us his voice broke down two or three times. I guess it was because he was so happy about Jessie and the rest of us.

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ROBERT AND THE BLACK BOY.

When I was a little boy I used to throw snowballs and stones at a poor black boy who passed by the house. One afternoon I followed this little fellow and threw some big stones at him, calling him 'Snow-bird,' 'Woolly-head,' 'Nigger Jim,' and such names. At last I said, 'Go home, you nigger,' and I threw a stone at him which hit him on the head, and he went off crying, 'I can't help being black; what did God make black people for?' My mother, who was looking out of her window, saw all that had happened, but she did not say anything to me till it was time to go to bed.

'I was a great mother's boy, and always loved to be rocked by my mother in a large rocking-chair before the open fire. That night as she kissed my forehead and stroked my hair, just before I said my prayers, she said: 'Robert, my dear, promise me never to call any poor coloured boy or girl such names. They are all God's children, just as much as you are, with your fair skin and soft hair. Jesus died for them as well as for you, and it grieves Him to hear you mock any one; for He was mocked too when He was on earth, and He knows just how they feel. Ask God to forgive you to-night, and make me a promise here that you will never call Jimmy or any black person names, for their souls may be whiter than yours, even if their faces are dark.'

And I promised my mother never to do it again, and I said my prayers, and she kissed me and bade me good-night.

The next day she was ill and kept her bed, and in a few days she died. But I have never forgotten that last evening with my mother.

A HARVEST STORY.

Three summers ago, a gentleman, two ladies, and several children were sitting on the soft turf on the top of a high cliff facing the open ocean. The tide was coming in and fast covering the beautiful yellow sands. The tiny waves were playing on the sand, and running races as if trying which should get in first, and the great billows seemed impatient of each other, and were tumbling in one over another and kicking up their white heels in grand style. It was getting near the sun's bed-time, and invisible hands were making ready his bed-chamber, uncovering the silvery pillows and putting on the crimson counterpane and spreading

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out the golden hangings. The party on the top of the cliff were watching to see the monarch of the day enter his chamber of glory, before they turned their faces homeward. But one of the ladies was waiting somewhat impatiently; her face was clouded over, and her soft eyes wore an anxious expression, which did not escape the notice of the gentleman. 'You are thinking about your wee bairn at home, are you not, Mrs. Lyne?' he said gently; 'you are afraid she has come to some grief during your absence.'

'I must allow that I am feeling rather anxious,' returned the lady, 'and shall be glad to be at home beside my little one.'

'Do you know, Mrs. Lyne, that the harvest-fields which we drove past to-day, especially that one where we saw the children playing beside the corn-sheaves, and those cliffs and yon glorious sea, remind me of a story which I have often heard from my dear mother. It is not very long, and if you and the others like I will relate it.'

'Yes, do, if you please; I shall be delighted to hear it; for, like the chicks, I am very fond of a story.'

'O, Mr. Gwynn, do tell it—*please do!*' cried little Stephen Martin, eagerly, who was all ears and eyes in a moment at the magic word — story. The children dropped their pink cliff daisies and marine ferns which they had been arranging, and came nearer the kind Welsh gentleman.

'One afternoon in August, about forty years ago,' he began, 'the sunshine was streaming in at the open kitchen window of a large Welsh farm-house, lighting up the buff-coloured walls, silvering the pewter plates and dishes on the shelves, and gilding the brass candlesticks which stood on the high mantelpiece.

'The only occupant of the kitchen was a gentle-looking woman, with large, soft, tender eyes. She was standing at one end of a long oak table. On it—before her—was a big market-basket; she was filling it with slices of cheese and small barley loaves which she was about to carry to the men in the harvest-field. When she had filled it, and had covered it over with a white cloth, she put on her high Welsh hat over her snowy cap. As she was going out at the door, a wee, toddling child made his appearance, and perceiving his mother ready to go out, he held up his arms and cried, "Me doe too; me doe too." The sun was hot, and the men were cutting corn in a distant part of the farm. Mrs. Gwynn glanced at the boy and then at

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the heavy basket—could she carry that and the child too? "Yes, but not without wearying myself very much." But the fond mother, thinking that some evil might happen to him if she left him at home, said kindly, "There, darling, Llewellyn shall go with mother if he wants to so badly." She put a sun-bonnet over his flaxen curls, and the mother and her boy went together to the harvest-field. Mrs. Gwynn grew very tired before she got there, and gladly set him down at the entrance of the field. "Sit here, my pretty one, and play with those flowers whilst mother goes yonder to the men and gives them their food." She left him sitting on the ground by the corn-sheaves, quietly amusing himself with bright poppies and corn-flowers. It did not take Mrs. Gwynn very long to distribute the contents of the basket to the reapers, and as soon as she possibly could, she hastened back to her child. On reaching the spot where she had left him, she saw his bonnet on the ground, but her little Llewellyn was nowhere to be seen. She softly called to him, but no little voice answered her, the laddie was not there. And growing rather frightened, she looked down the field, and then over the gate across the other fields, but could not see him anywhere; and then hurriedly she turned her face towards some high cliffs, called the Stack, and there, to her unspeakable horror, saw her little one standing out on the very edge of the highest. Far below him the waves were dashing angrily, even on that summer's day. Yes, there stood the babe. His tiny form was bending over the cliff, and his wee hand throwing the flowers down on the silver foam. The wind blew in from the sea and tossed his flaxen curls about, and carried his sweet laughter to his mother. O, the agony of the poor mother at beholding her beloved child in the awful danger of falling over the cliff, and of being dashed on the rocks beneath! For some moments she was powerless to move, and then recovering herself, remembered the God of all power, and falling on her knees, stretched out her hands unto Him, and cried to Him to save and keep her little one.'

'And did God answer her prayer?' interrupted one of the children.

'Ay, Bertram, He did. He graciously heard that mother's cry. Her faith in the Almighty, her prayer had placed her tender little one in the shadow of the Eternal Hand. *And hidden in the shadow of that Hand* he was *safe indeed.* When little Llewellyn had thrown down his last flower, he turned away from the cliffs, and crossing the narrow bit of common, he entered the harvest-field and trotted down to his mother. O, who could tell the joy and thankfulness which overflowed her heart at receiving her child safe in her arms again! To her it was a life-long cause for gratitude and praise to Him Who had so wondrously kept her boy in that hour of danger.'

'Was Mrs. Gwynn any relation of yours?' enquired one of the party.

'Yes,' he answered, 'she was my mother, and I was that wee laddie, and the hand of Redeeming Love has been over me ever since.'

'I don't know *how* to thank you for telling us the story,' said Mrs. Lyne; 'I shall never forget it, it will be a life lesson to me too.'

NELLIE CORNWALL.

NATURE'S WHISPERS.

VII.—THE THISTLE AND THE DEW-DROP.

'Get away,' exclaimed a thistle to a dew-drop which hung on one of its prickly leaves; 'what do you mean by hanging on me in this way? I can tell you I am not going to be worried by creatures like you; you may roll away, and find more suitable companions than a beautiful thistle.'

The poor dew-drop, quite shocked at this uncourteous greeting, and not wishing to stay any longer with the ill-tempered thistle, dropped off accordingly, and was gratefully received by a blade of grass, glistening like a diamond.

Meanwhile, the thistle, stretching out its broad leaves and purple blossoms, began, in a loud and commanding voice, to address the neighbouring plants:

'You must think it a great honour, weeds,'

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said he (for the thistle thought everything a weed but himself), 'to be allowed to grow near one of my family; indeed, I cannot think what chance can have placed me here.' He paused a moment to see the effect upon his hearers, but they were not so filled with admiration as he had expected, and he continued more warmly, 'Do you not know that I am the emblem of a great nation? Which among you has such leaves or such blossoms as I? Only to think that of all things a dew-drop should make itself at home on me.'

'I know I am a very little thing,' said the drop of dew, in the sweetest of all sweet voices, 'yet many stately trees do not despise me: however, I did not mean to offend, and am very happy at your feet.'

'Do you dare to answer me? vain thing!' replied the thistle, fairly shaking with rage; 'do you not know that very soon the sun will scorch you up? while I—' but what he would have added I cannot tell, for at that moment an eyebright, always quick to observe, exclaimed:

'Ah! what is going to happen to us? what is this strange creature?' and as the thistle turned to look, half-disdainfully, he was startled by the sight of a donkey looking this way and that with a very hungry expression in his eyes. Suddenly he caught sight of the purple head of the thistle, and hurried towards it, muttering to himself, 'Whoever would have thought of my finding so dainty a breakfast!' and the donkey, as he spoke, seized the thistle with his teeth, and began to devour him.

The indignation and surprise of his victim knew no bounds; he endeavoured to prick the donkey, but with no effect, and Neddy having finished his breakfast, turned away with a satisfied air.

But in the evening, as the sun gave his parting smile to the tired earth, and all the birds sang his lullaby, a little cloud might have been seen, glowing in purple and gold, as it rested on the azure breast of the heavens and reflected the rays of the departing sun in the midst of it, in it the dew-drop was thinking of the morning's troubles and the evening's joys.

'But why should you wonder at that?' asked a nightingale, as he turned this story into a song to hush his little ones to rest; 'is it not true that "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted'? EDITH M. EDWARDS.

OLD JOHN'S FRIEND.

ALONE, alone, while songsters trill
In concert 'mid the trees,
While friends roam two and two at will,
Or sit and chat at ease.

'There is no voice to answer mine,
If I should care to talk,'
The old man's says. 'Tis very fine:
But long has been my walk,

'And I feel tired, and must rest
Beneath a shady tree;
I've come to like the shade the best,
Sunshine's too much for me.'

Alone, yet not alone; his eyes
Fill with dear memories,
His thoughts are tender, good, and wise,
They come and go like bees

That hive a store of honey sweet,
Because John has a Friend
Who early kept his pilgrim feet,
Will keep them to the end.

And so it is; John knows it well,
He hears Him answer mild,
For though he's old, as you may tell,
In heart he's like a child.

He's seen this Friend put out of sight
The things he held most dear:
And yet he says, 'It must be right,'
And checks the falling tear.

Now lonely as he looks, who'd say
That he is all alone?
He knows the Friend is God, and may
We too His Friendship own. SARSON.

Key to Puzzle Page.—NO. VIII.

Madagascar lies about three hundred miles east of *Africa*. Its *snowy* mountains, *fertile plains*, and beautiful *valleys* make the scenery very *picturesque*. The inhabitants were formerly *cannibals*, and persecuted the *missionaries*; but now many belong to the Christian *Church*. The *vegetable* products are very numerous, but are often injured by *locusts*. There are very few wild animals. The most remarkable are a kind of *panther* called the *ounce*, and the lemur, which resembles both the *monkey* and the *squirrel*. The *bison* and hump-backed *cow* are kept in the *villages*.

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'For though he's old, as you may tell,
In heart he's like a child.'

See page 143.

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OCTOBER, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

Playing Bo-peep.

See page 146.

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FANNY'S GREAT WORK.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

N the breezy hillside one lovely autumn afternoon, Fanny, Bertie and baby Jack sat, while their mother knitted, and told tales of her own dear Scotland. Yes, their mother was Scotch, but had married an Englishman, and come to live at the mill. It was a glorious tale she told them, a tale of the Covenanters, as they were called; those brave, good people, who long ago stood out so nobly and truly for the right to worship God in the way their fathers had worshipped Him, and which they thought the best way. Little children, too, grew strong in their love to God, and did and suffered with their elders—for it came to suffering. And these good people were obliged to hide away, much as the old Bible worthies did, 'in dens and caves of the earth.' And then, on the bleak hillside, in some lonely hollow, they would gather together from their hiding-places, those poor hunted Christians, to worship God, for Whom they suffered, and to grasp one another by the hand in loving fellowship, and take courage. As little Fanny listened to her mother's words, the wish flashed into her mind that she might do some great thing for God. She began to wish that her lot had not been cast in such quiet, peaceful times, when nothing great or grand seemed to happen.

'Mother, I wish those great days would come again; I'd like to do something for God, as the people did then,' she said, as her mother paused and wiped away a tear.

'My deary, they were great days, as you say, but our days may be as great in God's sight,' replied Mrs. Harding, knitting away, while baby cooed.

'How, mother, how?' questioned the little maiden.

'By doing all the work which our days bring. Who gives us the little things to do, Fanny?'

'I suppose God, mother; because He gives us everything, doesn't He? But, why doesn't He send us greater things, mother?'

'May be, all we do for God now, He will call great another day, my child.'

'Is minding baby a great thing, mother?' questioned the litle girl, thoughtfully.

'Yes, dear.'

'Why, mother?'

'First of all, because you are helping mother, and that is your duty; next, because you are being kind to one of Jesus' little lambs, for the sake of the Good Shepherd, you know, Who is in heaven, far away from all our kindness.' Fanny mused.

'It hardly seems as if Jesus will remember every time I'm good to baby, and all the little things I do when I'm told, while He has to think of all those Covenanter people,' said the simple child.

'Ah, Jesus never forgets! The little things are all remembered by Him.'

'Yes, mother; but I'd like to do something great as well,' said the ten-year-old little girl; and God, Who knew what was in her eager heart, was even then preparing a great work for her, though neither she nor her mother knew of it. Nothing more was said just then, for baby took it into his head to play bo-peep, so Fanny and Bertie romped and played with him for awhile, then it was time to go home.

In the soft, cool evening, a gipsy and his wife stopped their covered cart at the mill, pleading for a resting-place in the barn for their little boy, who had broken his leg, and who lay sick and weary in the covered cart, which they called home. The doctor had spoken of rest, coolness, and quiet for him; but what rest, coolness, or quiet could he have in that jolting, stifling cart, which must still keep moving on, with brushes, brooms, etc., which the wanderers turned into bread? Mr. and Mrs. Harding could not close their hearts nor their barn to the little lad in his time of need; and the child was lodged in the barn on some straw, and all the night the stars watched over the place. In the morning the father and mother went hawking their wares round the neighbouring villages, leaving

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their sick boy alone and sorrowful. Then Mrs. Harding went with soap and water and clean sheets, in her gentle, womanly way, to do what she could for his comfort. Jem wondered much at her taking such trouble for him, but he spoke never a word of thanks; on the contrary, he said, in his misery and rudeness:

'Go away, I want none o' your fussin';' but Mrs. Harding fussed him into clean sheets and comfort for his body, and brought him a cooling drink to soothe him, and she bade Fanny keep away from the barn.

But the days passed, and Jem was very weary, with his broken leg holding him a prisoner, when the rest of the world were free and rejoicing in harvest gladness. Mrs. Harding pitied him.

'Let me carry him a flower, mother,' pleaded Fanny one day, hearing him sobbing all alone in the barn, his father and mother being away on the tramp.

'I don't care for flowers, I'm lonesome, you little silly, and they can't talk to me. Can't ye say a word to me yourself?' was his speech to his small visitor, as she crept in and laid a nosegay on his pillow.

'I don't know if I may talk to you,' she replied, looking down at him with shy eyes.

'Talk? Yes, you know you might—your tongue is your own, ain't it?' returned the dark-eyed gipsy.

'O, yes!' laughed Fanny; 'but you are so cross, and mother—'

'O, yes; you turn up your nose at me!'

'No, I don't,' replied startled Fanny.

'Then if you don't, sit down and tell me if you can read—' down went Fanny on the straw. Ah! Fanny, you little thought your great work was begun.

'Yes, I can read,' she said, with dignity.

'So can I,' boasted the gipsy; 'I know four letters—ain't I a scholar? A, B, C, D,—can you read more than that?'

Fanny's eyes were round with astonishment.

'Yes,' she said.

'O my, you be a clever little un! Read to me, will ye?'

'What shall I read?'

'O, anything!' was his very accommodating reply; so Fanny went and fetched a book of short tales about good children.

'I don't like it; them young uns be all so good,' Jem grumbled, and turned away his head sullenly, tossing straw here and there in his disdain.

(*To be concluded.*)

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER IX.—A NEW EXPERIENCE.

It was nearly noon at Riverside, and noon in the middle of September meant something grand and beautiful. Barbie stood in the back door with her apron wrapped around her bare arms, and looked east and west at the glorious picture. Davy, who was watching for the stage-coach, suddenly shouted, 'There it comes, with two big trunks on top, and a—a—. O my, it's a rocking-horse—a black rocking-horse, with red lines and a reg'lar saddle.'

But Davy withdrew his astonished eyes from the top of the coach to see Uncle Marston and Aunt Lucy seated inside. Barbie had been watching the stage, too, and now she came running to the gate. There were quick words of greeting, and then Uncle Marston got out and helped Aunt Lucy out, and the driver let down a little ladder and slid the two big trunks and the *rocking-horse* to the ground. Aunt Lucy ran into the house with Barbie; Uncle Marston paid the driver and walked after them.

'I should fink,' said Davy after a while, '*somebody better take care of that rocking-horse.* Our old rooster might scratch it.'

'O,' said Uncle Marston, 'I forgot all about it! That rocking-horse is for you, Davy, but if you think you shouldn't like it you needn't take it.'

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Davy gave Uncle Marston one swift look—he understood just one thing about it, and that was that the rocking-horse was his—and he rushed away to the yard to examine his property.

Aunt Lucy came out and sat at the door in the evening. 'What a lovely picture!' said she, looking at Garnet Hill.

'Yes,' said Barbie, looking at Aunt Lucy sitting there in the doorway framed around with scarlet woodbines. 'Aunt Lucy,' she said suddenly, 'don't you think it's dreadful to just have to stay still and take what comes, instead of choosing your work and going out to do it?'

'What do you want to do, for instance?' said Aunt Lucy, pulling Barbie down into the doorway beside her.

'O, I should *love* to teach if I only knew enough! You see, Aunt Lucy, I want to do something that'll *pay*—to earn some money.'

'I dare say you might teach a school if you wanted to,' said Aunt Lucy, consolingly, 'and write a book, too, when you get a little older; but just now I don't see how your mother, or Davy, or any of the rest, can spare you.'

'That's just it, Aunt Lucy; mother can't spare me because we're too poor to hire any help, and we shall always be poor unless I—unless *somebody* does something.'

'It does look that way,' said Aunt Lucy gravely; 'I never saw your father seem so worn and discouraged. O, well, Barbie, don't let's fret about it! I always felt sure things would come out right with your father and mother. They've had a hard time,—harder than you know,—and you and Nathan mustn't feel discouraged if you have to wait awhile.'

The next afternoon, just as Barbie was preparing for a walk with Aunt Lucy, a big black bonnet came into view over the tops of the currant-bushes, and, to her great vexation, she saw old Mrs. Wade coming in at the gate, with her knitting work sticking out of her black silk bag.

'Good afternoon, Barbie,' she said; 'your Aunt Lucy's come, ain't she?'

'You horrid old thing, to come and spoil my walk,' thought Barbie to herself; but she only said, 'Won't you walk in—mother 'll be glad to see you.'

'I reckon Barbry's right smart at her books,' said

[*Continued on page 150.*

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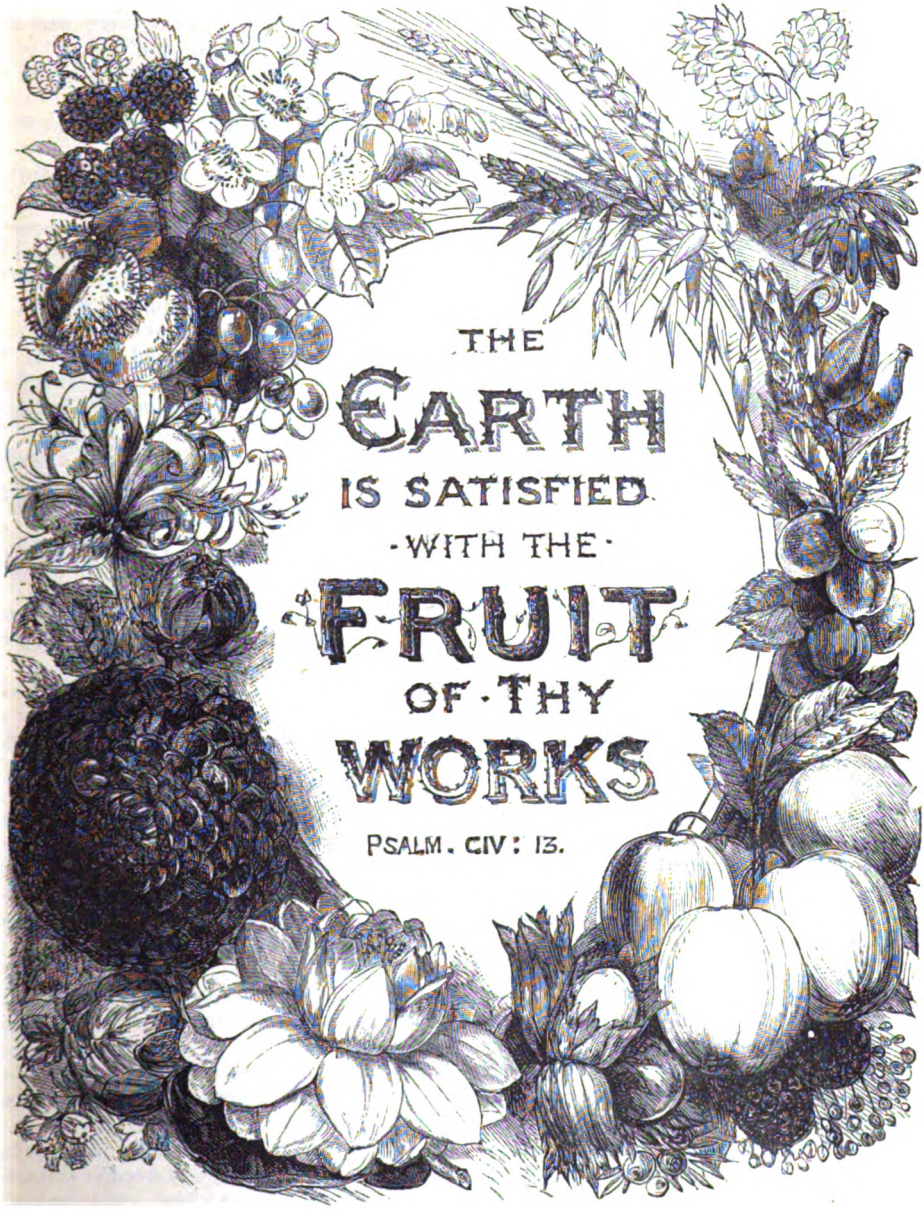

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the old lady,' after watching Barbie critically for some time.

Barbie smiled, but nobody answered.

'You can cipher consid'able, can't you, Barbry, and set copies, and so on?'

'Yes'm,' said Barbie, trying not to laugh.

'Because, my son—he's the "committee-man" to our destrick—heard from Phœbe Ann Spicer that she couldn't come back to finish out her term, because her mother was took with rheumatiz. 'Bijah's dreadful put to it to know which way to look for another schoolma'am. Most anybody can manage them young ones, and I reckoned Barbry'd take it cheap, seein' she hadn't no experience.'

Barbie's heart was going like a trip-hammer, but she could hardly keep from laughing at the conclusion of the old lady's speech, especially when she caught a glance from Aunt Lucy's eye.

'If he *should* ask me, mother,' she whispered, when they were setting the table for tea, 'do you think you could let me go?'

'I think I should try,' said her mother; 'but don't set your heart on it. Old Mrs. Wade talks a great deal, and you are pretty young to teach.'

That very evening Mr. Wade, the 'committee-man,' stopped his old white horse before the house, and came in to offer Barbie the position of schoolma'am. When he hinted cautiously at reduced wages, Barbie quite crushed him by the dignified manner in which she declared her determination not to be 'reduced,' and the matter ended in his engaging her at the same wages they had been paying.

Davy was delighted when he heard of the honour that had come to Barbie.

'I shall go to her school,' he decided at once; 'and then I can eat gingerbread when I like, and not get rapped wid a fimble when I don't say my letters good.'

'No, you can't, Davy,' said Nathan; 'you don't belong to that district, and you can't go where you don't belong.'

'I wish't my teacher's mother 'd get a rheumatiz', then, and they'd let Ellen teach school. O, my! wouldn't Johnnie and me have fun!'

When Barbie made her appearance at the school-house for the first time, it was plain enough that the youngsters there had made up their minds to 'have fun,' too.

''Taint a schoolma'am at all,' said Bub Wade. 'It's just Barbie Phillips.'

'She's got *short hair*,' said one of the Shoals girls in a contemptuous whisper.

But Barbie had two things decidedly in her favour: a quiet, dignified way that was perfectly natural to her, and the most perfect confidence in her own ability to control the little kingdom into which she had come. She had planned a grand inaugural speech, but wisely decided not to make it, and really succeeded better than she had expected. The one big boy of the school, a great mathematical genius, laid a trap for her, but failed to entangle her in it.

'How do you do that sum?' he enquired, taking his pencil out of his mouth to point at one of the 'puzzles' at the very end of the arithmetic.

'Have you ciphered as far as that already?' asked Barbie in surprise.

'Well, no,' said the boy, 'not quite; we're in fractions, our class is, but Si Bowen, when he kep' the school to the Corners—'

'O, very well!' interrupted Barbie coolly, 'when you get to that example I'll show you how to do it. He never shall get there while I teach the school,' she added to herself, dismissing the genius with a polite bow.

The children trooped away after school was over, well satisfied, and Barbie started on her long walk home, feeling very light-hearted.

It did her heart good to see how Nathan's face brightened up when he saw her at the supper table.

'Seems to me Barbie looks an inch taller than she did this morning, doesn't she, Aunt Lucy?' he said.

'I don't see any great change, only she looks tired. Teaching school is pretty hard work, isn't it, Barbie, after all?'

'Hard enough,' said Barbie; 'but I guess I shall like it. Anyhow, you needn't think I'm going to make a fuss about every little disagreeable thing.'

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It would take a whole chapter to recount Barbie's experience as a teacher; but having once made up her mind to the task, she met it bravely, and had the satisfaction of feeling that she had really done some little good. She had more sympathy for the children when she knew how little they had to help or encourage them. It assisted Barbie in another way; for the contrast made home so delightful, that she wished the Saturdays and Sundays would never come to an end.

Her school prospered finely. The 'committee-man' paid her a visit, listened to one or two recitations, and made a few remarks to the children.

Then he expressed to Barbie his satisfaction at the manner in which she discharged her duties, and went away, leaving the young schoolma'am very proud and happy. She was almost sorry when the term closed; and though it was a great relief to her mother to have her again at home, yet she was satisfied that teaching had been a good thing for Barbie. It had given her a new confidence in her own powers, and made her more womanly and self-possessed.

TOBY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I AM an Angora cat; though my parents were foreigners, I was born in France. When about two months old I was torn away from maternal endearments, and had to drink milk out of a saucer. I was soon taught by the young gentlemen of the family to play at hide-and-seek behind the bushes in the garden, and to run after pennies that were rolled down the lawn. In learning these accomplishments I was greatly aided by the example of a terrier who was my companion and friend. I also amused myself on wet days by going into my mistress's bedroom, where I enjoyed creeping into her wardrobe, turning over everything there, and finally going to sleep amidst a heap of dresses.

After some time, my patrons returned to England, and I was consigned to a wicker basket for convenience of transport. I certainly felt the transport, but anything rather than transports of joy; for I was decidedly unwell during the voyage, and did not recover either health or spirits for some days. However, I managed to get over the trouble, and feeling how kind my friends were, I resolved to repay them in the only way I could, by showing as much affection as lay in my power, and by attention to their wishes. Never, except on very few occasions, did I keep them waiting when they were kind enough to open the door for me, and this I have noticed to be an almost universal piece of rudeness practised by cats. Indeed, my mistress says I am the dearest and most loving cat in the world. I certainly miss her sadly when she goes from home, but I am so pleased when she returns. I go into her room and purr loudly, and when she is ready to come downstairs I come down with her on her shoulder. I generally take my meals in the dining-room, where I am fed with pieces of bread by the various members of the family, winding up with a saucer of milk, varied occasionally by chocolate, of which I am very fond.

Now and then I take a stroll out at night, but somehow I always get into trouble in the shape of a fight with some other cat, who has provoked me by asserting that his ugly, smooth coat is handsomer than my white fur. Nevertheless, I think I am as peaceably disposed as most cats, and would never fight, except for the sake of upholding my own opinions. My life has been a very happy one, as wicked boys have never tortured me, and I have plenty of mice to catch as well as birds, for which latter amusement I sometimes get scolded.—From *The Animal World.*

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See page 151.

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BERTIE'S TROUBLE AND FRANK'S CURE.

It was a great joy to Frank Linton when God sent him a baby-brother. Frank thought, how nice it will be to have a brother to play with. 'I shall teach him such grand games, and he will be so fond of me,' he said. Frank was six years old when little Bertie, as they called the baby, was born, and four years added made him ten; then Bertie four,—a very gentle, loving little boy, who thought everything of his big brother Frank; but I fear, from Frank having been so long an only son, he had become less manly than we should wish our readers to be, for he was sometimes inclined to be selfish and masterful, which is the very opposite of manly.

Frank had taken great pains with his little garden, and sown with care a bed of mignionette, which he watched anxiously, and was pleased to see beginning to look green. But one afternoon, on going into his garden when he came in from school, he was vexed to see the prints of little feet all over the bed; and the marks of paws also. Now we must confess that the feet were poor Bertie's, and the paws Pompey's, Bertie's little dog; and in their play together, both forgot that garden-walks are for feet, and garden-beds for flowers. Bertie was running up to Frank, when he saw him in the garden, with a stick and string, to ask him to make a whip, when Frank caught his little brother roughly by the arm, and shook him, and said, 'How dare you, Sir, trample on my garden? I'll teach you not to do that again. I'll call the Giant Big Boo out of the wood, and he has long legs, to run fast after you, and long arms, to catch you up, and put you in his bag, and run off with you to his cave. Now, Master Bertie, what will you do when you see him coming?' The little timid boy grew first very red, then pale, then red again; and lifting up his face with quivering lip and tearful eye, he said, 'Den me will tell Dad!' Frank was silenced, and the excited Bertie walked away from the garden, and went to his nursery and had a good cry. Tea-time came, but Bertie could not eat anything; his eyes were very bright, and his colour high, and he did not chat and laugh as usual. When he went to bed, he could not sleep for a long time; and he started and cried out in his sleep, and next morning he was feverish and poorly. The doctor came to see him. 'Has he been excited or frightened in any way?' he asked. Mrs. Linton said 'No;' and turning to Frank, she asked him,—was anything wrong in the garden the evening before? and Frank said, 'O no, not at all!' but he blushed and looked confused. The doctor said, 'Watch him well; do not read to him, or tell him stories; encourage him to sleep, and keep him in the open air as much as possible.' Frank had an uneasy mind all day you may be sure, and at night, before he went to bed, he confessed to his mother that he thought he had made Bertie ill. Mrs. Linton was much grieved, and prayed to the Lord to forgive Frank, and to restore poor Bertie.

The next day Frank asked his mother how much was in his money-box. Mrs. Linton reckoned and said, 'Three shillings, Frank; but that is not enough to buy your fishing-rod.' 'I am not going to buy one now, mother,' said Frank; 'but father is going to take me to Templeton, and I want the money, please.' Mrs. Linton gave it to him, and he set off. On his return he run into the room where Bertie was sitting. 'Now, Bertie,' he said, 'do you remember the little toy-donkey that Willie Hurst got last Christmas at his Aunt Mary's tree? that moved his head up and down, and went on wheels, and had panniers? Do you remember how you wished for a donkey like Willie's? What would you say if I got one for you like that?' 'Me would say tankoo, my dood Frank,' said Bertie, with a pleased face. 'Well, my boy, I have got one for you,' said Frank, untying the parcel in his hands, and displaying a donkey with panniers. Poor Bertie gave a spring into Frank's arms and smothered him with kisses before he took the welcome gift; and then the two brothers loaded the panniers with shells and grapes and biscuits, and had a happy time. This well-timed and well-chosen gift of

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the repentant Frank proved Bertie's cure, for it roused him from his low nervous state; and so fond of his donkey was he, that he took it to bed with him, and if he were tired and went to sleep in his little chair, his arm was about his donkey's neck still.

I am glad to tell you that Frank was cured too, and never again frightened Bertie; and his mother was so pleased with his kindness to his brother, that when his birthday came she made him a present of a nice new fishing-rod. Now I shall not say another word, except the Apostle Peter's injunction, 'Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.' R. R. T.

BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

IX.—THE LAST MIRACLE.

I CALL it 'the last miracle,' because it was the last which Jesus Christ worked before His crucifixion and burial. I wonder if anybody can tell me what it was. Perhaps you can if I help you a little. The place was the garden of Gethsemane. Judas, you remember, kissed Jesus, and so showed the officers who had come to take Him Who He was. Then they seized Him to lead Him away. A blow was struck in Jesus's defence. One of the Apostles drew a sword and cut at one of the persons who was most likely very active in laying hold of Jesus. I dare say you know who that Apostle was. Peter, the quickest-tempered of all; and may be you can tell how he wounded the man he struck. Yes, he cut off his right ear. And what was the wounded man's name? Malchus—a servant of the high priest.

The ear was cut clean off. Jesus touched the place, and 'healed him' in a moment. Malchus was none the worse for the blow. It was truly a wonderful deed; but I almost think the most wonderful thing about it is, that it was done for one who was trying to harm Him.

It was just like Jesus. When He came from heaven to earth, when He 'went about doing good,' when He let men kill Him, He showed the same spirit that made Him heal Malchus's ear: He loved His enemies. He was always doing good to those that hated Him. I don't know a harder lesson for boys and girls, and for men and women, to learn than that,—to love their enemies. If any one harms us, we want to be revenged on him. But when Jesus Christ was on the cross, suffering great pain, and knowing He was going to die, He prayed for those who caused Him such agony, 'Father, forgive them.' And He has told us to pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' That means, 'Forgive us the wrong we have done to Thee, as we forgive the wrongs people have done to us.' When we pray this prayer, what is it that we want God to do for us? Is it simply not to punish us for our sins? That would not content us. We want Him to love us and be kind to us and help us. It would not be like God's forgiveness if He bore any grudge against us afterwards. That, then, is the way in which we ought to forgive those who have wronged us. That is what Jesus Christ did to Malchus. And I hope Malchus loved and served Him ever after.

The other day a brother and sister were building with wooden bricks upon a table. When the little girl had built a high tower, the boy threw a brick at it and knocked it down. The girl began to cry, but she soon dried her tears and began to build again. By and by, some one coming quickly into the room, shook the table, and down fell her tower and the tower her brother was building. This time the little boy cried. What do you think his sister did? She did not laugh at him and tell him it served him right for knocking her tower down; but she pushed her bricks across to her brother and said, 'Never mind, dear, you shall have my bricks, and we'll build a high castle.' And very soon brother and sister were playing happily together. I think that little girl had begun to learn how to forgive. And I am sure Jesus was pleased with her.

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See page 155.

When I was a boy, I read about a lad at school who, in a great passion, broke open one of the masters' desks, and took out some very valuable papers and burnt them. The head-master was going to punish the boy very severely; but the master whom he had wronged so much begged him off. When the boy heard of it, he could hardly believe it was true. But it was even so. He began to love the teacher who had forgiven him and returned good for evil; and all the while he was at school he tried to please him.

I tell you these stories that you may see that even children can forgive, and that children love those who have forgiven them. Of course, you are not able of yourselves to bear wrong quietly, and to keep from being angry, whatever may happen to vex you. It is natural to strike those who strike us, and to treat those badly who treat us badly. But if we ask Jesus Christ to make us meek

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and forgiving like He was, He will hear our prayers. There are many ways in which grown-up people can show they are Christians, while children cannot. But the youngest boys or girls can forgive and be kind to those who have harmed them. In this won't you try to be like Jesus?

THE SAILOR BOY'S CHARACTER.

In a certain seaport in England, a boy was seen many years ago wandering among the docks and asking for the captain of a vessel. 'There is one coming over the side of that ship,' said a sailor who was strolling along smoking his pipe. It was a merchant ship, so up to the captain the boy went—thinking all the time what a nice, kind-looking man he was—and touched his hat.

'Well,' said the captain, 'and what do you want?'

'I want to go to sea, Sir.'

'You want to go to sea, do you? and who are you going with?'

'I should like to go with you, Sir, if you'll take me.'

'Have you ever been to sea before?'

'No, Sir.'

'And what do you want to go to sea for?'

'To send my mother my wages, Sir. She is a widow, and I want to keep her from going to the workhouse.'

The captain liked the honest, open look of the boy, and the way in which he spoke of his mother, and said, 'Well, what is your *character?*'

'Character? I've got none, Sir.'

'No character? O, then I can't take you!'

'O do, Sir; if you would but take me, indeed I would be a good boy!'

'Can't do it; it's against our rules. We never take any one without a character of some sort; you must try to get one somewhere.'

William was turning away with a heavy heart, for he knew it was too far to go where he came from, to get a character, when the captain's eye fell on his neat bundle.

'What have you in that bundle, boy?'

'Only my clothes, Sir.'

'Only your clothes; what's that just there?'

'Only my book, Sir.'

'What book?'

'My Bible, Sir.'

'O, you've got a Bible, have you?' said the captain. 'We're not much used to Bibles on board ship. Well, let me look at it;' and turning it over, he saw written on the fly-leaf that it had been presented 'as a reward for

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diligence and good conduct at the Sunday-school.' 'That will do,' said the captain, and he engaged him without any further delay.

CHARLIE'S LETTERS.

NO. III.

EAR UNCLE ALFRED, — This evening mother can't go to the meeting, and so I am staying with her, and have a good chance to write. One of the first things I was going to tell you was what happened last Sunday. The 'bestest part,' as pet says, is about Albert and his folks. I thought he wouldn't wait a great while, only to 'get a good ready.' That's what we boys say sometimes about playing. But I never thought of his mother and father too. But on Sunday all three joined the Church together. O, it was a beautiful sight! And there were a great many wet eyes and smiling faces.

Dr. Stearns is our family physician. And almost everybody likes him and employs him. So he is always very busy, and may be hasn't had a 'convenient opportunity.' But the doctor is very kind-hearted, and thinks all the world of Albert. And I guess that is what started him now. Albert's mother has only been waiting for his father; and now all have come together. Nineteen others joined at the same time, making twenty-two; and ten of them are Sunday-school scholars; and a great many more are coming. But I must tell you about the Love-feast in the afternoon. Just after some of us boys had spoken, because Mr. Melville said we might, who should get up but Judge White! Everybody listens when he talks. He said this Church had become noted for having so many young folks converted; and it began thirty years ago, owing to the influence of one man, 'the loved and lamented Father Mortimer.' I knew in a moment that was grandfather. Before dismissing us, our Pastor said he would put all the young folks who had given their names to the Church into a class, under the care of Brother George Mortimer; and they would have a short meeting every Sabbath just after the school; and he thought Brother Mortimer would be glad to see all others that wanted to come. When we were going out, I overheard one and another saying: 'Isn't that good?' 'Capital arrangement.' At any rate, the boys are all glad, for pa seems just like one of us, only wiser and better.

No skating last Saturday, as we had hoped there would be, because it snowed the night before, a foot deep. But yesterday afternoon, when it looked so much like snow, school was dismissed an hour before regular time, to give us another chance to skate. And I tell you, we used it with a will. The next morning, just after getting up, I was so stiff and lame that I could hardly walk. But clearing out the snow from the paths soon put me all right again. Last Monday evening Albert came over alone, and we tried to fix some new 'microscopic objects.' Isn't that what you call them? A funny thing happened while we were at work with a little drop of blood on one of the glass slides. Bridget came into the dining-room, and we let her take a peep. Then she wanted to look at some of her own blood, because that was very different from ours. At any rate she had 'been tould so,' and she wanted to see for herself. Of course we couldn't keep from laughing; but we told her it could be proved very soon if she was willing to bleed in the cause of science, and she drew some 'real Irish blood,' and got a look at it through the microscope. 'But niver a bit of diverence' could she see. 'Now I know betther me-self, and I'll tell thim the raal scientic truth. Mony thanks to ye,' she said. We have had such a surprise to-day! Something new for us boys. It is the very thing we have been saving money for almost all the winter. We didn't expect to have it for a long while yet, because the saving is pretty slow, and we won't run in debt for anything. It is a real tip-top printing-press! Dr. Stearns got it for us; but didn't give us the least hint until after it had come this morning. He met Harry and me while we were giving mammie a sled ride, and asked us to come round to his office after

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dinner, and he would show us a 'small specimen of a great giant.' Then he hurried away before we could say Thank you, or ask a single question. We went to the office 'double quick,' and found Albert waiting for us, and Bob Smith, who works at the *Record* office. But there was no giant that we could see, unless it was shut up in that new pine-box. Pretty soon the doctor came in, and the box was opened, and out came the press, and a whole lot of different kinds of type, and neat little cases to keep the type in, and everything else, ready for work. It was a great deal better than we could ever have bought, and we hardly knew what to say.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

'Good morning, Master Fleetfoot. Pray how are all at home?'
'All well, good neighbour Slowpace; and whither do you roam?'
'I'm bound for Crystal Brook, Sir, to drink its waters fair.'
'Why, you are such a slow-coach, you never will get there.'

'O yes I shall,' said Slowpace. ''Tis true I'm slow of pace;
But fleetest feet, good neighbour, don't always win the race,
I challenge you to trial!' 'Well, that *is* a pretty joke;
Why, I should beat you hollow, nor move beyond a walk!

While you were slowly crawling, I should be fairly in.
I cannot take your challenge, for I am sure to win.'
Just then the Fox approaching, gave each a kind 'Good-morrow;
Pray what's the cause of laughter? 'Tis clear you have no sorrow.'

'Ha, ha! ha, ha! just listen. The Tortoise dares to say
He'll run a race with me, Sir—with *me*, Sir, any day!'
'Why not?' said Reynard, smiling; 'I think, myself, he'll beat;
If you accept the challenge, I'll stay awhile and see 't.'

With painful step the Tortoise at once began to plod,
And slowly crawled by inches across the velvet sod,

'Now for a spell of slumber,' quoth Fleetfoot, 'then I'll follow.
I'll sleep for twenty minutes, and then I'll beat him hollow.'

So down upon the greensward Puss settles into sleep,
While Tortoise, slow and steady, continues still to creep.
Long slept the Hare and soundly; then suddenly awoke,
And swiftly scudded onward to end the pleasant joke.

With rapid speed ran Fleetfoot, the winning-post to gain.
'Ho, ha!' loud laughed the umpire, 'your labour is in vain!
For long ago friend Slowpace came in and won the race;
And you, good Mr. Fleetfoot, have won—your own disgrace.'

'Ha, ha! Ho, ho!' cried Tortoise, 'I cannot help but laugh!
You know you were so clever, too clever, Sir, by half.
Good-morning, Sir, good-morning. When next a race you run,
Put off your nap, good neighbour, *until the race is won!*'

'Farewell,' said Master Reynard, 'Good-morning, Mr. Hare,
Be cautious for the future, of boasting pray beware.
Remember that deferring is not the way to win;
If well you wish to finish, you must also well begin!'

Scripture Enigma.

1. A judge who had forty sons, each of whom had thirty cousins.
2. A city visited by Christ, mentioned only once.
3. A city taken by an ambush.
4. An old disciple who showed hospitality.

The *first* letters make the name of a man with whom we all claim relationship.

The *last* letters make the name of a city out of which a dead man was carried, and walked back alive.

Key to Puzzle Page.

NO. IX.

OUR island (Malta) lies fifty-five miles south of *Sicily*. It is strongly *fortified*, and is garrisoned by British *soldiers*. It has belonged successively to the *Romans*, Saracens, Normans, and in the sixteenth century to the *Knights* of St. John, whose great enemies were the *Turks*. In 1798 it was seized by *France*, and a few years after surrendered to the British *fleet*. Here St. Paul's *hand* was bitten by a *viper*, after he had suffered *shipwreck* in one of the fine *bays* on the rugged coast. The chief manufactures are *jewellery* and *lace*.

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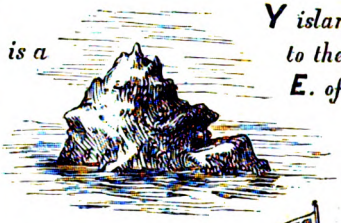

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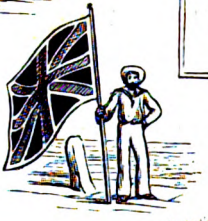

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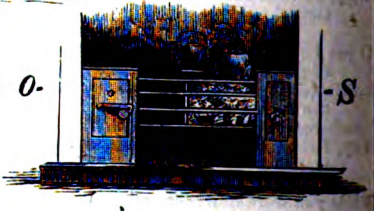

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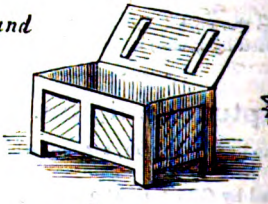

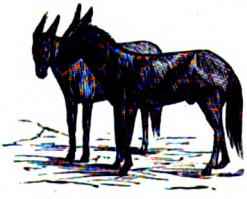

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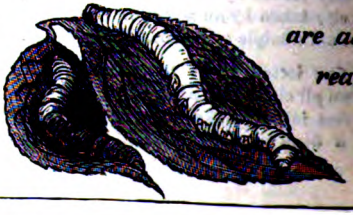

are also reared.

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NOVEMBER, 1879. Price One Penny.

EARLY DAYS

'You like it, dear Father.'

See page 162.

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LITTLE SARAH, THE CHILD-MOTHER.

How cold he must be, the wind is so high,
His coat is so old it won't keep him dry,
He is there all alone in the pitiless rain,
Dear father, so weak, and still in such pain.
I will hasten to put all the children to bed;
When the dear baby is washed, warmed, and fed,
Perhaps he will sleep long and soundly to-night,
How pretty he looks on his pillow so white.
I remember the day when dear mother died,
As she tenderly held me close to her side,
She said, 'Little Sarah, I leave them to you,
Your father, your sisters, and dear baby too.'
If mother were here, I think she would say,
'Take some broth to your father this very wet day;'
And God will take care of the children, I know,
I'll ask him to mind them, and then I will go.
The child-mother kissed each sweet rosy face,
And taking her hat and her cloak from its place,
With a basin of broth, a spoon, and a plate,
She closed the door softly, and fastened the gate;
She said, 'I'll be back in an hour or two,
Our Father in heaven will take care of you.'
She was almost blown down again and again,
But thoughts of her father out there in the rain
Kept up the brave heart and urged on the feet,
Until she arrived at the top of the street.
There, under an awning, tattered and old,
Was the person she sought, so hungry and cold;
But the sight of his child, and the broth that she brought,
A wonderful change in his aspect have wrought.
'You like it, dear father, and now I must say
How I got this nice broth—After you went away
A kind lady came, and her face was so sad,
When I told her how little to eat we all had;
So at dinner-time came such a knock at the door,
I ran out to open it, you may be sure,
And beautifully packed in a basket so neat,
Was a basin of broth and something to eat.
No one was with it, but on it you see
Was a nice little letter, directed to me:
"Little Sarah the mother, with love and a kiss,
A friend has the pleasure of sending you this."'
The basin was empty, the child said 'Good-Night,'
But all the long hours of watching were bright;
To the poor tired watchman that night had been given
A lesson of trust in 'Our Father' in heaven.
And Sarah went home, never thinking of care;
By the side of the baby she murmured a prayer,
That God would be with her, and help her each day,
Because He had taken her mother away.

ETHELWYN.

AMONG THE WANDERING TRIBES OF SIBERIA.

WHICH of my readers would like to accompany me on a tour through Siberia? I am afraid you would not like the leave-takings, and the long, cold journey, and the many months of absence from home which must be passed before you could reach and traverse that distant country. It will be much pleasanter to travel there in thought, and picture to ourselves the life of the strange people who wander over the frozen marshes of the north, the sandy steppes of the east, or by the side of the huge lakes and amongst the rich mineral ranges of the south. First, then, let us transport ourselves to the land of the Yakuts. You will find their capital, Yakutsk, midway down the great river Lena, which is probably already frozen, for this is the coldest region on the globe. A month or two later, breathing will become difficult, and even the hardy reindeer will feel the bitter weather so intensely that he will stand all day long stupefied and motionless in the depths of the dark pine forests. The cold, however, is not so great all over the Yakuts' country, and we shall find most of the villages in the warmer districts.

The people will receive us very kindly, for they are always hospitable to strangers, and will give them plenty to eat, though they accustom themselves to go without food for two or three days at a time. They are a sturdy people, of middle height, with flat faces and brown eyes. At this season their complexion approaches to white, but in the summer-time it is much darker. Indeed, the colour of their skin changes three or four times a year, but I don't think they ever have rosy cheeks. Let us stand by the side of the man who is sitting in the reindeer carriage. He is a very friendly, intelligent fellow, and quite able to give a straightforward answer to a sensible question. If we begin with the most

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(*Yakuts.*)

important point, and ask him about his religion, he will tell us that he, like most of his countrymen, belongs to the Russian Church; that he says his prayers night and morning, and tries to see God's hand in every event, pleasant or painful; that all his tribe honour their old men, and never think themselves too 'grown-up' to respect and obey their father and mother. True, some of his people are now and then driven by the sharp pangs of hunger to steal cattle; but if the act is discovered their character is branded for life. Thieves are publicly whipped with rods, and after they have undergone this punishment their word is never believed again.

If we enquire a little more closely, however, concerning Yakut religion, we shall find that the people are very superstitious, and a few of them profess Shamanism,—a very degraded form of idolatry. Their Shamans, or priests, teach them to worship a great many deities, the chief of whom is said to live in the sun.

Our friend tells us that his chief employment is hunting. The Yakuts are very clever in catching the ermine, sable, glutton, blue fox, and other animals with valuable fur. The skins are taken to Yakutsk, which is the great centre for the fur trade of Eastern Siberia. Here the hunters meet the Russian traders, with whom they know how to make a good bargain. Here also are Yakuts from the shores of the Arctic ocean, who have brought ivory obtained from the walrus, or sometimes in a more curious way. Under the hard, frozen ground are found the remains of animals which thousands of years ago roamed through the forests. Century after century, the bones of the huge mammoth, a creature beside which the elephant is small, lie undisturbed, till at last some Yakut strikes his spade against them, and gladly introduces them again to the busy world. But we have kept our friendly traveller too long. We will walk through the village, and find out for ourselves a little more about the habits of his people.

Here stand a group of men with tall hats and large earrings. Their hair is worn in a long, thick plait down their backs. This is not intended for ornament only, like a Chinaman's pigtail. When swimming across deep rivers, in their long hunting expeditions, they

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fasten their bow to this pigtail in order that the useful weapon may not be injured by coming into contact with the water.

We find that a good many of the villagers are employed in various trades. Here is a carpenter, there a bone-carver, and at the door of this conical hut sits a comb-manufacturer. He is ornamenting his work with great taste, and is very proud to exhibit it. By his side stands his wife, a comely, carefully-dressed matron, her quiver at her back, and her bow in her hand; for the Yakut ladies emulate their husbands' skill in the chase. It is time now to leave this interesting people and pay a visit to some of their neighbours.

(*Yakut Woman.*)

To the east of southern Yakutsk dwell the Buriats, whose chief wealth consists of their herds, flocks and horses. They are a strong, active race, especially skilled in horsemanship. They take great care of their steeds, and on State occasions deck them with richly-ornamented cloths. Between the Lena and the Arctic Ocean roam various tribes less civilized than the Yakuts. The chief of these are the Tunguzes, who make a living by hunting and fishing, and are classified according to the animals which are chiefly used amongst them. Thus we have dog-Tunguzes, horse-Tunguzes, and reindeer-Tunguzes.

On the Tundras, or frozen marshes, which stretch from the Lena to the Ural mountains, we find the Samoiedes,—a stunted, thick-lipped race, who are said to have been the earliest inhabi-

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tants of Northern Asia. In winter they live underground, and in summer in rude huts formed from the trunks of trees and covered with bark. They, too, are excellent hunters.

In our next tour we will visit some of the other tribes of eastern and southern Siberia.

BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

X.—CROSSING THE RIVER.

The river was broad, and swift, and strong. In summer it trickled along, a little brook. But now it had overflowed its banks, and was rushing and roaring a mighty torrent. To cross it was very dangerous. Only the bravest would dare to try, and only the strongest could hope to succeed.

The river was called the Jordan. The Israelites had come to one side of it, and they wanted to get across. But how could

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they? Perhaps the young men might swim over, though some of them would be sure to be drowned. But how were the old men, and the sick, and the women and children to manage? Besides, it would not do to separate, all must go together. They could march up the banks of the river and cross when it got narrow enough; they could march down the river, and go round the Dead Sea, into which the Jordan emptied itself. Or they could wait where they were till the flood went down.

But God meant them to go a different way altogether. 'March straight through the Jordan,' is the order. 'Let the priests, carrying the ark, walk first.' And God promises that He will make a path for them.

Down to the river's brink march the priests, carrying the ark. The people all follow them, waiting for the miracle God is about to work. The priests have no fear; the Jordan rushes on, but they know God, who once made a path for Israel through the Red Sea, can dry up the river if He will. The priests' feet are dipped in the water; they just feel how chilly it is. Then the river parts in two: one half rolls on and is lost in the sea; the other rolls back, and there is a dry and firm road. The priests, with the ark, stand still in Jordan's bed; the people pass on till the last of them is over safely. Then the priests bear the ark up the further bank, and the river dashes along as furiously as ever over the very ground they have just left.

Most of my readers know what the ark was —a chest or box, overlaid with gold. In it were placed the tables of stone with the Ten Commandments written on them, and one or two other very sacred things. Generally it stood in the Holy of Holies, which was the part of the tabernacle that was holier than the rest, though all was holy. Over it the glory of God shone. It was the sign of God's presence with Israel; and it stood in the midst of the river to show that the road was safe because God was with His people.

Now, children, you and I will have to cross a river some day. The Jordan divided the land of Canaan from the wilderness; to get to the promised land the Israelites must cross the Jordan. And between earth and heaven there rolls another river. Do you know what I mean? yes, *the river of death*. Many people are afraid to cross it. I remember when I was a little boy I used to be afraid sometimes to go to sleep lest I should die before I woke. And it *is* a dreadful thing to have to cross that river alone. The Israelites could never have passed the Jordan safely if the ark had not been with them. But with the ark they were quite safe, and had no need to fear. And if Jesus Christ is with us, we need not fear to pass through the deep waters of death.

A little girl was very ill. She seemed to be in a great deal of pain. There was no hope of her ever getting better. But she had learned to trust Jesus; and she knew that Jesus was with her. Her mother was very sorry to see her suffer so much, and thought how hard it was for her poor child. But one day the little girl looked up into her mother's face, and said, with a smile,

'It's so nice here, mother.'

'What's nice?' her mother asked.

'It's so nice being here,' she said, 'where Jesus is.'

Because Jesus Christ was with her, she went through the river safely and happily. In one of the towns I lived in there was another little girl I will tell you about. She used to go to the Sunday-school, and had learned many sweet hymns. She was taken ill and soon died. One of her teachers told me that all the while she was ill, she was patient and happy. An hour or two before she died, she tried to sing the first verse of a hymn she had often sung at school:

'Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
Singing, Glory, glory, glory!'

She could not sing all of it, she was too weak. But she managed to sing very quietly, 'Glory! glory! glory!' And by and by she passed safely through the river, and went to sing before the 'throne of God in heaven.' Jesus was with her, as He was with the other little girl I told you of. Would not you like to be one of those 'children whose sins are all forgiven,' with whom Jesus is now, and will be in life and in death?

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FANNY'S GREAT WORK.

(*Concluded from page* 147.)

FANNY, in her perplexity, went to her mother.

'Read your Testament to him,' suggested Mrs. Harding; and soon the old, old story about the angels and the shepherds was read. O, what a wonderful tale is that about Jesus and His love! Jem tossed no more in impatience.

'I say, little 'un, is it true?' he asked, as Fanny at last stopped to rest.

'Yes,' said the little girl.

'And where is He now?'

'In heaven.'

'O, I thought I might see Him some day!' replied the boy, his bright eyes growing dim with tears; then he turned away sullenly, and told her to go, for he was tired.

But the next day, when the little girl was passing the barn, she heard him call:

'Little maid, come in and bring your book;' and the child-missionary took her book, and went in to her poor little heathen. Day after day she read to him, and still she never dreamt of the great work which had come to her. Jem almost forgot his broken leg, and his weariness without father and mother, through the long days, because of the interest he took in his small friend's wonderful Book. Sometimes she sat by his side and taught him to read for himself. What wonderful reading lessons went on in the shady barn, while the world kept harvest-time outside! little Fanny meanwhile sowing a grain of seed for another harvest, which will come at the end of the world, at which the angels will be the reapers. Little by little the seed was sown and grew. By and by the lame boy could hobble out in the fields, and the time drew very near when he would have to go away.

'Miss Fanny, we're goin' on the tramp again, me and all,' was the lad's greeting to his small teacher, as she went out to meet him on the sunny hillside, knowing that his father and mother were in the barn, and they could not venture there for their reading.

'O, Jem!' said the child, her heart throbbing painfully.

'Yes, but I aint goin' to forget,' was the boy's reassuring answer, with a knowing nod.

'But how will you remember?' sighed his child-teacher.

'Well, what's in my head can't be knocked out, that's certain,' responded confident Jem.

'Yes, but folk can't read without a book,' said Fanny.

'Will ye lend me this 'un?' he pleaded, his eyes filling with tears, which puzzled his friend not a little.

'Yes, Jem, I'll give it to you,' she responded.

'No, lend 'un to me, and then some day may be I'll bring 'un back; I don't want to forget ye, nor them in there, nor Him up yonder;' the boy nodded first in the direction of the mill-house, and then at the hazy, blue sky.

Well, the last lesson was given, the Book lay in Jem's hand, and still the children lingered on the hillside, on the very spot where Fanny had wished for her great work. Ah! Fanny, it was come; your young heart was awakening to the thought of what might be the end of it all, or why did you tremble so, and cling to the gipsy boy's hand? And Jem's eyes were blinded with tears.

'Can ye tell Jesus I want to keep true to Him?' he sobbed; he was but eight, the time for tears was not passed for him yet. With trusting, simple little hearts they both knelt down and told their Heavenly Friend all they had done, and all they wished to do. On the morrow, before Fanny was awake, Jem, his father and mother, and their horse and cart, took their departure.

Twenty years after, Fanny knew that she had indeed done a great work in those far-off childish days, when Jem came to the mill, a

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'Nothing is left but a portrait now!'

See page 170.

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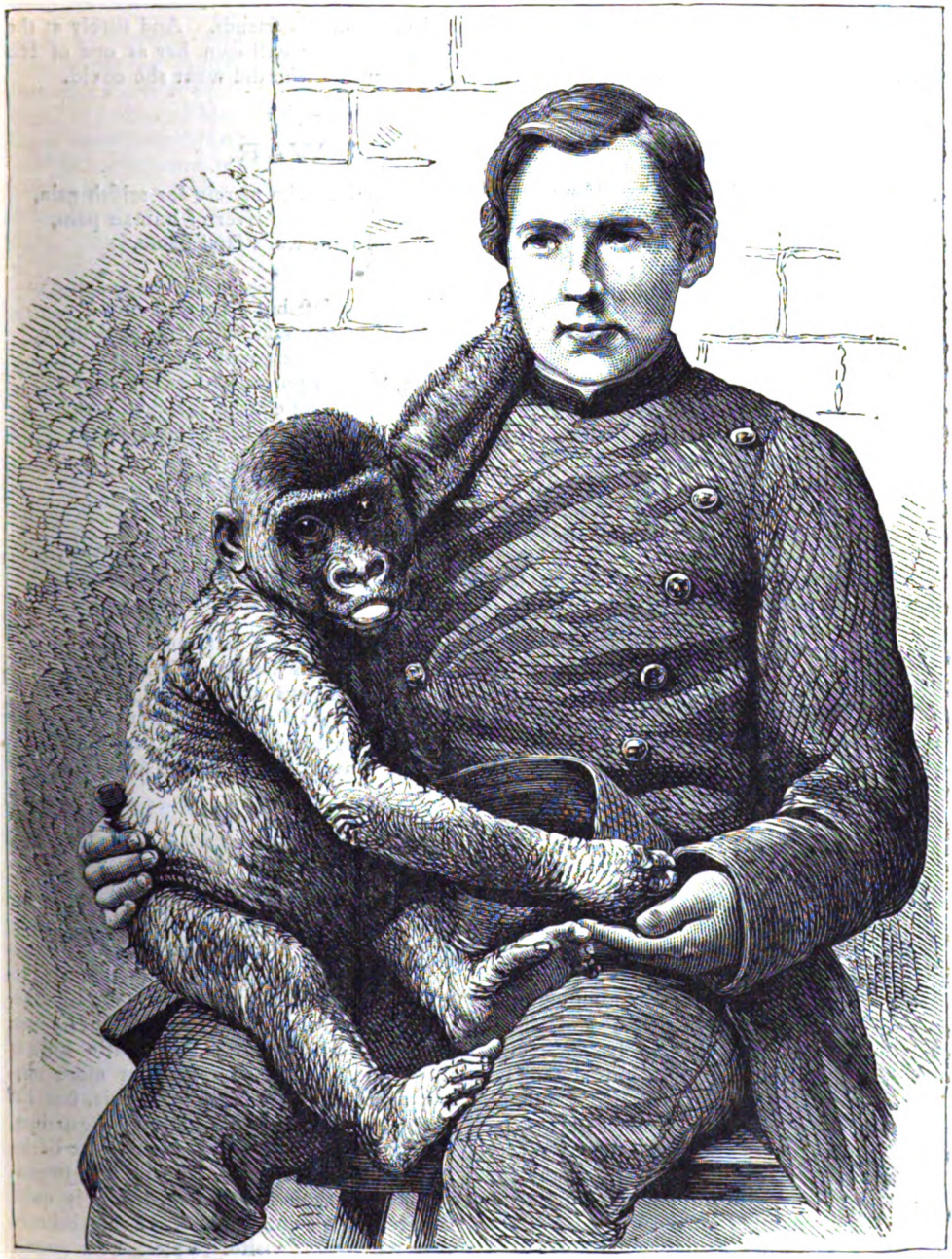

Pongo and his Keeper.

See page 170.

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tall, respectable, earnest-minded man, and brought back her Testament, and told her that her teaching had made a Christian of him and many of his friends. And surely at the last the Master will own her as one of His little servants who did what she could.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

'ALAS! for the fortune of war,' we say,
As we read the list of the brave and gay
Who cover the fatal field;
Honoured names of those who in manhood's prime,
Or ere yet they had lived out half their time,
Hardly their life-blood yield.

'Fortune of war!' Is there any such thing?
Is blind, reckless Chance permitted to fling
Away a human life?
O, no! there is One Who watches the balls,
And marks when the humblest soldier falls,
And thinks of the weeping wife.

Yes! He sees the tear of the orphan start,
And binds up the mother's broken heart,
And soothes the father's pain.
Though men care nought for the single life,
And blood flows freely in fearful strife,
And corpses strew the plain.

Precious as e'en to the hearts that love,
Is the single life to the God above,
Nor lightly will He blame
The heartless who merely for selfish gain,
Would deepen the river of human pain,
And light war's fatal flame.

* * * *

'Nothing is left but a portrait now!'
The sad widow says, with troubled brow,
And her heart with sorrow is rent.
What, 'only a portrait,' does she say?
Can the blessing e'er be snatched away
Which follows life nobly spent?

The little children ask in vain,
'Will father never come back again?
O! is it really true?'
'For his coming here in vain you wait,
But, children, at heaven's pearly gate,
Father is watching for you.'

In the years of grief that come between
Still is a father's memory green
Till the days of mourning cease,
And friends shall meet on the tranquil shore
Where wars and fightings rage no more,
In Thy realm, O Prince of Peace!

G. M. A.

THE BABY GORILLA.

You see this little creature in the Picture, sitting on his keeper's knee, very much as you might on your father's, and affectionately embracing him. No baby animal is so like a human baby as a little gorilla! Yet after all there is a very wide difference between the most intelligent and interesting monkey and the plainest and dullest child. You will notice at once, his ugly, flat nose and pouting lips. Pongo's lips are not formed for talking, as yours are, nor for smiling; he can only 'grin like a dog,' and his voice is most unmusical. The little fellow in our Picture was about three years old when his likeness was taken, and a fat, strong infant he was; but quite as obedient as some little boys of three whom I have seen, and not more mischievous. He was born in Nubia, but has been exhibited at the Westminster Aquarium, though his home is a large room in the Berlin Aquarium, which he shares with a Chimpanzee and a remarkable dog. He is quite used to seeing company, and, as a rule, behaves very well before visitors, unless he is teased,

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when he becomes very fierce. He does not soon forget an injury, but makes alarming demonstrations at every approach of any one who has provoked him. On the other hand, he is very affectionate. He is genuinely fond of his keepers, who make a great pet of him, and he always returns their caresses. Sometimes he seems to fall in love at first-sight. One young lady who had paid three shillings for a private interview with him, evidently won his heart, and the other visitors were much amused when they came in to find him sitting on a chair beside her, with one arm round her neck and the other round her waist, looking up lovingly into her face. But children are his greatest friends; he is often shy and grave with grown-up people, but he will play and romp with children to any extent. He likes little girls much better than little boys: their long hair seems to be the attraction.

He can stand upright and walk on his two feet, like all gorillas do, but that is not his most natural or comfortable position; and there is one point in which a monkey's climbing and a boy's are very unlike: I have seen a boy sometimes clamber up into very strange places, and heard people say, 'Isn't he just like a monkey?' No, not just like. What is the first thing you do, my boy, when you swing yourself down from your perch, and jump to the ground? If you don't fall on your feet, you pick yourself up, don't you, and stand upright? Well, it is just the other way with a monkey. After he has been climbing, or stretching himself up for a little while, he is soon tired, and instinctively drops on all-fours. If I had time I could point out a great many more things, and some of them far more important ones, which would show you that there is really far more difference than resemblance between a monkey and a child.

G. E. S.

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER X.—THE COAL-MINE.

THE dreary November rain was beating against the windows as Barbie and her mother sat busily stitching away at Davy's winter garments. Nathan was sorting and labelling a lot of garden seeds in his precise, orderly way, which was so like his father's. Occasionally he appealed to the 'schoolma'am' to make sure of the right spelling of a label, and Barbie, glancing up at him with a smile, could not help thinking how much Nathan had improved in the past year.

'Nathan's a real Christian,' thought Barbie to herself; 'he is always in earnest when he undertakes anything, and he does it so much better than I do. I meant to be a Christian, too—I thought I'd try. Sometimes I think I am, but little things put me out so.'

A fresh gust of wind dashed the rain against the windows, and Nathan looked up to say:

'It rains harder than ever. I don't see why father didn't let me go to the Corners for him, if any one must go in such a storm.'

'He expected a letter from Uncle Marston,' said Mrs. Phillips, looking out uneasily; 'and it might be necessary to send a reply at once.'

Nathan looked at his mother as if he were just going to ask a question, but he only said, 'Do you spell *parsnup* n-e-p, Barbie?'

'*N-i-p*,' said Barbie, laughing.

'I knew it was sure to be some outlandish way,' said Nathan, dotting his *e* to make it right; 'why couldn't they say *n-u-p*, and have done with it?'

'Children,' said Mrs. Phillips, 'I want to talk to you about this business of your father's. Of course you must have known something about it, and I have been pleased and glad that you did not make any enquiries.'

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She stopped a moment and stroked the new clothes rapidly with her hard fingers; then she went on:

'Uncle Marston thinks there is coal on this farm—a vein of the most valuable kind. He thinks there can be no doubt about it; and he has offered to let your father have the money to make experiments and work the mine, if it prove to be there.'

Nathan's gray eyes shone like two stars, and Barbie grew fairly pale with excitement, as their mother went on speaking.

'You are both of you old enough to understand what this will do for us, if Uncle Marston is right. We shall have enough, and more than enough—*we shall be rich*. Your grandfather thought he had discovered coal on this farm, and he got terribly excited over it. He mortgaged the land to raise money to dig for coal, but it only proved to be a shallow seam that ran out in a few rods, and he lost his money, and was so broken down by the excitement and disappointment that he had that stroke of paralysis that left him helpless all his days. Your father was young and hopeful then, and we were just married; but he gave up everything, and set himself to paying off that mortgage; and your grandmother does not know to this day that she was ever in danger of losing the home she loves so much.'

'Dear father,' murmured Barbie, with her eyes full of tears, 'it was just like him to give up everything for others.'

'You can see now,' said Mrs. Phillips, 'how much reason I have to dread seeing your father become absorbed in such a speculation. But Uncle Marston insists that it was only the ignorance of the engineer that caused the failure, and that they struck the wrong side of the ravine. Well, we shall know soon, and in the meantime I can only hope and pray.'

There was very little talking after that in the big kitchen. Mrs. Phillips was anxiously watching for her husband, and Barbie and Nathan were thinking over the new prospects so suddenly opened before them.

Davy was quite sobered by the idea that something important was going on, and that it concerned him as much as the rest, since nobody thought to send him out of the room while they talked about it. He was the first to hear the rumble of the wagon over the bridge below the hill, and caught the first glimpse of his father as he drove in. It seemed to Barbie her father was never so deliberate in his movements, and she waited with a beating heart while he hung up his wet hat and overcoat in the back shed, and came at last into the kitchen. Mrs. Phillips only laid her work on her lap and looked up at her husband. He smiled at her questioning look, and laid an open letter in her lap; then, stooping suddenly, he took her thin, faded face between his hands and kissed it tenderly. Barbie never remembered seeing her father do that before, for he was a silent man, and seldom made any demonstrations of affection. Even Mrs. Phillips was surprised, and she turned the letter nervously in her hands.

'It's all right, dear,' said Mr. Phillips; 'the engineer will be here with his men next week, and we shall soon know either the worst or the best. Only now that it comes so near I begin to feel cowardly, and to realize how much I depend on success, and what utter ruin disappointment would bring to me.'

'Don't say that,' said Mrs. Phillips; 'don't think of it in that way. We shall only be where we are now, and we can work and be thankful, as we have done for years and years.'

Mrs. Phillips took up her sewing, saying cheerily, 'Come, Barbie, we are not rich yet, and Davy will need his clothes to wear.'

In a few days the miners made their appearance, and the work was commenced at once under the superintendence of a competent engineer. A week settled the matter beyond dispute. Coal of fine quality had been found, and the engineer declared the supply inexhaustible.

'But at present,' said Mr. Phillips, 'we are just as rich as we were before, and we will try to wait quietly and see whether we have profited by the hard lessons we have had to learn.'

'Sha'n't I have my new coat?' said Davy, dolefully.

'Not this winter,' said Barbie; 'you must wear these clothes out first.'

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See page 174.

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'They never will wear out, 'cause you patch 'em and *patch 'em*,' said Davy, spitefully working his fingers under the corner of a patch on his knee.

Mr. Phillips took Davy on his lap, and gravely explained to him what was necessary to be done at the mine: how a road must be made down Garnet Hill to the canal, that the coal cars might run down, and a small engine put at the top to draw them up again; how the miners must have houses for their families; and how many expenses must be met before the mine would bring them any money.

Some of this Davy understood, and some he did not; but he was pleased to have it explained, and he waited afterward like a philosopher. Only he never forgot to put a petition in his prayers for the prosperity of '*our coal mine*.'

'TURNING THE TABLES.'

'Come, Zeph, it's no use telling me those Stuarts aren't a good-for-nothing lot,' said Jane Holden, loudly, as she looked straight at old Zephaniah Leach, the grocer, who had ventured to suggest that things might not be so bad as she thought; for Jane, as usual, in making a purchase at Zeph's shop, had told him something to the discredit of one of her neighbours.

'Well, but Jane,' he said quietly, 'you don't know much of them, for they only came here last week, and they've hardly got settled yet.'

'I know all I shall ever want to know,' she said; 'and if I were you I wouldn't trust them with much out of the shop without seeing the money safe in your till first; I've heard things about them from several people, and mark my words, they're no good.'

'Ah, Jane,' the old man replied, 'you're only too ready to find fault, and to believe ill of people; you should hope better things and be charitable. Don't you know what St. Paul says?'

'Don't talk to me about St. Paul,' Jane interrupted impatiently; 'St. Paul can't make the Stuarts any better, and I say they are an idle, shiftless crew, and I wish they had never come to the village. Why, only think, yesterday—'

'Come, come, Jane, don't tell me any more about them; shall I tell you what I heard about you the other day?'

'Ah, that you may, for I know there's nobody in this village can say any harm of me, that is, unless they tell downright lies.'

'Well,' Zeph answered quietly, 'I *did* hear it said that when the Minister called the other day your house was all untidy, the children not washed, and you were just scolding Bobby at the top of your voice.'

'What an ill-natured thing that was. People never can make any allowance for others. Who'd have thought the Minister would call on Friday afternoon, just as I was in the midst of clearing up. And I wonder who would look tidy when she's blacking the grate. And as for Bobby, he was teasing the baby in the yard, so I was obliged to shout at him.'

The grocer looked at Jane very solemnly, and then said in a grave voice, 'But that's not the worst I've heard about you. I'm told that you beat your husband only a week or two since, and I heard it on very good authority, too.'

Jane brought her arm down on the counter with such a thump, that Zephaniah was almost frightened lest she should begin to beat *him*. 'And who told you that, I should like to know; me beat our Jem! and we both joined Members of Society! Well, well, gossips can never say too much about one! But whoever said that, ought to have an inch cut off her tongue.'

'Perhaps so, perhaps so, Jane,' Zeph said with a slight smile; 'but as I've begun I may as well finish. The same person told me that you drank too much one day, and she's a very respectable person that told me. I'd believe her quite as soon as I would you.'

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This was too much for poor Jane, and the tears came into her eyes as she answered, 'O, Zeph, I never could have thought that people could be bad enough to go taking away a woman's character like that! And that you should believe it, is the worst of all. I've met in your Class ten years and more, and you know I've been a pledged teetotaller ever since our Band of Hope began.'

'Come, come, Jane,' the old man said, this time smiling all over his face, 'I've only been "turning the tables" on you. Don't you remember, at the Sunday-school treat you and Pollie raced, Jem carrying Pollie, and you the baby, right across the field, and how you laughed at him because you *beat* him? And didn't you tell me yourself that when you were ill in the Spring you took two doses of Doctor Bluepill's medicine at once instead of one, and that it made your head ache for hours? So you see you really did beat your husband, and you did drink too much, and the person who told me was quite as respectable as you are, for it was Jem Holden's wife herself.'

'You are really too bad, Zeph,' Jane answered, laughing even in spite of her tears. 'It's just like you, though, for you always turn the tables on one so. But what has all this got to do with the Stuarts?'

'Only this,' the old man replied gently; 'that if people talked about you as you do about them, you would soon get a very bad character. You don't make allowances for other folks, and because your house is always, or *almost* always, clean and tidy, you think there is no excuse for any one who is not so orderly and thrifty, and you are too ready to believe and spread reports about others, some of them not nearly as true as those I've told you this afternoon. And you know, Jane, though you do it thoughtlessly, you have sometimes done harm by what you have said. Try to think well of people, and hope the best things. You know how much the Bible says about loving one another, and speaking kindly of one another. I believe this evil-speaking is your besetting sin. Ask help from above to conquer it; for it really is not at all like the way in which the Lord Jesus would wish you to speak.'

'It isn't the first time you've talked to me in this way, Zeph,' Jane said good-naturedly; (for though she was too ready to find fault with other folks, she was a kind-hearted and godly woman;) 'and it's not the first time I've deserved it, but I hope it will be the last; and when I'm tempted—and I know it is a temptation—to speak evil of any one, I'll think about my beating Jem and drinking too much.'

So Jane went home with her pound of sugar, and I hope she kept her good resolution —don't you? B. H. S.

THE PEASANT MOTHER'S SONG.

In my home in the valley a little one dwells,
My Cecil, so dainty and gay,
Like music from dreamland, or soft fairy bells,
His sweet voice makes brighter my day.
No riches have I, but a treasure untold
Is that dear little presence to me,
For his eyes are my gems, and his heart is my gold,
The purest that ever could be.

In my home in the valley there bloometh a rose,
So tender, so fresh, and so fair,
That round me the spell of its beauty it throws,
My blossom, so rich and so rare.
I love it, I tend it, my own little flower,
For it maketh its home in my heart;
And whatever betide, to my life's latest hour,
From thence it can never depart.

HELENE CRICKMAUR.

Key to Puzzle Page.—NO. X.

Corsica is a *rocky* island to the east of *Italy*. It was once a *king*dom under *British* protection, but it now belongs to the *French*. It was the birthplace of *Napoleon Bonaparte*. It yields *oranges*, *lemons*, *figs*, and *corn*, but the most notable products are *olives*, *oil*, and *chestnuts*. *Mules* and *goats* abound; *silkworms* are also reared.

Answer to Scripture Enigma.

(*See page* 169.)

1. A bdo N.
2. Dalmanuth A.
3. A I.
4. M naso N.

Adam—Nain.

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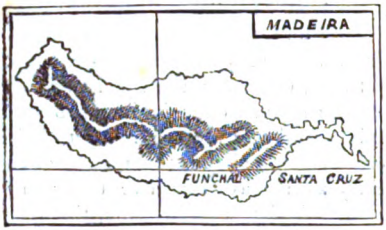


lies 280 miles north of the

Its name means

The inhabitants are of

Moorish, or

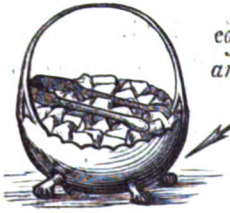
descent; but many

go there in search of health. The Stranger's

is a very interesting sight. The

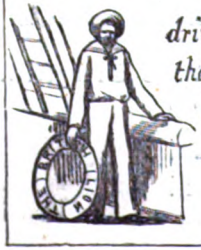
is steep with few bays.

are largely cultivated also oats

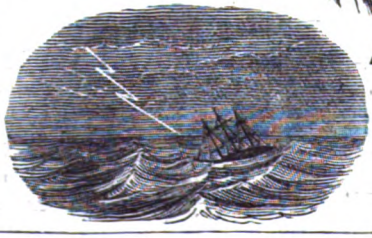


coffee and root. Delicate honey is yielded by the

The island is said to have been discovered by an



driven there by a



in 1344. He escaped in a

to Portugal.

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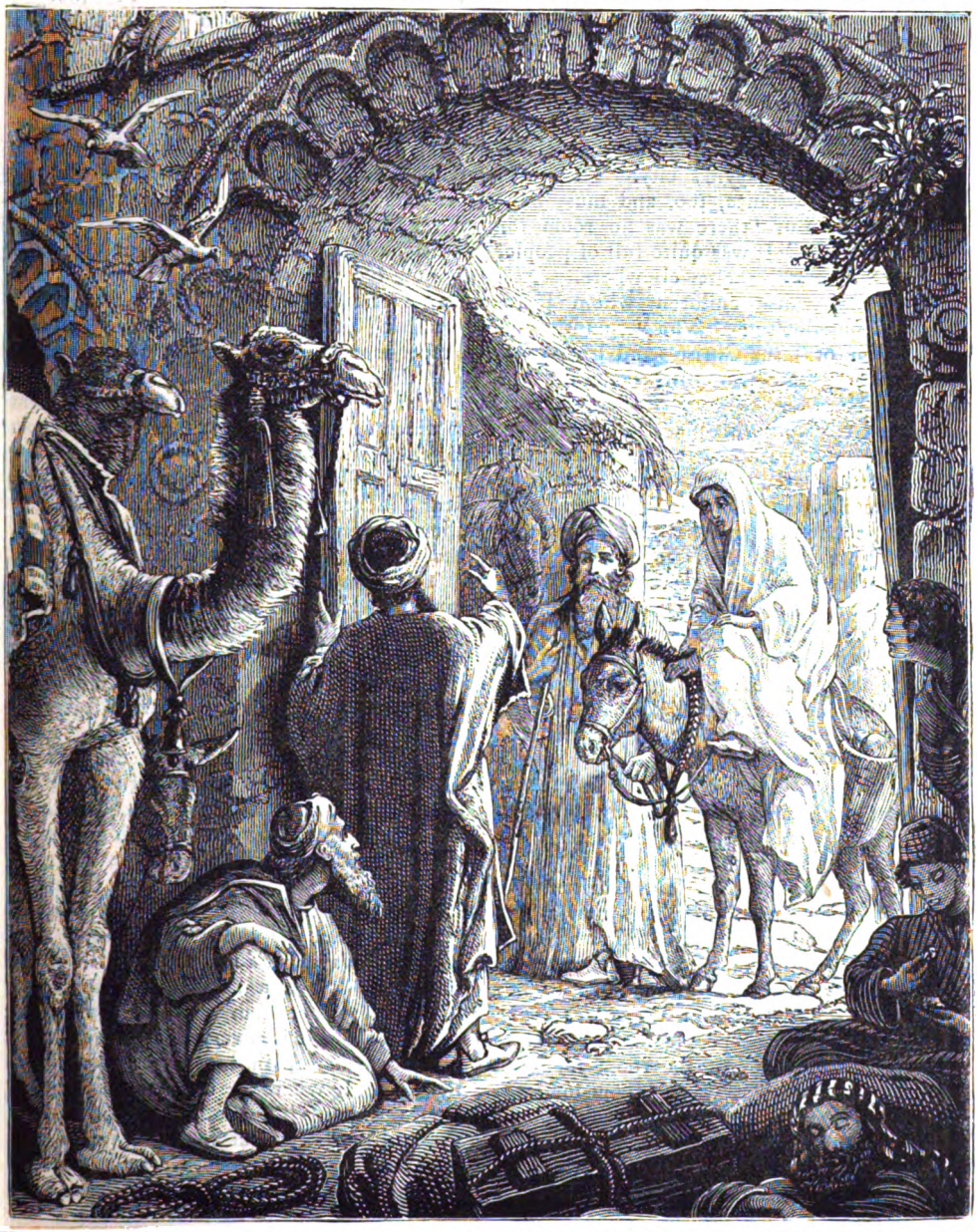
DECEMBER, 1879. Price One Penny

EARLY DAYS



See page 178.

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BIBLE-PICTURES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

XI.—NO ROOM IN THE INN.

BORN of one of the noblest families of earth, though they seemed only poor peasants: King David was one of their forefathers, and they had come to Bethlehem because it was David's city. They had travelled some distance, too, and must have been weary. But 'there was no room for them in the inn.' It was quite full of people, so they had to seek shelter elsewhere.

You know, dear children, whom I am talking about, don't you? The Virgin Mary—the mother of Jesus Christ—and Joseph. I think if the people who crowded the inn had guessed who Mary was, any one would have been glad to give up his place to her.

Mary could find no better house than one which cattle shared with her. It may have been a poor cottage, half of which was used as a cow-shed; or it may have been the stable belonging to the inn, where the asses and camels of the travellers were lodged. The Bible does not tell us; but it does say it was not in the inn itself, where she wanted to go at first. And it does tell us that our Lord Jesus Christ's first cradle was a manger. When you look at the pretty cradle in which you used to sleep, or in which baby-brother or baby-sister sleeps now, think how rough a cradle Jesus Christ had. And all His life was like that beginning. He was always poor, and He was often treated as if anything was good enough for Him.

There was no room for Jesus Christ in the inn. And there are some places now-a-days in which there is no room for Him. Now I can talk to you only about one of them. Can you tell me where Jesus most wants to be? Yes, that's the right answer—*in people's hearts.* And there are more people than I like to think of, who will not make room for Him there. You see, there was no room for Jesus in the inn because it was full already, and no one was willing to go out. That is just how it is with some people's hearts. They are so full of thoughts about other things, and love for themselves, that there is no room for thoughts about Jesus or for love to Jesus. I knew a little girl once who went to the Sunday-school with a pair of new stockings on. They were a very nice colour, and had some pretty work at the sides. She could think of nothing else but her new stockings; and all the while the Minister was addressing the school, she looked at them and admired them, and never heard one word that he was saying. And yet he was speaking about Jesus. I knew a boy who was very anxious to learn to play a certain game well. He was always practising it whenever he could. Some Prayer-meetings were held at which some of his school-fellows gave their hearts to God. He did not come to one of them. He thought so much of his game, that there was no room for thoughts about Jesus.

Is there room in your hearts for Jesus, dear children? or are they so full of thoughts about play and school, and of naughty tempers, that there is no room for Him?

There was no room for Jesus Christ in the inn; but He has gone to heaven to make room for us there. Listen to what He said the last night He spent on earth before He was crucified: 'In My Father's house are many mansions...I go to prepare a place for you.'

There is room in heaven for every one of Christ's people, room for you, if you are His child. No matter how many are going there, nobody will be crowded out. You may be sure Jesus Christ will make room for those He loves. The other day I was in a crowded street; it came on to rain very heavily. Everybody ran to the nearest shelter. I ran to an archway, and a great many others did the same. Soon a mother and her boy, a little fellow about four years old, came to the archway. But it was very full. She managed to squeeze herself in, but there was room for the boy only where he caught the drippings from the tiles. The mother stepped out into the rain herself to put her child into a comfortable place. Of course, we made room for them both somehow. Jesus Christ will not

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let any one stand outside heaven who ought to come in. To make sure that there shall be room enough, He has gone to get everything ready Himself. So when we reach heaven, we shall come to a place where we have been expected. Once when Mr. Pennefather was preaching to children, a little fidgety boy kept jumping up and down. Mr. Pennefather looked at him and said gently, 'Dear little boy, do sit down, there's plenty of room.' He was good directly. In a few weeks Jesus wanted that little boy to be with Him. The little fellow was taken ill, and he knew he was going to die. As he was dying, he said, 'There's *plenty of room:* Jesus is making room for me, mother, and you must come too.'

If you will find room for Jesus in your hearts, He will find room for you in His heaven.

AMONG THE WANDERING TRIBES OF SIBERIA.

(*Concluded from page* 166.)

BETWEEN the rivers Obi and Yenisei wander the Ostiaks, a far wilder and less hospitable people than our friends the Yakuts. The skins of some are black, but the majority have red hair. They are by no means cleanly either in their persons or their dwellings. They are accustomed to keep themselves warm by covering their skin with a layer of rancid fat, over which they wear the hide of the reindeer. I will not ask you even to imagine yourself inside one of their huts, for the odour which fills the miserable abode is so unpleasant, that you could not bear to stay there a minute. If we wish to see the Ostiaks to the best advantage, we must look at them as they go, dressed in their best, to pay their annual tribute to Russia at Yeniseisk. They are all heavily laden with the skins of sable, blue-foxes, and other animals, for they do not pay their tax in money. This journey is generally undertaken in the summer-time. The river is crossed in light boats, each drawn by three dogs, and bordered with skins and the bark of the birch tree. Some of the women wear bright coloured 'caftans' or chemises, which make them look very smart. The men are armed with bows and arrows, which they use very skilfully; and even children of nine or ten are capital marksmen. The Russian Government, in order to prevent the escape of the convicts who work in the Siberian mines, has given the Ostiaks the privilege, which they are not slow to use, of shooting any stranger not of their own race, whom they may happen to meet in their territory. They are dangerous fellow-travellers, so we will leave them and turn southwards to the sandy Steppes, where the Khirghiz Tartars pitch their *kibitkes*, or felt tents. No strangers are allowed to visit their country, unless they shave their heads and dress in Khirghiz fashion. The Russian merchants yearly comply with this condition, and make large profits during their stay; for the Khirgiz are not so sharp as the Russians in driving bargains. They will give valuable sheep-skins, ox-hides, or coarse felt carpets of their own manufacture, in exchange for common saucepans or bowls. All their business is settled on horseback. They are exceedingly proud of their horses, which they treat very kindly. These noble animals are of great value to their masters on their dangerous journeys in winter over the frozen Steppes. Far and near the level ground is like a sea of glass, and there is neither house nor tree to mark the track.

Sometimes the traces of other travellers are to be seen; if not, the riders alight and gently tread on the snow, to find out which part is the hardest. But often a sagacious horse, feeling the snow beneath his feet becoming softer, will give his companion in harness a gentle push, to make him understand that they are off the right track.

If we enter one of the *kibitkes*, we shall see a group of Khirghiz squatting round a fire of reeds. They are not pleasant-looking people. They are much below the middle height; their skin is dark brown, their features coarse, their long eyes are half closed, and their cheeks are fat and puffy.

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We will watch them as they sit at dinner. A piece of meat is taken from the pot, torn with their hands, and served round in wooden porringers. It is greedily devoured by the men without either bread or salt. When the men have half-picked the bones, they throw them over their heads to the group of hungry women behind. Unskimmed soup forms the second course, and when this is finished, none of the company will taste food again for twenty-four hours!

In the elegant residence of the Khan, or chief, we get an idea of high life amongst the Khirghiz. In summer time the Khan, like his people, leads a wandering life, but in winter he lives in a nine-roomed house, built for him by the Russian Emperor. It boasts a drawing-room, and kitchen, and a billiard-room; and the Khan's wife actually possesses a piano! The dress of the Khan and his courtiers is exceedingly rich. He wears a suit of violet velvet richly ornamented with gold lace; and his boots are in European fashion. The Emperor's portrait, in a gold medallion, set with diamonds, hangs by a red ribbon from his neck. The meals are served here in European style; and as every peasant has the right to squat on the carpet of the Khan's drawing-room, it is to be hoped that, by the force of example, their manners will improve.

Near neighbours of the Khirghiz are the Turkomans, who have recently been conquered by the Russians. Comparatively few of the tribe live in Siberia. Large numbers are found in Turkestan, Persia, and Afghanistan. They all profess the Mohammedan religion, and are far more civilized than the Khirghiz or Ostiaks. All their children go to the schools kept by their mollahs, or priests, where each child is provided with a small board, which he uses as you do your slate.

The Turkoman's dress is very much like that of the European Turk, only the former wears a small skull-cap, covered with a curious-looking sheepskin head-dress in the shape of a fir-cone. The women are clever with their needle, and make very good carpets. Each family has its own pattern, which has been handed down from mother to daughter, and which no other women are allowed to copy. The men are excellent herdsmen and farmers, and make woollen ropes and harness for their horses and camels. They are an industrious people, and very devout in their own way. Their worst characteristic is their love of slave-dealing. Human beings are the chief articles sold in their markets.

Unlike the Khirghiz, the Turkomans treat their women with great respect. If they

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cover their chins with the end of their veils, they are allowed to join in the conversation even when strangers are present. I will close my paper by giving you a recent traveller's account of a Turkoman visit. He says: 'He lifts the door of the tent, bowing as he enters, then comes to a stop and draws himself up to his full height. After a pause of a few seconds, during which he keeps his eyes fixed on the dome of the tent, probably to give the women time to cover their chins, he quietly pronounces his salutation. After exchanging enquiries about the health of relations and friends, the master of the tent begs the visitor to take a seat on the carpet beside him. The wife then offers him a napkin, with a little bread and water, or some sour milk, or a little fruit. The stranger discreetly takes only a few mouthfuls of what is offered to him.' G. M. A.

A YEAR AT RIVERSIDE.

CHAPTER XI.—WORKING AND WAITING.

THE sun was going down behind Garnet Hill, and the short winter afternoon was almost ended. Barbie stood at the window, drumming idly with her fingers to the time of a quaint old tune that she half-remembered hearing Aunt Lucy sing:

'Somewhere under the starry skies
Waiteth for me a victor's prize!
Waiteth a crown that I may wear,
Waiteth a sceptre I may bear!
When shall I lay my armour down,
Find my kingdom and take my crown?'

'I declare,' said her father, suddenly looking up from the almanac, 'next week is Christmas! Where has this month gone? I had not realized it was so late.'

Barbie looked at her mother with a little smile of amusement. *They* had not forgotten how near Christmas it was, and right under Mr. Phillips's eyes they had been working on a nice, warm dressing-gown, cut by Uncle Marston's pattern. To be sure, it was not quite new. The soft, brown merino had seen a good many years of service as a dress, but turning, and sponging and pressing had done wonders for it, and the lining of crimson and black brightened it up and made it altogether such a handsome affair, that Barbie was only afraid her

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father would think it too gay for practical use.

'Ho!' said Davy, who lay upon the floor, trying to poke the cat out from under the lounge; 'I knew it was goin' to be Christmas long ago. It always comes Christmas every year, doesn't it, Barbie?'

'Every year,' answered Barbie, rolling out the supper-table, and humming, as she spread the cloth:

'Somewhere under the starry skies
Waiteth for me a victor's prize.'

After supper Nathan sat down with his books, as usual, and Davy went and leaned upon grandma's lap, and asked about Christmas.

'What would you rather have for a Christmas present if you was me, grandma?' he asked, gravely.

'O, I don't know,' said grandma; 'a pair of new boots would be nice, or a warm overcoat!'

'I don't mean any of them fings,' said Davy; 'I mean fings that are reg'lar presents, and aint good for anything else.'

'Your father can't afford to waste money,' said grandma, reprovingly shaking her head at Davy.

'Ho!' exclaimed Davy; 'we aint poor now! We're got a *coal mine!*'

'And much good may it do us,' said grandma, who was rather provokingly faithless on the subject; 'such uncertain speculations were the ruin of your poor grandfather. There's solemn warnings in the Bible against making haste to be rich; and it's just like knowing you're goin' to have a fortune left you sometime—keeps you all the time res'less and uneasy, and you despise picking up the bits that come in your way.'

Mrs. Phillips looked up from the worn cloak she was trimming, to Barbie darning the sleeve of her best dress, and her husband carefully mending his old harness, and smiled at the idea of their having grown wasteful and careless.

'I am just wondering,' said Nathan, 'what I should do if we really were rich; now, *this minute*, I mean, and had all the money we wanted. What would *you* do, Barbie?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Barbie, hesitating; 'there are many things—'

'Tell *one*, then, right off, without stopping to think,' urged Nathan.

'Well, then, I'd have a silver thimble,' said Barbie, taking off the old brass one, and looking gravely at the dents that hurt her finger.

'How extravagant!' said Nathan, laughing. 'What would you like, mother?'

'Well, I don't know,' said Mrs. Phillips, deliberately; 'just at this moment I don't think of anything I particularly want but a *new broom*.'

'Ho!' said Davy, 'le' me tell! I'd have a pair of red skates, an' a live pony, an' a drum, an' a blow-horn, an' a 'cordion, an' a free-bladed jackknife, an' a shop full of rasins and striped candy, an'—'

'That'll do,' said Nathan; 'it would take a couple of coal mines to support your extravagance, young man; but I don't see that the rest of us are in any distress for money.'

Davy lay on the floor, kicking up his heels in the air, and watching the crackling flames as they leaped around the great back log in the fireplace.

'Barbie,' said he, suddenly, 'you never told me the rest of it.'

'The rest of *what?*' asked Barbie, stopping her work.

'Why, don't you know? About the princess, and how she got to the king's house. I b'lieve it was you told me, or else gramma, once't, when I was a little boy; great while ago. Don't you 'member it, Barbie?'

'I remember something about it,' said Barbie.

'Well, then, tell it to me,' insisted Davy; 'begin to the beginnin', and tell it all frew.'

Barbie laid down the sleeve she was mending, and told the story to Davy just as she had written it in the little green-covered book that held her most precious thoughts.

'Once, in a land away over the sea, there was a cottage on a hillside. In the cottage lived a little princess. All summer she tended her sheep, leading them down to the green valley in the morning, and bringing them home to the fold at night. All winter she

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sat by the hearth, and spun the finest and whitest of the wool, to sell at the king's palace; and as she spun she sang, and was very happy, for she did not know she was a princess. But one day a beautiful woman came to the cottage, and said, "Do you know you are a king's daughter, and why do you sit here and spin? You should wear a silken robe, and have pearls for your hair, and sing to your harp in the king's palace." Then the little princess was troubled, and she tried to find a way over the mountains to the king's palace, until her feet were very tired, and her hands torn and scratched with the brambles. But at last she fell asleep, and dreamed that she came to the king's garden. And she knocked at a golden door, and said, "Let me in! Let me in!" And the man that opened it asked, "Are you the king's daughter?" And she said, "Yes; I am the king's daughter, and I want my robe, and my crown, and my kingdom." So the man opened his book, and showed her where it was promised that the robe, and the crown, and the kingdom, were only for those who sought them "*by patient continuance in well-doing;*" and he shut the golden door, and the little princess awoke. Then she went straight back to the little cottage on the hillside, and said to the beautiful woman, "If I am a king's daughter, my father knows I am here, and when he wants me he will send for me, and I shall be sure to go." And then she brightened up her windows, and went on spinning and tending her sheep, and was happy and contented.'

'*And then*, Barbie,' said Davy, as she paused a moment, '*and then what?*'

'And then the windows grew every day taller and clearer,' went on Barbie, 'and the princess sometimes saw wonderful things through them; and the little cottage grew to a great pleasant mansion, and the birds from the king's garden came and sang in the trees about it, and one day—after a long time—the king sent for the little princess, and as she came to the golden door, the harpers were singing the same words she heard in her dream, "*To them who by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life.*"'

Davy drew a long breath of satisfaction as Barbie finished, and Mrs. Phillips hastily wiped her eyes with her apron.

'La!' said grandma, 'you're a real genius, Barbie. That sounds 'most like *Pilgrim's Progress*, but I'm afeared Davy don't understand much about it.'

'I understand every speck of it,' protested Davy, indignantly; 'needn't think I can't understand fings: I can read in the "First Reader."'

The room was so still that you could hear the ticking of the old clock. To-night it seemed to say to Barbie, '*Work! wait! work! wait!*' and as Barbie listened, she could not help looking around at the rest, to see if they heard how the clock was talking. Nobody seemed to notice, and presently her father went slowly across the room and wound the clock, as he had done every Saturday night for twenty years. Her mother laid her work away, and Barbie took her candle to go upstairs.

'Work and wait!' repeated Barbie to herself. 'I can do that; and I know it must be the way to the king's house.'

I have given you the record of a year at Riverside Farm. A year of toil, and sacrifice, and self-denial, yet a year of *gain*, and not of *loss*, since honest striving after the good and the true must always meet with success, and patient self-sacrifice is never wholly unrewarded.

Perhaps some of you are thinking about the '*king's house*,' and expecting to hear how the little princess reached it, and you will say, in closing my story here, I have left the best part untold. It may be so. The best part of every one's life should be when heart and hands are trained and cultured, and ready for work—that work which is not finished in a day, or a year, but goes on and on, until, by and by, it makes our rest sweet and blessed. I think Barbie and Nathan will do their life-work well and bravely.

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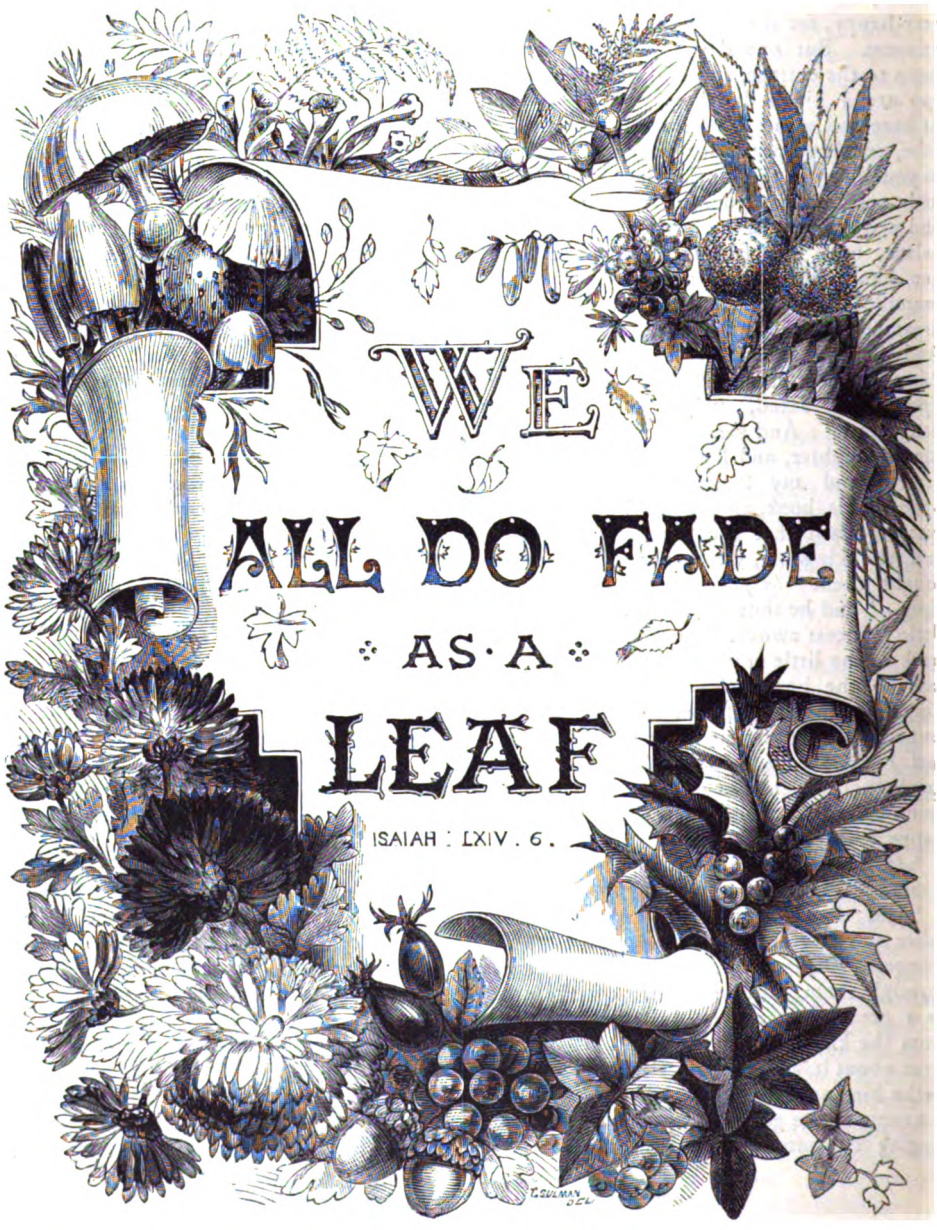

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See page 186.

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FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

Two miniature yachts were on the river, where many-coloured lights were flitting and falling. Crowds of eager-eyed boys were on the river's banks, watching the much-talked-of race between the two rival crafts. It was a pretty scene,—the sunlit river, the far-stretching meadows, and, farther away still, the hills, beautifully calm and steadfast. But all those boys, waiting and watching, thought not of nature's radiance. They had neither eyes nor thoughts for anything but the two yachts skimming along on the surface of the water, daintily, as two large white-winged butterflies. The owners of the barks were most animated; one could easily distinguish them from their companions by the hope and the expectation lighting up their sunburnt countenances. They each held a piece of string, the ends of which were attached to the crafts, so as to be able to draw them in from wreck or danger, if need were.

Now the *Saucy Kate*, and now the *Susan* took the lead, and loud were the cheers which rent the air. But the *Saucy Kate* soon distanced the other.

'The *Saucy Kate* wins!' was the cry on both sides of the river, and the face of Jem Case, her owner, flushed with joy and triumph. But, as you know, only one can win in a race, and Willie Grey's eyes grew dark and shadowy as his beautiful little yacht lagged behind.

They are half-way to the winning point—at least the *Saucy Kate* is. Ah, Willie! what are you doing? Standing by Jem's side, he has pulled his string; the *Saucy Kate* keels over, and is a wreck in a moment. She might be fitted up, some day, to plough the sunlit river again, but not now. The rosy lights are dying out from sky and river. A hush falls on the spectators as the little yacht goes down; even its owner is, as it were, paralyzed for a moment, and then his fist lays Willie Grey on the damp sward.

'You sneaky youngster!' so he denounces him, his face white, even to the lips, his grey eyes ablaze with passion.

Willie picks himself up; shouts, hisses, groans greet him on all sides.

'Give it him, Jem! give it him!' so they urge on the fight which must be fought.

'I never intended to pull so hard. I didn't quite know what I was doing;' thus Willie, dizzy from his fall, excused himself.

'You did it on purpose, you know you did,' said Jem, in that white heat of anger which is so terrible.

'Yes he did—it's a lie—lay it on, Jem—the cheat, the coward!' and now not how many more unguarded words were spoken, adding fuel to the fire of wrath burning in aggrieved Jem's breast.

Of course a fight was fought; a fierce, hot battle it was, while the golden clouds sailed over the pure evening sky, as they gazed at the strife and enmity still rife here on the earth where the Saviour lived, loved, and suffered, to bring it peace, joy, and holiness.

Well, this happened in the autumn; the wrong had never been righted; nay, the gulf had widened between the two friends, and when Christmas came round, the hearts of the two boys were dark with malice and hatred. Jem would have forgiven all if Willie had just spoken in sorrow and owned himself in the wrong; but Willie was proud, he was much the same as we all are naturally—very much against confessing that he had been to blame.

It was a real old-fashioned Christmas with frost and snow. Willie's father was a shepherd, so away he went to attend to his sheep in the field, as those other shepherds had watched their flocks in the far-away time of the first Christmas. Yes, John Grey, Nip, his dog, and his sheep kept Christmas out in the snowy fields, away from the warmth, the joy, the worship, and the song down in the village. But the sweet music of the bells rippled up to them, and to John it sounded like the echo of the angels' song, as he listened and mused, 'On earth peace, good will toward men;' while Nip pricked up his ears, and only heard a jingling of sounds, like any other dog would.

In the evening he returned to his bright little home, and twelve eager young eyes

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scanned their father's face for some crowning joy to their evening's happiness. Willie's eyes were shadowy. He felt that malice was shutting out his Christmas blessing, his Christmas peace; and maybe John knew, fathers often do know and read much of their children's hearts and hear of their quarrels.

'"On earth peace, good will toward men," that's what the bells seemed to say to me all the day,' remarked the shepherd, looking round on his little family; 'and I seemed to see all the world laying down all their quarrels and differences, and I fancied the snowflakes were just like Christmas blessings, coming down for all who have peace and good will in their hearts.'

'Will they come here, father?' observed six-year old Janey.

'Yes, if we from our hearts forgive "every one his brother their trespasses,"' was her father's reply.

'And if we don't, father, what then?' queried Johnny, while Willie shaded his face and listened.

'Then Christmas will be no Christmas for us, for we shall lose our Christmas peace and blessing, and grieve Him Who laid down so much to be the world's peace.'

'O, that would be very wrong! 'cause 'tis His birthday, and we ought to make Him glad,' returned Janey. Thus they talked of peace and love, and Willie listened.

Then they sang, 'Once in royal David's city;' and while they sang, Willie slipped out into the moonlight and the pure white evening. He knocked at Jem's door,—this boy who was no heathen, but whose heart was throbbing and longing for better things than hatred and malice. Jem came to him. Surely a good angel was drawing them together.

'Willie!'—'Jem!' their hands were clasped in peace.

'Jem, forgive me! I hardly knew what I was doing that evening when I swamped and ruined your ship. I didn't mean to be so wicked, only I wanted so much to win, and I lost;' so said Willie, standing in the full light of the Christmas moon.

'Yes, Willie, I forgive you,' returned Jem, not a shadow on his brow.

''Cause 'tis Christmas?' whispered Willie through his tears.

''Cause 'tis Christmas,' said the other; and while they talked, their Christmas blessing came, full and free, as are all God's gifts. Ah! yes, 'on earth peace, good will toward men;' for their quarrel and their strife were laid aside, and they were friends for Christ's sake, at Christmastide.

CHARLIE'S LETTERS.

NO. IV.

Dear Uncle,—This is Tuesday evening, and now, so soon, we have had another surprise. But this time I'm glad it was for a great many more than us three. Our Minister's wife says it was just the right kind of 'surprise party,' because it annoyed no one, and was full of pleasant surprises to everybody. The surprising began on Sunday, at the close of the class of 'Young Disciples;' that's our name now, and it means young learners, you know. Pa invited them all to come to our house, 'Monday evening, from seven to nine o'clock, for a young folks' Christian entertainment.' You ought to have seen the looks on their faces just then, and it was all the talk afterward. When the time came our house was as bright and beautiful as it could be. Ever so many lamps were lighted, and fires were blazing in all the grates. Judge White had sent over from his greenhouse more than forty little bouquets to be distributed, and a whole lot of flowers for the vases. And then in the parlour we had three or four tables, and stands fixed for the kaleidoscope, and the microscope, and the stereoscope and pictures. And in one corner was our new press, just to show how it would work, you know. Dr. Stearns, and Professor Goff, and Mr. Melville, and some others 'dropped in' at different times just to take a look, and shake hands all round, and stay a little while. But some of the ladies came

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early, to assist mother in getting ready and help in entertaining. And there were thirty-three of the Class—all here but Annie Marshall, who was sick at home, and the two out of town. And, after all, the rooms were not so crowded but that we could move about easily enough. I can't tell all that was done, but I think everybody had a happy time. Early in the evening we had singing and prayer; and all joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer. Then the fruits were served, and some other 'light refreshment that wouldn't make bad dreams,' as pa said. After tea we had Blind-man's Buff, and several other games. Jessie got up a 'grand triumphal entry' for Pet's benefit. The doll, 'Merry Christmas,' was put in her little carriage for Pet to draw at the head. Then we all formed in procession in the hall, with handkerchiefs for banners, and marched into the parlours, and round again through the hall, while Lucy played on the organ, and we all sang, 'Marching Along.' Another thing was the press. I thought it would be nice to have a little ticket printed and given to every one present, just to remind them afterward. It was like this:

YOUNG FOLKS'
CHRISTIAN ENTERTAINMENT.
MONDAY EVENING.

Early and Happy.

Bob helped us to get it ready, and we worked it off in a few minutes. And that surprised a good many, it was so neat—thanks to Bob. Mr. Melville then told us some things about the discovery or invention of printing. He said 'The first book ever printed with movable metallic type was the Bible. The great demand for the Bible probably led to this most important invention.' Then he spoke of the power of the press for both good and evil, and of the kind of books we ought to read.

All the 'scopes were well patronized; and it was wonderful to see bits of hair look as large round as walking-sticks, and hollow like a pipe-stem.

When nine o'clock came it seemed only a few minutes, instead of two hours. Then we had another surprise. Every one of the class received, beside a bouquet of flowers, a present from papa, 'a souvenir of the occasion.' It was a small, gilt-edged Testament and Psalms, with each one's name written in with the date. We didn't forget to send Annie her Testament, and basket of fruit and flowers.

There! I've tried to tell you all about it, and I've written some of this over two or three times, so as not to get it all mixed up, and mother says it will do very well.

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HOW LOVE REMOVED A MOUNTAIN.

'MAMMA,' said Arthur, 'how can faith remove mountains?'

'I will tell you how love once removed a mountain,' said his mother, 'and then you will perhaps understand what is now puzzling you.

'More than a hundred and twenty years ago, there was born in an old castle on the shores of the Pentland Firth, in the far north of Scotland, a boy who, when he grew up, became a very useful man. His mother was one of a noble family, and he inherited a title himself. He was Sir John Sinclair; but better far than titles and wealth was the training the mother gave to her son. She taught him—for his father died when he was young—how to manage wisely his estates; and as he grew up he showed that he did not intend to live a selfish, luxurious life, but to do his best for his neighbours and his country. At that time good roads were very much needed, even in the more busy parts of England; and in the north of Scotland, where the inhabitants were few, and for the most part poor, the roads were often very bad. One day a neighbour asked Sir John when he would make a road over Ben Cheilt,—a large mountain which interfered much with freedom of travelling in Caithness. He was not prepared to begin a road over Ben Cheilt just then, but the time came soon after. He went to London on a visit, and there saw a young lady whom he wished to marry, but when he asked her to go with him to Caithness, she shook her head. She liked Sir John; but in those days of slow travelling and dear postage, the distance between Thurso and London seemed immense, and Miss Maitland could not make up her mind to go so far from home. However, she did not altogether refuse him, and he went back to Thurso, resolved that the big mountain, Ben Cheilt, should no longer stand in the way of a direct road to the south. He surveyed it carefully, made up his mind what to do, and then sent out over the country for all the men that could be got to help him. One summer's morning, at early dawn, one thousand two hundred and sixty men assembled under his command, and by nightfall the old bridle-track was made into a carriage-road. Before he could go south again, a gentleman who had just been travelling in Scotland, carried to Miss Maitland the story of Sir John's road-making, and all his other improvements, and she was so much pleased that she determined to reward him in the way he wished. They were married soon afterwards.

'That was not Sir John's only effort. He lived to be an old man, to do a good deal for Scotland, and to be much respected. And now, Arthur, you see how love can remove mountains.'

'He didn't remove it, Mamma; he only made a way over it,' said Arthur.

'And what more was needed?' answered his mamma. 'God does not take mountains out of our way altogether, in this world, my dear; but if we love and trust Him, He will give us the strength and patience to make a way over them; and that is better.' E. S. W.

The Old Year.

DROPPING, dropping, dropping,
Slowly dropping away;
Like the silent sands of the hour-glass
Drops the old year day by day.

Dropping, dropping, dropping,
No sound of spoken word;
But every day had a tale to tell
Which only God had heard.

Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Swiftly dropping away;
So go the years of our earthly life
On their appointed way.

Dropping, dropping, dropping,
O, joy to see them go,
If they tell a tale in the Father's ear
Of a holy life below!

Key to Puzzle Page.

NO. XI.

Madeira lies two hundred and eighty miles north of the *Canaries*. Its name means *timber*. The inhabitants are of *Portuguese*, Moorish, or *Negro* descent; but many *invalids* go there in search of health. The Strangers' *cemetery* is a very interesting sight. The *coast* is steep with few bays. *Vines* are largely cultivated, also oats, *sugar*, coffee, and *arrow*root. Delicate honey is yielded by the *bees*. The island is said to have been discovered by an *English sailor*, driven there by a *storm* in 1344. He escaped in a *canoe* to Portugal.

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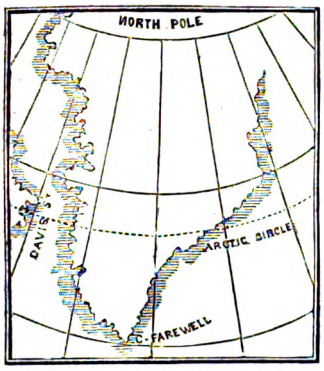
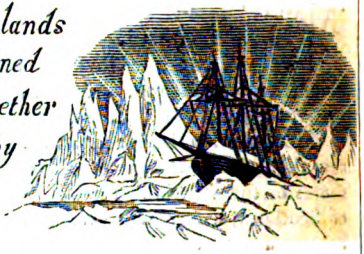


is a of islands joined together by 

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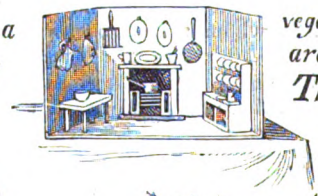
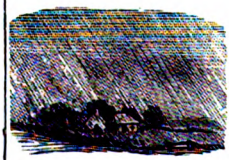
and skin of the Only -es and a few hardy grow in the N.

In the south a little and a few  vegetables are reared. The polar

 and eider

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